

Hammill Peter

"Just Good Friends"

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Drawing back the curtains,
sluggish city daylight in the afternoon...
Here's that special silence,
just before you walk out of the hotel room.
Each time we're so close I assume
that we'll never be again -
oh, how long can we pretend
that we're just good friends?
A casual affair is all that you can spare
from your emotional change;
A calendar of meetings,
strangers on the street
the best we ever arrange.
Now I just can't stand all the pain,
all the constant make and mend;
how long must we pretend
that we're just good friends?
I gave you my devotion,
hiding nothing up my sleeve -
If I walked clean out of your life
would you even notice me leave?

So much tangled-up emotion,
should I stay or should I go?
If I walked clean out of your life
how long would it take you know?
Are we such good friends?
You used to say 'I love you',
you used to say 'You make me
feel alive and young';
now we're just a habit, a flavour,
one a month,
to titillate your tongue.
How sordid this has become
as the means approach the end -
Oh, how long can we pretend
that we're still good friends

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