

# 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