

Barclay James Harvest, Friend Of Mine

When the lights are fading slowly on another show
And the crowd has gone, the people cease to shout for more
You'd better run, stop from crying all the time
Don't you know it's got to end, I thought you were a friend of mine
Goodbye bright light city heading for the sun
Where the southern girls are pretty and there's two for one
You'd better run, stop from crying all the time
Don't you know it's got to end, I thought you were a friend of mine