

## New York swing

### "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)

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.

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