

Logan Michael, Old Friend

Hey old friend, it's been awhile
I hope everything's well and you're doing alright
The things that I see, keep me up at night
Most days I don't know if I'll get out alive

War keeps raging on
Yeah, I'm holding on to hope
But the hope's almost gone
When life's a loaded gun
You wouldn't believe the things I've done
But I'll tell you all about it, when I'm home
Oh-whoa-oh-oh
Oh-whoa-oh-oh

Hey old friend, It's been a while
Without you here, things don't seem right
Your ribbon's fadin' out to white
Drinking next to the barstool
That you, left behind
I hope you come back soon
Tonight, I bow my head, and say a prayer for you

War keeps raging on
Keep holding on to hope
Even hope feels like it's gone
When life's a loaded gun
Everyday's a battle won
And you'll tell me all about it, when your home
Oh-whoa-oh-oh
Oh-whoa-oh-oh

Hey old friend, it's been a while
In my best suit, I came to say goodbye
Billy man, gunned down at 21
They folded your flag, and gave a text to your mom

War keeps raging on
Raise a glass to soldiers fightin'
Raise a glass to soldiers gone
'Cause life's a loaded gun
But I'll see you again, my old friend

When the good lord, when the good lord calls me home