

New Friends

Ron Pope

What is sacred?
And who is pure?
She lost her dreams there
On the bathroom floor

And we both cried for days

If I was subtle
If she was kind
If we were lovers
Of a different type

What she was giving
I could not hope to find

But this is not forever
We were never sure
And I could say I loved her
But it's not there anymore

She swears deep down she's sorry
And I hope she'd never lie
If we walk away too slowly
Then we both might change our minds

Now I am counting
The blackest birds
Asleep in winter
In a field so white it hurts to see

Still I'm feeling cursed...

But this is not forever
We were never sure
And I could say I loved her
But it's not there anymore

She swears deep down she's sorry
And I hope she'd never lie
If we walk away too slowly
Then we both might change our minds

(6x)
Here's to my new friends
A toast to the weekend
It's time to begin again
So here's to my new friends...