

Waits Tom

"Good Old World"

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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
And all I've got's a pocket full of flowers from my grave
But now summer is gone I remember it best
Back in the good old world I remember when, she held
my hand
and we walked home alone in the rain how pretty her
mouth, how soft her hair
nothing can be the same and there's a rose upon her
breast
where I long to lay my head and her hair was so yellow
and the wine was so red Back in the good old world.

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