It's on my mind to tell you
So I lift up my pen
Stare blankly at the paper
And I put it down again
I'm no man of letters
And words won't come my way
So, dear friend, please forgive me
Because I'm trying to say:

If you want a shoulder to cry on If you want a brother or a friend If you want a mountain to die on I can be your brother once again

Lately I've had reason
To think about the past
Two kids just out of high school
Playing football on the grass
And all the summers
On the ferry out to sea
We were laughing without caring
It's coming back to me

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Boys grew into men

And lived through all the years from then till now

Different points of view but I just had to let you know somehow

I don't know where you're reading
But I hope this finds you well
You got everything you're needing
As far as I can tell
I can't help thinking
As I'm signing off my name
Old hope and youth and glory
All end up the same

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