

# Old Friends

[Guy Clark](#)

It's like when you're making conversation  
And you're trying not to scream  
And you're trying not to tell 'em  
You don't care what they mean And you're really feeling fragile  
And you really can't get home  
And you really feel abandoned  
But you want to be alone Old friends, they shine like diamonds  
Old friends, you can always call  
Old friends Lord, you can't buy 'em  
You know it's old friends after all And when the house is empty  
And the lights begin to fade  
And there's nothing to protect you  
Except the window shade And it's hard to put your finger  
On the thing that scares you most  
And you can't tell the difference  
Between an angel and a ghost Old friends, they shine like diamonds  
Old friends, you can always call  
Old friends Lord, you can't buy 'em  
You know it's old friends after all

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