## **Friends**

**Ryan Adams** 

As pretty as a song A song could ever be Like Christmas on a river Without a boat or Christmas tree

This afternoon with you was something like a letter The kind that someone writes but never sends And when you look at me like that I know someday it's gonna end And when you, you can go Bet you miss your friends

As angry as a breeze Tugging hard upon the sails I've been movin' through these streets forever From Baltimore to Amsterdam

These things inside me they repeat like broken records Spinnin' pretty somethin' behind my eyes And when I can't look at you I can paint your picture perfectly in my mind And when I hear it all I'm gonna miss you all the time

Bad wind up in the trees Scattering blue birds all over the place Shuffling children in the parks leave I wish I was the wind that touched your face

This afternoon with you was something like a letter The kind that someone writes but never sends And when you're good to me It makes me blue because someday it's gonna end And when we pass on I bet you miss your friends Bet you miss your friends I bet you miss your friends