

## **Bruce Guthro** **"Friends"**

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There is really nothing left to say  
It's so many words unspoken  
You and I both know that I am going away  
Lets keep the bridges open  
The least we can do is take comfort  
In knowing were going in capable hands

So cross your heart  
And make a pack  
Promise not to take it back  
Friends

He recalls the morning that she moved in  
He was four years old  
A girl in the neighborhood  
"I just can't wait... she'll simply have to go."  
But it wasn't long before they became strong  
Stood together through thick and through thin

He said, "Cross you heart  
And make a pack  
Promise not to take it back  
Friends."

They don't know what happened  
They were too busy laughing  
And one day they turned forty-nine  
She said, "Your still a handsome man  
And I can still remember when  
We slipped away that night.  
Like a wind on the ocean  
We took a notion  
To seise the moment and run.  
We danced through the years,  
Lived out dreams and through fears.  
We never stopped loving  
Not once."

So in a quiet room in Germany  
An old man bends down on his knees  
As her eyes fall closed  
And he lays his hand upon her hair

And he softly whispers,  
"You really have to go...  
The next time we meet  
You'll be as young and free  
As the day that this whole thing began.

So I'll cross my heart  
And I'll make a pact  
I'll promise not to take it back  
Now and forever... friends."

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