My Friends

Steve Alaimo

My friends, my dear friends,
And lovers, oh my lovers,
I leave you for them.
Got a hand on my back.
Mama has money now,
And mama has friends,
She's making rags,
For some uptown hags,
With their money in bags.
And why are you so sad?
Why are you always so sad?
Why do I not understand?
Why don't I see
What it is you see?
Why can't I live
And just be?
I'm full of guilt.
I am full of guilt.
You're very tall,
You're very handsome.
You have it all.
Your skin smells like meditate

You'll never know how I ached.
You will never know how I ached.
Ever consider this scene?
I heard you had to be strong
Why not float around with me
It won't take you so long
You can go where I'm at
You can hang around with me
A few good men will go where they ought
Where they are not be
And a few good mothers go for what they
What they are not teach
I long for a touch Or reminder of us but
But it must not be
A few song branches over, What a reach for
What they are not reach

I hope your mother knows
Where it is you have been
I hope your mother knows
What it is you have seen
She'd be so proud.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/