

# Friends

## Ryan Adams & The Cardinals

As pretty as a song  
A song could ever be  
Like Christmas on a river  
Without a boat or Christmas tree  
This afternoon with you was something like a letter  
The kind that someone writes but never sends  
And when you look at me like that  
I know someday it's gonna end  
And when you get old  
I bet you miss your friends  
As angry as a breeze  
Tugging hard upon the sails  
I been moving through these streets forever  
From Baltimore to Amsterdam  
These things inside me they repeat like broken records  
Spinning pretty somethings behind my eyes  
And when I can't look at you  
I can paint your picture perfectly in my mind  
And when I get old  
I'm gonna miss you all the time  
That wind up in the trees  
Scattering bluebirds all over the place  
Shuffling children in the piles of leaves  
I wish I was the wind, I'd touch your face  
This afternoon with you was something like a letter  
The kind that someone writes but never sends  
And when you're good to me  
It makes me blue cause someday it's gonna end  
And when we pass on  
I bet you miss your friends  
Bet you miss your friends  
I bet you miss your friends

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>