

Abba

"Hello, Old Man"

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He stands on the market every day
A friendly old man
His hair is just a little grey
Below his hat's red band
With shiny buttons on his coat
And a cash-box in his hand
He seems to know quite well
What we are asking for sometimes

Hello old man
Can you show us the way we have to go?
So we can reach where we're wanting to
Hello old man
Maybe it's folk like us that get things wrong sometimes
You have got all the things we find hard to get

Although he seems quite tired sometimes
Out there, he'll always be
To light a way for someone
Who could not otherwise see
But although he has been standing there
For many years, each day
It seems as if he had just arrived yesterday

Hello old man
Can you show us the way we have to go?
So we can reach where we're wanting to
Hello old man
Maybe it's folk like us that get things wrong sometimes
You have got all the things we find hard to get

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