

Absent Friend

Strawbs

My ashtray's flowing over,
And the 'phone's left off the hook.
I've been staring for three hours
At the first page of a book.
Day and night I keep the curtains drawn,
And curse the very day that I was born,
And get to thinking,
How I need you,
Now.

I keep staring at my wristwatch,
Until it's ticking fills the room,
And the hollow sound reminds me
Of the silence of a tomb,
And as the ceiling and the walls close in,
And the furniture begins to spin,
I get to thinking,
How I need you,
Now.

And as the days go passing by,
And I never get a letter,
How I need you.
Days turn into weeks,
And it doesn't get much better,
How I need you.

The gaslit streets lean slowly
As I reel against the wall,
And my musty head is aching
As I stagger down the hall;
Then I fill the broken glass once more,
And fling the empty bottle to the floor,
And get to thinking,
How I need you ...