

Separate Ways

Satanic Surfers

Hey, what's up, it's always nice to see you, my old friend
Good to hear your voice again, you know, I think about you now
and then but a little less each day
Think about you now and then but a little less each day
We stood there talking, laughing, looking back on times we shared
Times we never forget, how the hell did we end up here?

I guess somewhere along the way we made different choices, we made
Different choices [x2]

You know, I still have your killing joke tapes and your psychic
TV t-shirt
Why don't you come by some day and pick them up, he said
"We should get together sometime, talk about the old days" so I
gave him my new number, thinking to myself he'll never call
And once again we went our separate ways
I'm still waiting, went our separate ways

[x2] Yeah, I'm still waiting
Still waiting for that call [x2]