Your Only Friends Are Make Believe

Bloodhound Gang

{Yea, well I sing like an amputee though Why?

'Cause can't hold a note, can't carry a tune Ha, ha, ha}

Knock, knock Mr. Rogers, it's Mr. Mc' Feelie

I've brought you a letter, speedy delivery

Well Mr. Mc' Feelie, if there's postage due

You can go fuck yourself, like Captain Kangaroo

I can go to land of make believe and I can pretend

But in the end I still have no friends

Do, do, do, do, do, do, do, do

Mr. Rogers, I like your cardigan sweater

Mr. Mc' Feelie shut up and give me my letter

I don't want to talk to you, don't you understand?

Why are you inside my house, you're just my fuckin' mailman?

I can go to land of make believe and I can pretend

But in the end I still have no friends

Do, do, do, do, do, do, do, do

You can go to land of make believe and you can pretend

But in the end you still have no friends

You can go to land of make believe and you can pretend

But in the end you still have no friends

Do, do, do, do, do, do, do, do

You are my best friend too

I share the same views and hardly ever argue

Eat spam from the can, watch late night C-Span

And rock out to old school Duran Duran Your best friend is you, I'm my best friend too I share the same views and hardly ever argue Eat spam from the can watch late night C-Span And rock out to old school Duran Duran Your best friend is you, I'm my best friend too I share the same views and hardly ever argue Eat spam from the can watch late night C-Span And rock out to old school Duran Duran Your best friend is you, I'm my best friend too I share the same views and hardly ever argue Eat spam from the can watch late night C-Span And rock out to old school Duran Duran Your best friend is you, I'm my best friend too I share the same views and hardly ever argue Eat spam from the can watch late night C-Span And rock out to old school

Lyrics provided by https://damnlyrics.com/