

Alex Ebert

"Old Friend"

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Mr. Magoo, he took off with Betty,
And I'm on the porch carrying wood,
My heart is confetti.
I'm having a party,
I'm feeling good.

You say you're comin' to crush my skull,
To bash in my face, and shatter my frown,
To mingle my blood in with the ground,
All this as the sun was setting down.

Old friend, trying to hunt me down again
Old friend this is your exit, you're no, no no friend

Who is this man, who's afraid of death.
Who fears it so that death's all he brings.
I s'pose he wage war till nothing is left,
With a mouth full of teeth and nothing to sing,
Well he put his hands around my neck,
And I s'pose I let him from natural respect,
And he frothed at the mouth, I twinkled my eye,
And gave him this vision just before I died,

He saw his lines drawn in the sand,
Upon a land of beauty and wind,
And he in the distance dragging a flag pole,
Across a desert that never will end.

Old friend, trying to hunt me down again
Old friend this is your exit, you're no no no friend

[Harmonica]

Yes you are

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