

Friends

Ryan Adams & The Cardinals

As pretty as a song
A song could ever be
Like Christmas on a river
Without a boat or Christmas tree
This afternoon with you was something like a letter
The kind that someone writes but never sends
And when you look at me like that
I know someday it's gonna end
And when you get old
I bet you miss your friends
As angry as a breeze
Tugging hard upon the sails
I been moving through these streets forever
From Baltimore to Amsterdam
These things inside me they repeat like broken records
Spinning pretty somethings behind my eyes
And when I can't look at you
I can paint your picture perfectly in my mind
And when I get old
I'm gonna miss you all the time
That wind up in the trees
Scattering bluebirds all over the place
Shuffling children in the piles of leaves
I wish I was the wind, I'd touch your face
This afternoon with you was something like a letter
The kind that someone writes but never sends
And when you're good to me
It makes me blue cause someday it's gonna end
And when we pass on
I bet you miss your friends
Bet you miss your friends
I bet you miss your friends

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