

For a Friend

Words and Music by Roger Deitz

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As we both go our own ways together,
And we look at the time we have not,
We remember the good, and we laughed quite a lot,
And give thanks for the things we've still got.

For friends may be fickle,
And friends may be lost,
And we're lucky to know that our paths at least crossed,

So take care of yourself
And you write now and then,
And remember . . . you've still got a friend.

As you look at our lives through a window,
Of the pictures that hang by your bed,
Don't mind if you do, I'm looking there too,
It's better the less that is said.

But windows get dirty
And memories grow dim,
And I wonder if you really loved me like him.

So take care of yourself,
And you write now and then,
And remember . . . you've still got a friend.

Too often we went chasing rainbows,
As we searched for our own pots of gold,
Then day after day, our lives slipped away,
And money was too hard to hold.

But money's just paper
And when money is spent,
You wonder where all of your working life went.

So take care of yourself,
And you write now and then,
And remember . . . you've still got a friend,
Remember . . . you've still got a friend.