Friends

Ryan Adams

As pretty as a song
A song could ever be
Like Christmas on a river
Without a boat or Christmas treeThis 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, you can go
Bet you miss your friendsAs angry as a breeze
Tugging hard upon the sails
I've been movin' through these streets forever
From Baltimore to AmsterdamThese things inside me they repeat like broken records
Spinnin' pretty somethin' behind my eyes
And when I can't look at you
I can paint your picture perfectly in my mind
And when I hear it all
I'm gonna miss you all the timeBad wind up in the trees
Scattering blue birds all over the place
Shuffling children in the parks leave
I wish I was the wind that touched your faceThis afternoon with you was something like a letter
The kind that someone writes but never sends
And when you're good to me
It makes me blue because someday it's gonna end
And when we pass on
I bet you miss your friends
Bet you miss your friends
I bet you miss your friends

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/