

## Tom Rush

### "Old Man's Song"

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Hair on your head, white as the snow  
Old man stand feeding the pigeons  
Your body is rust, skin is like dust  
Seen in the last light of the evening

Lines on your face each one a trace  
Of happiness, distance and sorrow

Lonely you stand, weak are your hands  
Old man with too few tomorrows  
Memories gone, friends passed along  
Old man stand lost in your reveries  
Life has been kind, to give you this time  
To dream unrestrained as the wind blows

People pass by, go on their way  
Not wishing to engage conversation

You, you know why, one look in your eye  
Reminds them their time is wasting

Hair on your head white as the snow  
Old man stand feeding the pigeons

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