Friends (Live iIn Oslo)

Ryan Adams

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 friendsAs 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 you picture perfectly in my mind
And when I get old
I 'm gonna miss you all the timeThat wind up in the trees
Scattering bluebirds all over the place
Shuffling children in the piles of leaves
I wish I was the wind that touched your face
This afternoon with you was something like a letter
The kind that someone writes but never sendsAnd when you 're good to me
It makes me blue because some day it 's gonna end
And when we pass on
I bet you miss your friends
I bet you miss your friends
I bet you miss your friends

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