Separate Ways

Satanic Surfers

hey, what's up? it's always nice to see you my old friend, good to hear your voice again. you know, i think about you now and then, but a little less each day. we stood there talking, laughing looking back on the times we shared times i'll never forget how the hell did we end up here? i guess somewhere along the way we made different choices you know, i still have your killing joke tapes and your psychic tv t-shirt why don't you come by some day and pick them up? he said "we should get together sometime, talk about the old days" so i gave him my new number, thinking to myself "he'll never call" and once again we went our separate ways now i'm still waiting for that call

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