

# Tad Dreis, Old Friend (Of A Friend)

Bus benches moist, have you lost my voice?  
I know you from when we both talked to friends  
Somehow I doubt you'd know us  
If we met again

Last couple years have gone so easily, tears  
Fall when I wake up to the tv breakup  
But the bus for us has come  
Change to shake up

I'll sit behind, you can read my mind  
If you want to know just how it's going  
When I say goodbye, you won't know

Old friend of a friend, it's not the end  
Of what we had that makes me sad  
But what might have been  
By the way, my name's Tad