

Good Riddance, Dylan

I heard you threw your phone away
A brave attempt at dodging sympathy
And maybe you're right
Who needs checking up on anyway?
But I remember when I felt my worst
Its friends like you I called on first

The shadows of what seemed so sure
Haunt you as you tread alone
The empty house you bought with her
But even when you're torn apart
Worlds away I feel your pain
And carry you inside my heart

I will search my acquaintance
For a close-lipped friend
With strength and understanding
When I think I've reached my end
I want to hear your voice again

And it would be so sad
If I learned you never even tried to call me up
But it's not so bad
When you remember you've got friends to pick you up