

Jacques Brel Is Alive And Well And Living In Paris

"Old Folks"

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The old folks don't talk much
And they talk so slowly when they do
They are rich, they are poor, their illusions are gone
They share one heart for two

Their homes all smell of thyme, of old photographs
And an old-fashioned song
Though you may live in town, you live so far away
When you've lived too long

And have they laughed too much, do their dry voices
crack
Talking of times gone by
And have they cried too much, a tear or two
Still always seems to cloud the eye

They tremble as they watch the old silver clock
When day is through
It tick-tocks oh so slow, it says, "Yes," it says, "No"
It says, "I'll wait for you"

The old folks dream no more
The books have gone to sleep, the piano's out of tune
The little cat is dead and no more do they sing
On a Sunday afternoon

The old folks move no more, their world's become too
small
Their bodies feel like lead
They might look out the window or else sit in a chair
Or else they stay in bed

And if they still go out, arm in arm, arm in arm
In the morning's chill
It's to have a good cry, to say their last good-bye
To one who's older still

And then they go home to the old silver clock
When day is through
It tick-tocks oh so slow, it says, "Yes," it says, "No"
It says, "I'll wait for you"

The old folks never die
They just put down their heads and go to sleep one day
They hold each other's hand like children in the dark
But one will get lost anyway

And the other will remain just sitting in that room
Which makes no sound
It doesn't matter now, the song has died away
And echoes all around

You'll see them when they walk through the sun-filled
park
Where children run and play
It hurts too much to smile, it hurts too much but life
goes on
For still another day

As they try to escape the old silver clock
When day is through
It tick-tocks oh so slow, it says, "Yes," it says, "No"
It says, "I'll wait for you"

The old, old silver clock that's hanging on the wall
That waits for us
All

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