

My Friend Peter

Alkaline Trio

I don't care who you've been sleeping with these days you're outta my hair
It's growing just above my smiling face that I wear
Every night I drink myself to sleep, not thinking about you
Not thinking about anything at all I don't care who you've been dining with these days, it's more than fair
Much rather be drinking anyways with my friend Peter
Who lives so fucking far away, yet not as far as you
Even though you live right down my fucking street And I'm tired of sleeping with myself
I'm tired, all these drinks and drugs no longer help
I'm tired of lying about not thinking of you
Maybe my friend Peter can tell me what to do I don't care who you've been kissing on these days, it's out of my
hands
And in my mouth with such a pleasant taste
I need a beer to wash it all away without a trace and then I'll drink 23 more
To wipe this stupid smile off my fucking face

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