

# One Of My Best Friends

Michael Crawford

Some of my old friends are here  
The light isn't good but their outlines are clear  
I'm talking of solitude, silence and doubt  
I try to escape them, they soon found me out  
Some of my old friends are here

Some of my friends call today  
They knew without asking I've thrown it away  
My thought, word or deed almost likely all free  
The person to run my affairs isn't me  
Some of my friends call today

This smile may try to say we never guess  
But they knew I lie by pretending  
My world wasn't ending  
I'm free but it's all for the best

One of my best friends is gone  
Not knowing I watched her walkout where upon  
The words I've been crazy to hold back before  
Came crashing like waves on a white empty shore  
And no one has ever loved anyone more  
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