

# Old School Friends

honeyhoney

I miss my friends, my old school friends The ones that I've known all my life I spent so long pushing their love away Now it cuts and it bites

I had this dream that I saw all of them And we talked but we knew that we'd changed Some had seen money and some had seen death But none of them were the same

I want 'em back, I want 'em back I want to feel their love again I want 'em back, I want 'em back I want to be with my old friends

I can't forget getting drunk in the woods With some liquor stolen from the market shelf I drank a whole plastic Cherry Coke bottle full of wine And I thought I'd killed myself

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Kissing the same girls Taking their sweet pearls And giving ours away at the same time Man I turned each memory into this perfect summertime

I know they're there, I know where I can see their faces every day All these pixel pictures, I studied them like scriptures And I still feel so far away

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