

# Dylan

## Good Riddance

I heard you threw your phone away  
A brave attempt at dodging sympathy  
    And maybe you're right  
    Who needs checking up on anyway?  
    But I remember when I felt my worst  
Its friends like you I called on firstThe shadows of what seemed so sure  
    Haunt you as you tread alone  
    The empty house you bought with her  
    But even when you're torn apart  
    Worlds away I feel your pain  
And carry you inside my heartI will search my acquaintance  
    For a close-lipped friend  
    With strength and understanding  
    When I think I've reached my end  
I want to hear your voice againAnd it would be so sad  
    If I learned you never even tried to call me up  
    But it's not so bad  
When you remember you've got friends to pick you up

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