

Waits Tom

"Back In The Good Old World"

Visit "[Back In The Good Old World](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

When I was a boy, the moon was a pearl the sun a
yellow gold.
But when I was a man, the wind blew cold the hills were
upside down.
But now that I have gone from here there's no place I'd
rather be
than to float my chances on the tide Back in the good
old world.
On October's last I'll fly back home rolling down
winding way.
Scare crows are all dressed in rags out at the edge of
the field I lay
and all I've got's a pocket full of flowers on my grave.
Oh but summer is gone I remember it best
Back in the good old world.

Visit [Waits Tom](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.