

## Old Friends

Roger Miller

Old friends, pitching pennies in the park  
Playing croquet till it's dark, old friends  
Old friends, swapping lies of lives and loves  
Pitching popcorn to the doves, old friends

Old friends, looking up to watch a bird  
Holding arms to climb a kerb, old friends, old friends  
Old friends, Lord when all my work is done  
Bless my life and grant me one, old friend  
At least one, old friend

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