

Bob Brookmeyer

"I'm old fashioned"

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I am not such a clever one about the latest fads
I admit I was never one adored by local lads
Not that I ever tried to be a saint
I'm the type that they classify as quaint

I'm old fashioned, I love the moonlight
I love the old fashioned things
The sound of rain upon a window pane
The starry song that April sings
This years fancies are passing fancies
But sighing sighs, holding hands
These my heart understands

I'm old fashioned but I don't mind it
That's how I want to be
As long as you agree
To stay old fashioned with me.

(Orchestral Interlude)

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