

Friends

Tony Carey

There's a red light burning a hole in the fog
There's a wind blowing in from the docks
There's an old man sitting by the fire with his dog
Staring at a grandfather clock

He sees a city in a land far away
Where it's warm and bright all year
And he thinks about the years and the people slipping away
And he knows he won't get there from here

And that's what friends are for
That's what lovers do
That's what friends are for
And I've got you
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That's what lovers do
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And I've got you

And people have to take care of each other
It's that simple

There was a time when you and I could laugh
We could let the world go by
There were no choices there was just one path
And no one wondered why

We had a fine sense of conviction
It was easy and it was right
No confusion, or friction
Man that was poetry and it was flight

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