

Placebo, Too Many Friends

My computer thinks I'm gay
I threw that piece of junk away
on the Champs-Élysées
as I was walking home
This is my last communicate
down the super highway
All that I have left to say
in a single tome

I've got too many friends too many people
that I'll never meet, I'll never be there for
I'll never be there for, 'cause I'll never be there

fuck, give it all away, would it come back to me someday?
like a needle in the hay, or an expansive stone
but I've got a reason to declaim,
applications are to blame, for all my sorrow,
my pain, feeling so alone

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My computer thinks I'm gay
what's the difference anyway?
when all the people do all day
it staring into a phone

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I'll never be there for, 'cause I'll never be there
I'll never be there, I'll never be there
I'll never be there, I'll never be there
I'll never be there...