Hornsby Bruce "The Old Playground"

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Walking on the sidewalk, roundball under my arm Everybody know how you play is who you are Walking down the road, looking for a game or two The real moves some through, no matter what they're gonna do It's down to you

Take me to the old playground
Where the old ones rule, and the young ones do their
time
Take me to the old playground
Where the talk is cheap
And the restless stalk the baseline

The old sage frowns, he says just pass it around But all-world junionr's pulling up from downtown For some it's a way out, for some it's a way in Most of us don't even care

We're just looking for another gym to get in

Take me to the old playground
Where the old ones rule, and the young ones do their time
Take me to the old playgroup
Where some play for dreams
And the rest just play for pride

The old man said stop running with those boys But they know what to do and their folks don't mind the noise

Say hey now, everybody's gonna get along Just call your own foul when you break the rules If you make it you take it, so make your move

Take me to the old playground
Where the old ones rule, and the young ones do their time
Take me to the old playground
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