

## Dear Friend

Fish

Dear friend, it's been a long, long while  
I've been meaning to write you  
But it was never my style  
But what is these days now I'm a family man.

Do you blow sincere kisses to mistresses  
Secrets in afternoons?  
Do you wear your disguises, feign the surprises,  
At the questions she asks when she dares to accuse?  
Does your past lie under a dustsheet,  
In the corner of a musty garage?  
That's where I keep mine, now I'm a family man.

Are your horses still running when  
The bookies shop close?  
Is the band still together, did you ever  
Get on the road?  
We chased the same women, we drank  
The same beer.  
We came as a pair when we ran around here  
How are you these days, now you're a family man?

Buy a drink for the boy in my place  
At the end of the bar  
Give my regards to Nina, slam a tequila,  
I'll write you at Christmas or I'll send you a card,  
And if you pass by you're welcome to drop in  
And see me 'cause it's unlikely  
I'll be round your way, 'cause I'm happy to be,  
Where I am, living life as a family man

Do you still have your leathers,  
Or did you give them away?  
Do you still dream of Joni and sidewalk cafes?  
Is your Norton still running, is the old man still alive?  
Do you still get to Dalkeith, is your rent still as high?  
But I suppose you've a mortgage, now you're a family man.

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But it was never my style.  
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