

Joshua was an old man
His beard like mountain snow
And when I was a boy we'd have jam sessions
I'd sneak off to old sharptop
With my guitar I would go
When I should have been at school
Learnin' my lesson
And I'd sip a little moonshine
And I'd smoke a corncob pipe
And we'd pick all day until our fingers bled
And right around supper time
I'd run home in the night
Just in time to get a whippin' from my dad

Oh way back when
He was 65 and I was 10
And I will never be as free again
Oh way back when

The summer flew by quickly
And josh and I spent out time
Writing words to songs from memories of his past
He'd tell me bout the way it was
And I'd find the perfect rhyme
And I couldn't believe how we wrote our songs so fast
I never knew an old man
Could be so full of life
The love we had was so hard to explain
And I remember how the tears fell when he spoke of his late wife
And I'd give him my 6-string to ease his pain

Oh way back when
He was 65 and I was 10
And I will never be as free again
Oh way back when

And then in late november
I knocked on his cabin door
I knocked and knocked but joshua never came
And I still remember
How he layed there on the floor
And I went home cryin' in the rain

Oh way back when
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And I will never be as free again
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Oh way back when
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