

Old Friend

Rancid

Good morning heartache
You're like an old friend
Come and see me again

Look up you're in Cleveland again
A solid line that never ends
I got stories that you'll never believe
And I know it, I wear it, I wear it on my sleeve
There must be something about you that I liked
But right here in the rain, you know, it just don't seem right
I always go out, I never hide
But in Cleveland I should've stayed inside

Testify my love for you
And I know it runs deep through your body too
From the cold black top to the hot concrete
And the old tin van, it aint so sweet

Somewhere in America
Through the city at night
And you were far from home
But you knew it was gonna be alright

The unfortunate get prayed on by vultures' eyes
Eighty-six cents in these pockets of mine
You can take my money, you can take my time
But you can't take my heart, it's in the city behind