

# Peter Hammill, Just Good Friends

Drawing back the curtains,  
sluggish city daylight in the afternoon...  
here's that special silence,  
just before you walk out of the hotel room.  
Each time we're so close I assume  
that we'll never be again.  
Oh, how long can we pretend  
that we're just good friends?

A casual affair is all that you can spare  
from your emotional change;  
a calendar of meetings, strangers on the street  
the best we ever arrange.  
Now I just can't stand all the pain,  
all the constant make and mend:  
how long must we pretend  
that we're just good friends?

I gave you my devotion,  
hiding nothing up my sleeve.  
If I walked clean out of your life  
would you even notice me leave?  
So much tangled-up emotion,  
should I stay or should I go?  
If I walked clean out of your life  
how long would it take you to know?  
Are we such good friends?

You used to say "I love you";  
you used to say "You make me feel alive and young";  
Now we're just a habit,  
a flavour, once a month, to titillate your tongue.  
Oh, how sordid this has become  
as the means approach the end  
oh, how long can we pretend  
that we're still good friends?

I gave you my devotion,  
hiding nothing up my sleeve.  
If I walked clean out of your life  
would you even notice me leave?  
So much tangled-up emotion,  
should I stay or should I go?  
If I walked clean out of your life  
how long would it take you to know?  
Are we such good friends?

Are we still good friends?