Before Departure

Ekayim

Farewell, my friends
Farewell, my dear ones
If I was rude
Forgive my weakness
Goodbye, my friends
Goodbye to evening parties
Remember me
In the spring
To work for your bread
Soon you must leave
Remember your families
And work for your children
I don't need much
And the older I become
I realize
My friendships
Will carry me over
In a course of distance
In a cause of sorrow
Friends that last
Will dance one more time
With me
I don't need much
But this I need

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