

# Walter Becker, This Moody Bastard

Little friend of mine  
Can you still recall  
Our salad days  
Between the ivy walls?  
Beneath the autumn sun?  
When all is said and done  
We were a good combination  
We were good clean fun  
Still my thoughts roll back  
Every now and then  
Think about you  
Remembering  
I start in smiling and  
I just can't stop  
You on the bottom  
Me on top

These days it's like a tomb  
Amid in the stacks of gloom  
Looking out the window  
In the downstairs room  
And the time goes by  
And the time goes by  
Sometimes it goes so slowly  
You know a man could cry  
Till the day goes down  
In deep disgrace  
With empty pockets  
And a dirty face  
And then the day boils over  
And there's nothing there  
But a roomful of smoke and a lot of hot air

This moody bastard remembers  
You were some kind of friend even then  
Once in a great while  
He needs one...  
This moody bastard  
This moody bastard  
He needs one  
He needs some kind of friend now and again  
Once in blue moon  
Could use one  
This moody bastard

Little friend of mine  
You don't even know  
When the wind starts blowing  
How far a man could go  
Little friend of mine  
Are you even there  
Did you disappear  
Back into thin air  
If you 're still here with me  
If you got this far  
I hope you're smiling  
In fact I know you are

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