

David Pomeranz "Old Songs"

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Candles burning,
Glasses are chilled
And soon, she'll be by...

Hope and pray she'll say that she's willing
To give us another try...

And if all these plans i made
Don't melt the lady's heart,
I'll put on the old forty-fives...

And maybe the old songs,
Will bring back the old times,
Maybe the old lines will sound new.
Maybe she'll lay her head on my shoulder,
Maybe old feelings will come through...
Maybe we'll start to cry,
And wonder why...we ever walked away

Maybe the old songs,
Will bring back the old times
And make her wanna stay...oh--ohhh

It's been too long without
Seeing her face light up
When I come home.
Been to many hours i've waited
Staring at the phone...

Sweet old songs I'm counting on you
Bring her back to me...
I'm tired of listening alone...

Maybe the old songs,
Will bring back the old times,
Maybe the old lines will sound new.
Maybe she'll lay her head on my shoulder,
Maybe old feelings will come through...
Maybe we'll start to cry,
And wonder why...we ever walked away

Maybe the old songs,

Will bring back the old times
And make her wanna stay...oh--ohhh

And make her wanna sta---y.

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