

Bruce Hornsby

"The Old Playground"

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B. R. Hornsby/John Hornsby

Walking on the sidewalk, roundball under my arm
Everybody knows how you play is who you are
Walking down the road, looking for a game or two
The real moves come through, no matter what they're
gonna do
It's down to you

Take me to the old playground
Where the old ones rule, and the young ones do their
time
Take me to the old playground
Where the talk is cheap
And the restless stalk the baseline

The old sage frowns, he says just pass it on around
But all-world junior's pulling up from downtown
For some it's a way out, for some it's a way in
Most of us don't even care
We're just looking for another gym to get in
Take me to the old playground
Where the old ones rule, and the young ones do their
time
Take me to the old playground
Where some play from dreams
And the rest just play for pride

The old man said stop running with those boys
But they know what to do and their folks don't mind the
noise
Say hey now, everybody's gonna get along
Just call your own foul when you break the rules
If you make it, take it, so make your move

Take me to the old playground
Where the old ones rule, and the young ones do their
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Take me to the old playground
Where the talk is cheap
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