



Good Friends

Words & Music: Inga Rumpf

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Where are all the friends of mine
I was keeping on searching
Once I didn't give a dime
But now I need their appearance

Once they were knocking at my door
But I'd like to be on my own more and more
Many changes in my life had wished them away
But life turned so bad that I should have beg them to stay

Good friends are the ones
Who will leave you alone
When you wanna be on your own

Good friends never talk
Though they see that you're wrong
And your good sense is gone

Good friends believe
In the strongest and deepest harmony

Good friends hear your call
And a look in your eyes that's all they need when the time is right
For going down the road again and talk about the simplest things
You can hardly understand that years have passed by

Yeah, it's good to have good friends!