

Statler Brothers**"When You and I Were Young, Maggie"**

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(George Johnson - James A.Butterfield)

I wander today to the hill, Maggie
To watch the scene below
The creek and the creaking old mill, Maggie
Where we sat in long, long ago.

The green grove is gone from the hill, Maggie
Where first the daisies sprung
That creaking old mill is still, Maggie
Since you and I were young.

Oh, they say that we're feeble with age, Maggie
My steps are much slower than that
My face is a well written page, Maggie
And time all alone was the pen.

They say we have our different time, Maggie
As they hear our song that we sung
But to me you're the same as you were, Maggie
When you and I were young.

When you and I were young...

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