

# My Friend, My Friend

## Phish

My friend, my friend he's got a knife  
A statement from his former life  
When he was easy but alone  
Beside him was an empty throne  
But what of silver silken blade  
Affix his gaze, his features staid  
Grasps the handle, clips the cable  
One steps up, sits at his table  
My friend, my friend, he's got a knife  
My friend, my friend, he's got a wife  
My friend, my friend, the clever ruse  
Persuasion through his thoughts peruse  
A hidden relic from his past  
That wasn't there when he looked last  
He feels it ticking like a bomb  
Feeding fear, assaulting calm  
Takes the object, starts the game  
Moves closer to the flame  
My friend, my friend, the clever ruse  
My friend, my friend, he lights the fuse  
My friend, my friend, he's got a knife  
My friend, my friend, he's got a knife  
My friend, my friend, he's got a knife  
Knife

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