

# John Hiatt, Friend Of Mine

Friend of mine

Has gone away

Like a light from yesterday

Lost in space

Somewhere they say

This friend of mine

He could sing

Like a child

A mother's dream

So sweet and mild

Or big and mean

Loud and wild

This friend of mine

His voice is still

Like the night

Rustling winds

Of angel's flight

Take him home

To the light

This friend of mine

This friend of mine