

## Ryan Adams "Games"

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As pretty as a song  
A song could ever be  
Like Christmas on a river  
Without a boat or Christmas tree  
This afternoon with you was something like a letter  
The kind that someone writes but never sends  
And when you look at me  
You remind me that someday it's gonna end  
And when you pass on  
I bet you miss your friends

As simple as a breeze  
Tugging hard upon the sail  
Been moving through these streets forever  
From Istanbul to Amsterdam  
This afternoon with you was something like a letter  
The kind that someone writes but never sends

And when you look at me  
You remind me that someday it's gonna end  
And when you pass on  
God, I bet you miss your friends

As pretty as a song  
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This afternoon with you was something like a letter  
The kind that someone writes but never sends  
And when you look at me  
You remind me that someday it's gonna end  
And when you pass on  
God, I bet you miss your friends  
Miss your friends  
God, I bet you miss your friends

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