

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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