

Fine Friend

Pale Saints

I'm tired of too much of this
And this is wearing me thin
There are too many hours
And too many ways to fill them in

Fine friend, you're a fine friend
When will I see
Fine friend, you're a fine friend
You've been an anchor for me

I'm tired of holding my breath
There's too much that's been left to say
But I know tomorrow the smile on your face
Will smooth these thoughts away

Fine friend you're a fine friend
When will I see
Fine friend you're a fine friend
You've been an anchor for me

Fine friend you're a fine friend
When will I see
Fine friend you're a fine friend
You've been an anchor for me

I'll never walk into your arms
I'll never walk into your arms
I'll never walk into your arms
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