

# Front Row Seats To The End Of The World

## Funeral For A Friend

[Intro] You never feed me, until it's too late,  
You never see me coming.  
It hurts my head when you tell me,  
Everything is alright. I tried to write something meaningful, and I feel I've lost my slide,  
Can't think of anything witty or flattering tonight.  
You lie to me and I'm getting bored of this stupid conversation,  
Stop fucking interrogation, scream my own behind. Open your eyes and look outside,  
It's gonna fuck you up and leave without the shell.  
This is bettering, I'll bring you down,  
Your best lost it for annihilation. I tried to write something meaningful, and I feel I've lost my slide,  
Can't think of anything witty or flattering tonight.  
You lie to me and I'm getting bored of these stupid conversations,  
Stop fucking interrogation, just lead when I'm behind. Keep on closing, closing your eyes.  
Keep on closing, closing your eyes.  
Keep on closing, closing your eyes.  
Keep on closing, closing your eyes. I tried to write something meaningful, and I feel I've lost my slide,  
Can't think of anything witty or flattering tonight.  
You lie to me and I'm getting bored of these stupid conversations,  
Stop fucking interrogation, just lead when I'm behind. Write your words on a scrap of paper,  
Tie me, tie me round my little finger  
Can't think of anything to make it worth the fight. For this only with the little numbers,  
Every time I feel like hating someone,  
Can't think of anyone can make it worth the fight.

Lyrics provided by

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