

## **The Diary**

### **"Funeral For A Friend"**

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And it came from nothing, but there was always  
something  
The way the skies grew brighter and the nights grew  
darker  
I hold onto everyone that I hold dearest to my heart,  
and I won't forget them  
I won't forget them

Fleeting, always fading  
And never needed more  
Waiting, always waiting  
Scraped across the wooden floor

And the passing tide reaches out and covers me with  
images  
Of everyone that I have known, or ever had to see  
And I won't forget them  
And I won't forget them

Fleeting, always fading  
And never needed more  
Waiting, always waiting  
Scraped across the wooden floor

When the day is done another setting sun is down  
When the day is done another setting sun

Waiting, always waiting  
Scraped across the wooden floor (when will you be  
coming home?)  
Scraped across the wooden floor (when will you be  
coming home?)  
Scraped across the wooden floor (when will you be  
coming home?)  
Scraped across the wooden floor

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