

Eddy Arnold

"Sweet Bird Of Youth"

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The taste of apple jelly on a slice of bread,
A glass of cold sweet milk to wash it down,
The book about Tom Sawyer that my mother read
Each night before the Sandman came around,

The trip to town along the dusty gavel road,
The stones I threw that skipped across the pond,
The comic books I traded for that spotted toad,
The bicycle I tore my trousers on.

Sweet Bird of Youth
Why did you have to leave?
You were so good to me.
Sweet Bird of Youth.

The shortcut that I used each day to go to school,
The shaggy dog that tagged along behind,
The little church where I was taught the golden rule,
The cowboy shows that only cost a dime.

The first time that my brother let me use his car,
The baseball game when I hit two home runs,
The birthday when I got the old Palm Beach guitar,
The dreams that always go with being young.

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