

# Brian Kirk And The Jirks, Back In Style

Your friends go to pieces when they see you walk with me  
We're two different species; your the more or less elite  
Let 'em know how I made you smile  
And how we embrace the world as one  
And one is backinstyle  
Oh, here's one you'll like this morning I woke up your  
friend He's gone, couldn't go on  
I could not see you waste your- time with him  
Just to let you know I always think of us  
As one sometimes to find I've won  
And one is backinstyle  
I found out another aging silent war within me raging on  
And it's so hard for- me to keep it down  
Now we'll go, you'll be find  
Dogs couldn't find you where I plan to take you to him  
Soon You'll see him. soon I swear  
Let him know your over me  
The smile reassuringly then think of me  
As I come back in style