

She Drove Me to Daytime Television

Funeral for a Friend

Can't beat the best ones
A little closer maybe a bit too closer
You function you turn out
A flawless performance Well, turn your camera away from me, woah
Spill your guts in eight milli meter, woah
Put your focus where your mouth is, woah
You're the only one who's ready here Well, such holidays in the sun don't come without sacrifices
You know it makes more sense
Well, such holidays in the sun don't come without sacrifices
You know I like the way you cry
Break my heart and break my hands and let me down, yeah
I want to snap your neck in two
And leave you dead, you are so dead Turn your camera away from me, woah
Spill your guts in eight milli meter, woah
Put your focus where your mouth is, woah
You're the only one who's ready here Well, such holidays in the sun don't come without sacrifices
You know it makes more sense
Well, such holidays in the sun don't come without sacrifices
You know it makes more sense, yeah Go on and on and on and on and on
Go on and on and on and on and on
Go on and on and on and on and on
Go on and on and on and on and on, go

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