

## Tom Waits

### "Back In The Good Old World Gypsy"

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When I was a boy, the moon was a pearl the sun a  
yellow gold.  
But when I was a man, the wind blew cold the hills were  
upside down.  
But now that I have gone from here there's no place I'd  
rather be  
than to float my chances on the tide Back in the good  
old world.  
On October's last I'll fly back home rolling down  
winding way.  
Scare crows are all dressed in rags out at the edge of  
the field I lay  
and all I've got's a pocket full of flowers on my grave.  
Oh but summer is gone I remember it best  
Back in the good old world

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