

Ebroglio

At The Drive-In

i had a friend who died
for something he really loved
i had a friend who stood
for none of the above
i had a friend whose experience
was riddled with scars
who got drunk one night
in the trunk of louie p. s car
i had a friend who d love to scare you
as was his affection
and tremble you did
cause you weren t worthy of his friendship
i had a friend, but now
he s stranded on the mesa street exit
and sometimes i m jealous
cause i m still at the intersection
i had a friend whose heart was too heavy to hold
yes there s blood on the median
like a boat without oars

Em - C

G **Em** **C**
duct tape the cross on the brown colored box
G **Em** **C**
single file line on the unpaved road
G **Em** **C**
they tipped their hats, respect for the dead
G **Em**
in juarez, mexico is where they buried my friend

Bm **G**
there are no words to express
D
the loss i feel since you ve been away
Bm
you made this typical sad song
G
a physical classroom
D
where i learned nothing
Em **G**

Em

it s all a facade, it s all a facade, i m sayin

D

it s all a facade but nothing really matters now

Em

it s all a facade, it s all a facade, but,

D

it s all a facade but, and nothing really matters now

Em

it s all a facade, it s all a facade, and,

D

it s all a facade and nothing really matters now

Em

it s all a facade, it s all a facade,

D

i m sayin it s all a facade