

John Hiatt, My Old Friend

I thought we were gonna make that bridge what do I know
Me and my expectations was always high
"Like a Rolling Stone" was playing on the radio
It made you cry
But we got by

My old friend
You make me feel young again
My old friend
You're just as pretty as you were back then

A Corvair with no floorboards a Gibson Hummingbird
Driving south to the mouth of the river Song
Patchouli oil and motor oil
And you knew all the words
Now you're looking fine
In the hook-up line

My old friend
You make me feel young again
My old friend
You're just as pretty as you were back then

You got kids I've got kids
And they all want to know
Just what is what like when we were young
I tell them I'm no different now
Just late for the show
So grab your "aqualung"
The loading has begun

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You make me feel young again
My old friend
You're just as pretty as you were back then

My old friend
My old friend
My old friend