

## Tom Waits

### "Good Old World Waltz"

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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  
And all I've got's a pocket full of flowers from my grave  
But now summer is gone I remember it best  
Back in the good old world I remember when, she held  
my hand  
and we walked home alone in the rain how pretty her  
mouth, how soft her hair  
nothing can be the same and there's a rose upon her  
breast  
where I long to lay my head and her hair was so yellow  
and the wine was so red Back in the good old world

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