Friends For Never
The Midnight Beast

THE MIDNIGHT BEAST! =)

B F#

One day we re friends forever,
G#m Ebm
Next day we re friends for never,
E F#
Who say, you say, we re best friends,
E F#
I say, he say, till the end.

B F# G#m Ebm
Our friendships like a slice of chocolate cake,
E B
You re the icing, you d be the sponge,
E F#
When we re together we become,
B F# G#m
A perfect way to end a perfect dinner time,
Ebm E
Quite substantial glass of wine,
B E
A tasty mint goes down a treat, and helps my
F#
indigestion.

B F# G#m
Digest this factual piece of evidence,
Ebm E
I m your butter, you re my toast,
B E
The gravy on my Sunday roast,
F#
-I m not a fan of your roasts,

B
What do you mean?
F# G#m
You told me that you liked the one I cooked the other
day
Ebm
-I don t remember
E
You said you liked the sprouts
B E

-I don t know what to say.
F#
Then you should shut your mouth.

B F#
One day we re friends for ever,
G#m Ebm
Go take some singing lessons
E
What was that?
Nothing twat.
F#
You re a prick
E
Eat my shit,
No thank you,
F#
It wouldn t be nice.

B F# G#m
Our friendships kind of like a prostitute,
Ebm
(How?)
E B
Quite worn out, yet still quite fit,
E F#
Quite nice arse, great pair of tits.

B
Well, that s not relevant,
Isn t it?
F# G#m
You re full of shit, and that what s relevant
Is it?
Ebm
I m going to have a think,
E B E
Will you tell me what you think of?
F#
No.

Play this twice during the rap part:
B F# G#m Ebm E B E F#
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

B F#
One day we re born together (one day we re born)
G#m Ebm
Next day it s stormy weather (next day we re torn)
E F#
Who say, you say we re not friends
E F#
I say, he say, fuck you bender

B F#
One day i m your blood brother,
G#m Ebm
Next day its, fuck your mother
E F#
-no offence, tell your mum I think she s quite nice,
E F#
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:

B F# G#m Ebm E B E F# B