To All My Friends

Lagwagon

Here's a song to all my friends
I know they'd like
I remember every drunken night at the old dive
Driving the ol'wreck
Trying to make it home somehow
One more pit stop at our favorite
watering hole
The ghost of Christmas past
swallowed all our pride
We'd open up our story books
and water down the eyes
our demons raised their glasses singing
"I propose a toast to my friends"
Who's buying the next round
Cup half empty Cup half full
Perspectives and beers
They weren't failure
Just the regulars of my favorite year
They come and go
paying their toll
From mobiles homes
Decaying old unsound minds
The ghost of Cristmas failure
dancing to the click of time
The beating of defeat
Shaking in his hands
a lifetime of retreat
And his regrets were ours
A time to say good-bye
I've been waiting so long for you to call
my old friend
To all my friends...

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