

Walter Becker, This Moody Bastard

Little friend of mine
Can you still recall
Our salad days
Between the ivy walls?
Beneath the autumn sun?
When all is said and done
We were a good combination
We were good clean fun
Still my thoughts roll back
Every now and then
Think about you
Remembering
I start in smiling and
I just can't stop
You on the bottom
Me on top

These days it's like a tomb
Amid in the stacks of gloom
Looking out the window
In the downstairs room
And the time goes by
And the time goes by
Sometimes it goes so slowly
You know a man could cry
Till the day goes down
In deep disgrace
With empty pockets
And a dirty face
And then the day boils over
And there's nothing there
But a roomful of smoke and a lot of hot air

This moody bastard remembers
You were some kind of friend even then
Once in a great while
He needs one...
This moody bastard
This moody bastard
He needs one
He needs some kind of friend now and again
Once in blue moon
Could use one
This moody bastard

Little friend of mine
You don't even know
When the wind starts blowing
How far a man could go
Little friend of mine
Are you even there
Did you disappear
Back into thin air
If you 're still here with me
If you got this far
I hope you're smiling
In fact I know you are

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