

## Keith Barbour "Echo Park"

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It's the morning  
Soon, he'll rise  
Finds the glasses for his eyes  
Aren't what they used to be

Picks up the clothes  
He's worn so long  
On the bureau sits  
The picture of a lady  
And the mural of a man  
Who've been gone for many years

(CHORUS)

The old man walks in Echo Park  
From bench to bench he moves  
From morning til dark  
For the ducks  
Some bread he brings  
Wonder if he'll feed them  
This time next spring

Listening to the children play  
Reminds him of the days  
Many years ago

Thoughts of a child  
That he helped grow  
And memory of a letter  
Saying, dear Sir  
We regret to inform you  
Your son will not be coming home

(CHORUS)

Old man, tell me are there fears  
Do you measure life in years  
Or is one day all you'll ever know

Oh, oh, oh...

The old man walks in Echo Park  
From bench to bench he moves

From morning til dark

The old man walks in Echo Park  
From bench to bench he moves  
From morning til dark

The old man walks in Echo Park  
From bench to bench he moves...

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