

Kenny Rogers

"Old Folks"

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Everybody knows him as old folks
Like the seasons he comes and he goes
Just as free as a bird and as good as it were
That's why we all love them so.

Always leaving his spoon in his coffee
Tucks his napkin up under his chin
And that old corn cob pipe
Well, it's so mellow it's right
But still you're not ashamed of him.

Every Friday he goes fishing
Sown by the lake
But he only caught a perch or two, a whale got away
Guess, I'd better warm a steak.

Someday there's gonna be no more old folks
What a lonesome old town this would be
Children's voices are played
We'll be still for a day
The day they take old folks away...

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