

Johnny Burnette

"Are All The Children In"

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When I'm alone I often think of an old house on the hill
Of a big yard hedged in roses where we ran and
played at will
And when the night time brought us home hushing our
merry din
Mother would look around and ask are all the children
in
Well it's been many a year now and the old house on
the hill
No longer has my mother's care and the yard is still so
still
But if I listen I can hear it all no matter how long it's
been
I seem to hear my mother ask are all the children in
And I wonder when the curtain falls on that last earthly
day
When we say goodbye to all of this to our pain and
work and play
When we step across the river where mother so long
has been
Will we hear ask her a final time are all the children in (I
come)

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