

Don't you wait
For a min
Like you wait
For a bus
Expecting it will never come
You get on the wrong one
You getting really kind of blasé
Coming home any old way

Can you find
A piece of mind
That you used
To have to hide
Break the rules of being alone
Not everything is a poem
You getting really kinda lazy
And talking any old way

Who are you now
What have you done
With my old friend
I lost you
Who are you now
Where have you gone
My old friend
I miss you

Oh the gold in this sunken ship
Will be a haven for fish

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