

# Friends

[Ryan Adams](#)

As pretty as a song  
A song could ever be  
Like Christmas on a river  
Without a boat or Christmas tree  
This 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 friends  
As angry as a breeze  
Tugging hard upon the sails  
I've been movin' through these streets forever  
From Baltimore to Amsterdam  
These 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 time  
Bad 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 face  
This 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

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