

Dan Fogelberg "Same Auld Lang Syne"

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Met my old lover in a grocery store
The snow was falling Christmas Eve
Stole behind her in the frozen foods
and I touched her on the sleeve
She didn't recognize the face at first
but then her eyes flew open wide
Tried to hug me and she spilled her purse
and we laughed until we cried
Took her groceries to the checkout stand
The food was totaled up and bagged
stood there lost in our embarrassment
as the conversation dragged
Went to have ourselves a drink or two
but couldn't find an open bar
Bought a six-pack at the liquor store
and we drank it in her car
We drank a toast to innocence, we drank a toast to now
Tried to reach beyond the emptiness but neither one
knew how
She said she'd married her an architect
Kept her warm and safe and dry

She said she'd like to say she loved the man
but she didn't want to lie
I said the years had been a friend to her
and that her eyes were still as blue
But in those eyes I wasn't sure if I saw doubt or
gratitude
She said she saw me in the record store
and that I must be doing well
I said the audience was heavenly
but the traveling was hell
We drank a toast to innocence we drank a toast to time
We're living in our eloquence, another old lang syne
The beers were empty and our tongues grew tired
and running out of things to say
She gave a kiss to me as I got out
and I watched her drive away
Just for a moment I was back in school
And felt that old familiar pain
And as I turned to make my way back home
the snow turned into rain

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