He Was a Friend of Mine

Vince Weber / Michael Maass

He was a friend of mine, he was a friend of mine
His killing had no purpose, no reason or rhyme
Oh, he was a friend of mine
He was in Dallas town, he was in Dallas town
From a sixth floor window a gunner shot him down
Oh, he died in Dallas town
He never knew my name, he never knew my name
Though I never met him I knew him just the same
Oh, he was a friend of mine
Leader of a nation for such a precious time
Oh, he was a friend of mine

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