

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
One of my best friends is gone

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