

Romany Rye "Old Soul"

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Old soul sailin' on the breeze,
Blowin' by the tallest trees,
Could you take me back, to Tennessee
The place ocean has never seen I know

Old soul, young and fast
Like wind whipping through the grass
Twenty-seven years have passed,
just an old soul young at last

Old soul sailin' on the breeze,
Blowin' by the tallest trees,
Could you take me back, to Tennessee
The place the ocean has never seen I know
Old soul, young and fast
Old soul, young at last

Read the news about the world's collapse
And heard a black man say, the hope was back
I prayed for peace and all pray it to pass
God said, "Young man that's a lot to ask of me."

Old soul singer on the radio,
Sing a song I love to guide me home
To a mountain range all capped in snow,
Where my face to everyone is known

Old soul sailin' on the breeze,
Blowin' by the tallest trees,
Could you take me back, to Tennessee
The place the shoreline will never meet
Old soul, young and fast
Take me from this ocean, blue and bad
Give me a sleeping bag and a place to nap
A railroad to stay on track
Old soul, young and fast
Old soul, young at last

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