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Dan Fogelberg "Same Old Lang Syne"

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Met my old lover in the

grocery store

The snow was falling Christmas Eve

I 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

She went to hug me and she

spilled her purse

And we laughed until we cried.

We took her groceries to the

checkout stand

The food was totalled up and

bagged

We stood there lost in our

embarrassment

As the conversation dragged.

We went to have ourselves

a drink or two

But couldn't find an open bar

We 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

And tried to reach beyond

the emptiness

But neither one knew how.

She said she'd married her

an architect

Who kept her warm and safe

and dry

She would have liked to say she

loved the man

But she didn't like 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 stores 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 now And tried to reach beyond the emptiness But neither one knew how. We drank a toast to innocence We drank a toast to time Reliving in our eloquence Another 'auld lang syne'... The beer was empty and our tongues were tired And running out of things to say She gave a kiss to me as I got out

And I watched her drive away.

And felt that old familiar pain

The snow turned into rain --

Just for a moment I was

And as I turned to make

my way back home

back at school

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