

## Favorite Friends

### The Lost Trailers

We couldn't leave the woods 'til the bottle was done,  
Then we'd all go fishing in the dusk bitten sun.  
Not old enough to drive, but we knew if we could,  
We'd have all the women in our neighborhood.

But we never thought that one of us would go away,  
No, we never dreamed that we might cry on teenage graves.  
The fairytale ends with the loss of our favorite friend.

Well, the funeral was nice, or that's what you're supposed to say,  
We all sat together staring out into grey.  
It was hard to believe that out of five faithful friends,  
Four were left broken while one rode the wind.

And the nights out on the town fell few and far between,  
Cause all we talked about was how great things used to be,  
Our innocence ends with the loss of our favorite friend.

It seems like the best of us always fall to early grace,  
And the road will keep rolling on, but angels are hard to replace,  
I guess it was crazy luck, to have someone like that to lose,  
But he couldn't stay long, God must have missed him, too.

Now Charlie is in college, and I hit the road,  
And Al is building churches in New Mexico,  
Steve is running from the law, but that's nothing new,  
We all say we'll meet back home but we never do.

And the woods burned down long ago, the old neighborhood is gone,  
And I can't get drunk no more, cause I hate drinking alone.  
But I know in the end we'll get back to our favorite friends.  
Cause life is much better when it is shared with our favorite friends.