

Earl Thomas Conley

"Crowd Around The Corner"

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Those Stormy Years Leave Deep And Endless Trails
Across His Face.
He'll Wander Back When Morning Rolls Around.
For it's An Old Man's Right To Spend His Life Just
Searching For A Place
Where He Can Sit And Watch The Sun Go Down.

Time's Run it's Course And Freed The Horse That Pulled
Him Through His Prime,
And Placed A Different Light Above His Brow.
Now Towering Rows Of Buildings Grow In Fields He Left
Behind,
And Life Seems Twice As Heavy As A Plow.

With His Golden Chain The Old Man Clings To The
Watch Inside His Vest
That Tells Him When It's Time To Move Along.
Just Rambling Through The Avenues, He'll Sometimes
Stop To Rest,
But It's Hard To Find A Place Where He Belongs.

So Crowd Around The Corner, Boys, And Take Your
Good Old Time,
And Pass Along A Piece Of Yesterday.
A Tender Breeze Of Memories Is Blowing Through Your
Mind,
Softer Than Those Stands Of Silver-Gray,
And Sweeter Than The Things We've Seen Today

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