

Old Friend

Loudon Wainwright III

old friend dont you know its over?
old friend cant you understand?
slap your back i can no longer
i can only shake your hand

it's been so long, and things are so difrent
memory lane's a dead end street
your presence tence is remenisen
i cant rehash it, i wont repeat

your not so sure about tomorrow
you try to beg and steal and borrow
yesterday sweet parting sorrow
you hold it over my head like a rusty aks

the good old days are good and gone now
thats why they are good, because they are gone
but our conversation turns the cow tow
we kiss the pasts ass all night long

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