

# Guy Clark, Old Friends

It's like when you're making conversation  
And you're trying not to scream  
And you're trying not to tell 'em  
You don't care what they mean  
And you're really feeling fragile  
And you really can't get home  
And you really feel abandoned  
But you want to be alone

Chorus

Old Friends they shine like diamonds  
Old Friends you can always call  
Old Friends Lord you can't buy 'em  
You know it's Old Friends after all

And when the house is empty  
And the lights begin to fade  
And there's nothing to protect you  
Except the window shade  
And it's hard to put your finger  
On the thing that scares you most  
And you can't tell the difference  
Between an angel and a ghost

Chorus