Ben's My Friend

Sun Kil Moon

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

I woke up this morning, August 3rd
It's been a pretty slow and uneventful summer
Went to visit a friend in Santa Fe
Went to New Orleans and went to see my family
Woke up this morning and it occurred
I needed one more track to finish up my record
I was feeling out of fuel and uninspired
Laid on my bed, too hung, a little down, a little tired
Met my girl and we walked down Union Street
I was scared and my head was in a bunch of places
Bought a $350 pair of lampshades
And we ate at Perry's and I ordered crab cakesBlue crab cakes
Blue crab cakes
Blue crab cakesShe said I seemed distracted and asked what was going on with me
I said I can't explain it and it's a middle age thing
She said okay and ate her eggs Benedict
And I looked at the walls cluttered with sports bar shitSports bar shit
Sports bar shit
Sports bar shitGot on the phone and I called my mother
And called my father, talked a little bit with my sister
She's got a new boyfriend, he's a deer hunter
And she's getting used to venison
And my dad's still fighting with his girlfriend
About his flirting with the girls in Panera Bread
My mom is good but sounded out of breath
I worry so much about her, I worry to deathI worry to death
I worry about her to death
I worry to deathThe other night I went and saw The Postal Service
Ben's my friend but getting there was the worst
Trying to park and getting up the hill
And find a spot amongst the drunk kids staring at their cells
Standing at the back with the crowd of eight thousand

I thought of Ben when I met him in 2000
At a festival in Spain
He was on the small stage then and I didn't know his name
Now he's singing at the Greek and he's busting moves
And my legs were hurting and my feet were too
I called him after, said I'll skip the backstage high five
But thanks for the nice music and all the exerciseAnd we laughed and it was alright
And we laughed and it was alright
And it was alrightThere's a fine line between a middle-aged guy with a backstage pass
And a guy with a gut hanging around like a jackass
Everybody there was twenty years younger than me
At least that this is not my fondest memory
I carried my legs back down and then I gave
My backstage passes to two cute asian girls
I drove to my place near Tahoe
Got in my hot tub and thought well that's how it goes
And it was quiet and I was listening to the crickets
And Ben's still out there, selling lots of tickets
And though while we pretend that there's a temperature competitiveness
But Ben's my friend and I know he gets it
Then in a couple of days my meltdown passed
Back to the studio doing twelve hours shifts
Singing a song about one thing or another
Another day behind the microphone this summerThis Tenderloin summer
This Tenderloin summer
This Tenderloin summer

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