

All My Friends

[Amos Lee](#)

All my friends, they all live in pain
Longing for the warmth of childhood to bring them home again
All my friends, they got broken hearts
And if the world's a stage we're searching for our parts We'll face the winds that break the strongest of trees
Beckon for the sweet soft summer breeze All my friends, they got broken wings
Never will you hear them asking why the caged bird sings
'Cause all my friends they know how to live
Oh, so much sorrow and so much love to give We'll face the winds that break the strongest of trees
Beckon for the sweet soft summer breeze And oh now we all know that the storm is coming
Everybody wants to know which way to go
I see the crowds a running and oh the wind's gonna blow All my friends are dear to me
Oh when the storm comes they're as close as family
All my friends are the ones I choose
Oh, if I hear them knockin' you know I can't refuse We'll face the winds that break the strongest of trees
Beckon for the sweet soft summer breeze
All my friends

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