

High Holy Days "All My Real Friends"

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ALL MY REAL FRIENDS

See, believe, forget me
My playful thoughts contrive
Nights concede to reckless
Versions of myself
All my real friends gather
Stay my wanting for a shield
I can't see you real

All I hate and all I fear
I bring it back to you, do you feel it
The night is gone and all we get
A picture for a poem, and we lose her
Alledged talk and I can't stop
I'm falling through the gates of resentment
Mine is sworn to think
In contrast of what we really are
Please, hiding thoughts
Life is lost
My turn at hope transpires
All my real friends gather
For their chances to receive
I can't see you real

CHORUS

Bad news on the doorstep
I want to put it away
And I feel like I'm hopeless lost
In this hostile space
Real words escape me, I can't name it

CHORUS

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