

## David Phelps

### "Old Songs"

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Candles burning,  
Glasses are chilled  
And soon, she'll be by...

Hope and pray she'll say that she's willing  
To give us another try...

And if all these plans i made  
Don't melt the lady's heart,  
I'll put on the old forty-fives...

And maybe the old songs,  
Will bring back the old times,  
Maybe the old lines will sound new.  
Maybe she'll lay her head on my shoulder,  
Maybe old feelings will come through...  
Maybe we'll start to cry,  
And wonder why...we ever walked away

Maybe the old songs,  
Will bring back the old times  
And make her wanna stay...oh--ohhh

It's been too long without  
Seeing her face light up  
When I come home.  
Been to many hours i've waited  
Staring at the phone...

Sweet old songs I'm counting on you  
Bring her back to me...  
I'm tired of listening alone...

Maybe the old songs,  
Will bring back the old times,  
Maybe the old lines will sound new.  
Maybe she'll lay her head on my shoulder,  
Maybe old feelings will come through...  
Maybe we'll start to cry,  
And wonder why...we ever walked away

Maybe the old songs,  
Will bring back the old times  
And make her wanna stay...oh--ohhh

And make her wanna sta---y.

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