

The Brandos

"My Friend, My Friend"

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My friend, my friend
When will it be
That I see you again
It's all got to end
Before the streets are lined
With graves from end to end
My friend, my friend

My friend, my friend
Like soldiers in the trenches
You fight back again
And you pay no mind
To the fact that you're being picked-off
One at a time
My friend, my friend

And if dignity were gold
You'd be the wealthiest of men
And the courage of a lion
You've shown time and time again
With conviction of the saints
You've stood and firmly held your ground
Against the horrors of this plague
And those who'd put you down

My friend, my friend
So few in either church or state
Can give the reason why
They won't raise a hand
To stop the suffering or to ease
The pain of the dying
My friend, my friend

My friend, my friend
When will it be
That I can talk with you again
I can't find the reason why
That corruption lives
While the good of heart
Must be the first to die
My friend, my friend

My friend, my friend
When will it be
That I see you again
When will it be
That I see you again
My friend, my friend

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