

All the Rage

Funeral for a Friend

Why do we need this?
Who was it that said 'The great things come to great men'
Well, that fucker lied to us
Well, there's nothing here but a wasteland But I can still see the graves of the dead
But it's useless
Most of us would rather sit
Than see this wound that we have created Well, let's not last the night
Well, let's not last the night I'm sick and I'm tired
Of always being the good guy
I'm sick and I'm tired
Of always being the good guy Well, senseless, I'm not sure why
I'm not going to pretend that I know all the answers
Or all of the questions
It's got to be good for something So we'll chalk this out
And we'll mount the dead on the fireplace
Above right above our gilded heads
On our gilded heads I'm sick and I'm tired
Of always being the good guy
I'm sick and I'm tired
Of always being the good guy Like sitting in the back seat, it's all the rage
And boring me with your body, it's all the rage
How many times can I say I'm sorry, it's all the rage
You really mean it, you really mean it
You really mean it, you really mean it Like sitting in the back seat, it's all the rage
And boring me with your body, it's all the rage
And how many times can I say I'm sorry, it's all the rage
You really mean it, you really mean it, you really mean it
You really mean it, you really mean it Why do we need this?
Who was it that said 'The great things come to great men'
Well, that fucker lied to us
Well, there's nothing here but a wasteland
There's nothing here

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