

# Best Friends

[Ron Sexsmith](#)

Look up my darling  
Way up high  
At the clouds above you My heart's a window, darling  
If you look inside  
You'll see how I think of you We all get angry sometimes  
But it disappears  
Don't have the patience sometimes  
I create tears But there's nothing in this wash  
That won't come clear in the end  
'Cause we're best friends

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