

# Pulp, Like A Friend

Don't bother saying you're sorry / Why don't you come in  
Smoke all my cigarettes again / Every time I get no further  
How long has it been? / Come on in now, wipe your feet on my dreams  
You take up my time / Like some cheap magazine  
When I could have been learning something  
Oh well, you know what I mean, oh / I've done this before  
And I will do it again / Come on and kill me baby  
While you smile like a friend / Oh and I'll come running  
Just to do it again / You are the last drink I never should have drunk  
You are the body hidden in the trunk / You are the habit I can't seem to kick  
You are my secrets on the front page every week  
You are the car I never should have bought  
You are the dream I never should have caught  
You are the cut that makes me hide my face  
You are the party that makes me feel my age  
Like a car crash I can see but I just can't avoid  
Like a plane I've been told I never should board  
Like a film that's so bad but I've got to stay till the end  
Let me tell you now: it's lucky for you that we're friends.