

My Old Friend

Steve Wariner

Between an endless quest to make it
And a growing lack of patience
I made some sudden changes
And overbooked my life
Gave my heart and strength to labor
My soul and dreams to favors
'Til I became a stranger
I didn't recognize
In the window of a coffee shop on market street
I caught my reflection looking back at me

Where have you been, my old friend?
There, I am sure nice to see myself again

That boy who spent days fishing
And pocket change on wishes
Heaven knows I miss him
And his outlook on life
It was always easy does it
Didn't want for nothing
But a few good friends and loving
From that girl I let get by
Looking through the window of my memory
I see my reflection looking back at me

Where have you been, my old friend?
There, I am sure nice to see myself again

Choices are the steps we take
But changing is our choice to make
So I think I'll just change some things right now
Me and my old pal

Where have you been, my old friend?
There, I am sure nice to see myself again