

# Song for a Small Circle of Friends

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Song For A Small Circle Of Friends

Well my life is filled with songs  
But I just could not get along without my friends  
And I'm happy now, but when this good life ends  
I know a better life begins.

And love to you sir Stonehill,  
Armed with your axe full gallop on your amp.  
You're crazy and you know it,  
But I love you as we both crawl toward the lamp.

With Clapton on guitar, and Charlie on the drums.  
McCartney on the Hoffner bass with blisters on his  
thumbs.

Dear Bobby watch your fears all hide  
And disappear while love inside starts growing,  
You're older but less colder  
Than the jokes and folks you spent your childhood  
snowing.

And someone died for all your friends  
But even better yet, he lives again.  
And if this song does not make sense to you,  
I hope His spirit slips on through, He loves you.