

Ben's My Friend

Sun Kil Moon

I woke up this morning, August 3rd
It's been a pretty slow and uneventful summer
Went to visit a friend in Santa Fe
Went to New Orleans and went to see my family
Woke up this morning and it occurred
I needed one more track to finish up my record
I was feeling out of fuel and uninspired
Laid on my bed, too hung, a little down, a little tired
Met my girl and we walked down Union Street
I was scared and my head was in a bunch of places
Bought a 350 dollar pair of lampshades
And we ate at Perry's and I ordered crab cakes

Blue crab cakes
Blue crab cakes
Blue crab cakes

She said I seemed distracted and asked what was going on with me
I said I can't explain it it's a middle age thing
She said okay and ate her eggs Benedict
And I looked at the walls cluttered with sports bar shit

Sports bar shit
Sports bar shit
Sports bar shit

Got on the phone and I called my mother
And called my father, talked a little bit with my sister
She's got a new boyfriend, he's a deer hunter
And she's getting used to venison
And my dad's still fighting with his girlfriend
About his flirting with the girls at Panera Bread
My mom is good but sounded out of breath
I worry so much about her, I worry to death

I worry to death
I worry about her to death
I worry to death

The other night I went and saw The Postal Service
Ben's my friend but getting there was the worst
Trying to park and getting up the hill
And finding a spot amongst the drunk kids staring at their cells
Standing at the back with the crowd of eight thousand
I thought of Ben when I met him in 2000
At a festival in Spain
He was on the small stage then and I didn't know his name
Now he's singing at the Greek and he's busting moves
And my legs were hurting and my feet were too
I called him after, said I'll skip the backstage high five
But thanks for the nice music and all the exercise

And we laughed and it was alright
And we laughed and it was alright
And it was alright

There's a (fine line) between a middle-aged guy with a backstage pass

And a guy with a gut hanging around like a jackass
Everybody there was twenty years younger than me
At least that this is not my fondest memory
I carried my legs back down the hill then I gave
My backstage passes to two cute asian girls
I drove to my place near Tahoe
Got in my hot tub and thought well that's how it goes
And it was quiet and I was listening to the crickets
And Ben's still out there, selling lots of tickets
And though while we pretend that there's a touch of competitiveness
But Ben's my friend and I know he gets it
Then in a couple of days my meltdown passed
Back to the studio doing twelve hours shifts
Singing a song about one thing or another
Another day behind the microphone this summer

This tenderloin summer
This tenderloin summer
This tenderloin summer