

Tad Dreis, Old Friend (Of A Friend)

Bus benches moist, have you lost my voice?
I know you from when we both talked to friends
Somehow I doubt you'd know us
If we met again

Last couple years have gone so easily, tears
Fall when I wake up to the tv breakup
But the bus for us has come
Change to shake up

I'll sit behind, you can read my mind
If you want to know just how it's going
When I say goodbye, you won't know

Old friend of a friend, it's not the end
Of what we had that makes me sad
But what might have been
By the way, my name's Tad