

## To All My Friends

Lagwagon

Here's a song to all my friends  
I know they'd like  
I remember every drunken night at the old dive

Driving the old wreck  
Trying to make it home somehow  
One more pit stop at our favorite watering hole

The ghost of Christmas past  
Swallowed all our pride  
We'd opened up our story books  
And water down the eyes

Our demons raise their glasses singing  
"I propose a toast  
to all my friends"  
Who's buying the next round

Cup half empty Cup half full  
Perspectives and beers  
They weren't failures  
Just the regulars of my favorite year

They come and go  
Paying their toll  
From mobile homes  
Decaying old unsound minds  
The ghost of Christmas future  
dancing  
To the click of time  
The beating of defeat  
Shaking in his hands  
A lifetime of retreat  
And his regrets were ours  
A time to say good-bye

I've been waiting so long  
for you to call  
my old friend

To all my friends  
To all my friends  
To all my friends  
To all my friends  
To all my friends  
To all my friends