**The Friend I Never Met**

 Written by Brad Borg and Steve Poynter, October 2016

I was just fifteen when I first heard him sing, on “Old Number One” as I recall

I hung on every word he wrote, from beer guts and dominos to the cowgirl Belle’s of the Ball

Turned around and I was thirty, with kids and bills to pay, in the hurried pace of life’s masquerade

My soul searched for meaning, my friend kept on singing, but his words and his songs began to fade

Here’s a song for a friend, a friend I never met,

He taught me things; I won’t soon forget

He’s an old desperado who finally caught his train

We shared the truth, a drink and our pain

Here and now, I’m pushin’ sixty, the scales of youth torn from weary eyes

His songs have aged with deeper meaning and he’s gone on now with Townes to live and fly

Here’s a song for a friend, a friend I never met,

He taught me things; I won’t soon forget

He’s an old desperado who finally caught his train

We shared the truth, a drink and our pain

This old friend there to catch me; he caught me when I fell

So, for now, goodbye and fare thee well