

Old Friends

Roger Miller

Old friends, pitching pennies in the park

Playing croquet till it's dark, old friends

Old friends, swapping lies of lives and loves

Pitching popcorn to the doves, old friendsOld friends, looking up to watch a bird

Holding arms to climb a kerb, old friends, old friends

Old friends, Lord when all my work is done

Bless my life and grant me one, old friend

At least one, old friendOld friends, looking up to watch a bird

Holding arms to climb a kerb, old friends

Old friends, Lord when all my work is done

Bless my life and grant me one, old friend

At least one, old friend

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