

# Same Old Lang Syne

Dan Fogelberg

Met my old lover in the grocery store  
The snow was falling, Christmas Eve  
I stole behind her in the frozen foods  
And I touched her on the sleeve

She didn't recognize the face at first  
But then her eyes flew open wide  
She went to hug me and she spilled her purse  
And we laughed until we cried

We took her groceries to the checkout stand  
The food was totaled up and bagged  
We stood there lost in our embarrassment  
As the conversation dragged

We went to have ourselves a drink or two  
But couldn't find an open bar  
We bought a six-pack at the liquor store  
And we drank it in her car

We drank a toast to innocence  
We drank a toast to now  
And tried to reach beyond the emptiness  
But neither one knew how

She said she'd married her an architect  
Who kept her warm and safe and dry  
She would have liked to say she loved the man  
But she didn't like to lie

I said the years had been a friend to her  
And that her eyes were still as blue  
But in those eyes I wasn't sure  
If I saw doubt or gratitude

She said she saw me in the record stores  
And that I must be doing well  
I said the audience was heavenly  
But the traveling was hell

We drank a toast to innocence  
We drank a toast to now  
And tried to reach beyond the emptiness  
But neither one knew how

We drank a toast to innocence  
We drank a toast to time  
Reliving in our eloquence  
Another 'Auld Lang Syne'

The beer was empty and our tongues were tired  
And running out of things to say  
She gave a kiss to me as I got out  
And I watched her drive away

Just for a moment I was back at school  
And felt that old familiar pain

And as I turned to make my way back home  
The snow turned into rain