

Can't We Be Friends?

George Shearing

Took each word she said as gospel truth the way a silly little child would.

I can't excuse it on the grounds of youth,

I was no babe in the wild, wild wood.

She didn't mean it,

I should have seen it,

But now it's too late. I thought I'd found the girl of my dreams,

Now it seems,

This is how the story ends:

She's gonna turn me down and say,

"Can't we be friends?"

I thought for once it couldn't go wrong,

Not for long,

I can see the way this ends:

She's gonna turn me down and say,

"Can't we be friends?"

Why should I care though she gave me the air,

Why should I cry,

Heave a sigh,

And wonder why,

And wonder why?

I thought I found the gal I could trust,

What a bust, this is how the story ends:

She's gonna turn me down and say,

"Can't we be just friends?"

Songwriters

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