

Same Old Lang Syne

Dan Fogelberg

Met my old lover in the grocery store
The snow was falling, Christmas Eve
I stole behind her in the frozen foods
And I touched her on the sleeve She didn't recognize the face at first
But then her eyes flew open wide
She went to hug me and she spilled her purse
And we laughed until we cried We took her groceries to the checkout stand
The food was totaled up and bagged
We stood there lost in our embarrassment
As the conversation dragged We went to have ourselves a drink or two
But couldn't find an open bar
We bought a six-pack at the liquor store
And we drank it in her car We drank a toast to innocence
We drank a toast to now
And tried to reach beyond the emptiness
But neither one knew how She said she'd married her an architect
Who kept her warm and safe and dry
She would have liked to say she loved the man
But she didn't like to lie I said the years had been a friend to her
And that her eyes were still as blue
But in those eyes I wasn't sure
If I saw doubt or gratitude She said she saw me in the record stores
And that I must be doing well
I said the audience was heavenly
But the traveling was hell We drank a toast to innocence
We drank a toast to now
And tried to reach beyond the emptiness
But neither one knew how We drank a toast to innocence
We drank a toast to time
Reliving in our eloquence
Another 'Auld Lang Syne' The beer was empty and our tongues were tired
And running out of things to say
She gave a kiss to me as I got out
And I watched her drive away Just for a moment I was back at school
And felt that old familiar pain
And as I turned to make my way back home
The snow turned into rain

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