

Friends For Never
The Midnight Beast

THE MIDNIGHT BEAST! =)

C **G**

One day we re friends forever,

Am **Em**

Next day we re friends for never,

F **G**

Who say, you say, we re best friends,

F **G**

I say, he say, till the end.

C **G** **Am** **Em**

Our friendships like a slice of chocolate cake,

F **C**

You re the icing, you d be the sponge,

F **G**

When we re together we become,

C **G** **Am**

A perfect way to end a perfect dinner time,

Em **F**

Quite substantial glass of wine,

C **F**

A tasty mint goes down a treat, and helps my

G

indigestion.

C **G** **Am**

Digest this factual piece of evidence,

Em **F**

I m your butter, you re my toast,

C **F**

The gravy on my Sunday roast,

G

-I m not a fan of your roasts,

C

What do you mean?

G **Am**

You told me that you liked the one I cooked the other
day

Em

-I don t remember

F

You said you liked the sprouts

C **F**

-I don t know what to say.

G

Then you should shut your mouth.

C **G**

One day we re friends for ever,

Am **Em**

Go take some singing lessons

F

What was that?

Nothing twat.

G

You re a prick

F

Eat my shit,

No thank you,

G

It wouldn t be nice.

C **G** **Am**

Our friendships kind of like a prostitute,

Em

(How?)

F

C

Quite worn out, yet still quite fit,

F

G

Quite nice arse, great pair of tits.

C

Well, that s not relevant,

Isn t it?

G

Am

You re full of shit, and that what s relevant

Is it?

Em

I m going to have a think,

F

C

F

Will you tell me what you think of?

G

No.

Play this twice during the rap part:

C G Am Em F C F G

Enter, uh

One day we re friends, the next we re not,

It s so confusing the why s and what s

What the hell,

I thought we were friends just now,

Then I remembered, we had a row (oh yeah)

We re like Bradd Pitt and Angela,

But we don t have a child from Cambodia

Uh uh

I m sick and tired of us having no fun,
Stop being pussy s, and go and work your problems out
son,
coz i m done

C **G**
One day we re born together (one day we re born)
Am **Em**
Next day it s stormy weather (next day we re torn)
F **G**
Who say, you say we re not friends
F **G**
I say, he say, fuck you bender

C **G**
One day i m your blood brother,
Am **Em**
Next day its, fuck your mother
F **G**
-no offence, tell your mum I think she s quite nice,
F **G**
that particular dig was directed at you and not your
mother.

My mother used to have a nice smile on her face, till
dad went out to get some more milk.
He never did come back...

then instrumental ending that goes something like this:

C G Am Em F C F G C