

I've got friends who are there to the end. Sharing past experience, rejecting all the trends. Seeing through the everyday and leading their own lives. Creating tunes and phrases that help us all survive. I've got friends who chose to settle down, mortgages and babies, getting married, saving Pounds. So when I get to tell you these friends are all the same, you start to get the picture - the shock is in the change. Growing older separates experience from 'now.' What once was one big family is caught up in a row. Based on what we used to be, divisions causing stress. Looked upon subjectively, it all seems such a mess. Sat in stupid corners thinking we're all alone. Not counting friends who went the way we never used to go. While they're sat in the same corners feeling more or less the same. How many rules were broken to lead up to this game? How much freedom do we need before we give me of it away? Opinions need to loosen up if we really want some change. If every boundary we create excludes more than it retains, then old friends are excluded, and you have to think again.