

Friends of Friends

Hospitality

I don't wanna go
Down to fourteenth street
In old New York
I'd rather be home
But it's all the same
Crowded bars and planes
New Amsterdam and Old Richmond
I just called, and your girlfriend's coming home
But you've got friends that
are new friends
And friends that are old friends
And friends lookin' out
Got a cheap dress on
With a wrinkled sleeve
My hat and glove
My money please
Or we might just go
With a burnt black air
I'd rather be home
My president's there
When I call, you don't pick up anymore
But I've got friends that are new friends
And friends that are old friends
And friends lookin' out
When I call, you don't pick up anymore
But I've got friends that are new friends
And friends that are old friends
And friends lookin' out

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