

Jerry Lee Lewis

"Old Black Joe"

Visit "[Old Black Joe](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay
Gone are the toils of the cotton fields away
Gone to the fields of a better land I know
I hear those gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe"

I'm coming, I'm coming
For my head is bending low
I hear those gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe"

I'm coming home (I'm coming home)
I'm coming home (I'm coming home)
Oh-oh my head is bending low
I hear those gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe"

Old Black Joe, Old Black Joe, Old Black Joe

Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain?
Why do I sigh that my friends come not again?
Grieving for forms now departed long ago
I hear their gentle voice calling, "Old Black Joe"

Where are the hearts once so happy and free?
The children so dear that I held upon my knee?
Gone to the shore where my soul has long'd to go
I hear their gentle voice calling, "Old Black Joe"

Visit [Jerry Lee Lewis](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.