

To All My Friends

Lagwagon

Here's a song to all my friends
I know they'd like
I remember every drunken night at the old dive

Driving the old wreck
Trying to make it home somehow
One more pit stop at our favorite watering hole

The ghost of Christmas past
Swallowed all our pride
We'd opened up our story books
And water down the eyes

Our demons raise their glasses singing
"I propose a toast
to all my friends"
Who's buying the next round

Cup half empty Cup half full
Perspectives and beers
They weren't failures
Just the regulars of my favorite year

They come and go
Paying their toll
From mobile homes
Decaying old unsound minds
The ghost of Christmas future
dancing
To the click of time
The beating of defeat
Shaking in his hands
A lifetime of retreat
And his regrets were ours
A time to say good-bye

I've been waiting so long
for you to call
my old friend

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