

Friends In Spirit

For Neville

Should I be more imposing?
Is this a struggle
In which you're losing?
Because I'm not sure what to do

I don't want to tell you how to run your life
When I can't even look after mine
I can't drive you to hospital
Because I'm still high from my last pill

I've been thinking
Of calling
But I've been too busy
Falling for the next best thing
Oh the irony

Staring at the white-pressed ceiling
I'm still waiting for the feeling
To return to my limbs
It's a good thing you have a spare room I crash in

While you're asleep in the next room
With another guy
You picked up last night
Will you try make him your groom
Because I'm not sure what to do

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Maybe I could quit this shit?
Or maybe not
Is there merit
For a friend who can say
They are there in spirit?
Because I feel guilty
Since I left the country
And now I don't know what you get up to
I'm not sure what to do

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