

# This Old Man

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I remember this old man and the wisdom that he shared with me  
Upon his knees I'd listen  
I remember words he spoke and the look behind his quiet eyes  
In silent bliss life gives little lessons

He spun tales of worlds unseen  
Now he sacrificed his youthful dreams  
He lived his life again just for me  
He raised children to be strong  
They flew into the city lights, such busy lives  
He wished they'd visit home

I will remember the words of this old man until my dying day

It took his death to bring them home  
To the empty rooms where they had grown  
Where he died alone  
And the buried him next to his bride  
I held her hand as my mother cried  
Just a child of five, now I understand

Now I understand the words of this old man