

Old Friends

Steve Earle

Old friends, they shine like diamonds
Old friends, you can always call
Old friends, Lord you can't buy 'em
You know it's old friends after all

It's like when you're making conversation
And you're trying not to scream
And you're trying not to tell 'em
He don't care what they mean
And you're really feeling fragile
And you really can't get home
And you really feel abandoned
But you want to be alone

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And when the house is empty
And the lights begin to fade
And there's nothing to protect you
Except the window shade
And it's hard to put your finger
On the thing that scares you most
And you can't tell the difference
Between an angel and a ghost

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