

Reunions

Carly Simon

First one in the city
Wearin' all those grass stained jeans
Nothing is forgotten, everyone is pleased.
Someone got his hair cut
The girls have lots to say
His friends had felt more comfortable
With it worn the other way
And I don't know if I'll see you again.
Next one at the old house
Snow is on the ground
Photographs and wine are passed around
Someone toasts an absent friend
Another takes his seat

They gather round the dying fire
But the circle's not complete
And I don't know if I'll see you again
Last one by the highway
Wind blows through thin smiles
Someone made a wrong turn
Missed a joke by miles
Someone got their hair cut
A tear in her eye
But no one even comments -
Except to say 'goodbye'
And I don't know if I'll see you again.

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