Absent Friends

Saxon

Absent Friends
Absent friends, here's to them
And happy days, we thought that they would never end.
Here's to absent friends.

Little Jean Seberg seemed
So full of life, but in those eyes such troubled dreams.
Poor little Jean.Woodbine Willie couldn't rest until he'd
Given every bloke a final smoke before the killing.
Old Woodbine Willie.

Steve McQueen jumped the first one clean
But the great escape he'd tried to make was not to be.
Maybe next time Steve.

Laika flew through inky blue
'Til Laika neared the atmosphere and Laika knew
Laika's life was through.

Oscar Wilde was a lonely child.
He fought and won acceptance from the world.
They smiled, they laughed, they praised,
They drove poor Oscar to his grave.

Absent friends, here's to them,
And happy days, we thought that they would never end,
But they always end.

Raise your glasses then to absent friends.

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