

Irma, My Friend

Am I awake?

Am I a shape, walking down in a peaceful sleep?

Did I dream out loud?

Did I hope too strong, that I would reach out to you, my friend?

When I am cold, when love is gone

I won't be standing on my own

When I am down, I won't lose faith

I'll write a song to you instead, my friend

For all I know

That's only fate that gathered you around this place

And I stare at you

Feeling so blessed that I got to cross your way,
my friend

That's only fate that gathered you around this place

And I stare at you

Feeling so blessed that I got to cross your way,
my friend

Feeling so blessed that I got to cross your way.
my friend