

# Childhood Days

Barry Gibb

Gone, gone childhood days.  
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Gone, gone childhood days.  
Gone in so many ways.  
In all my children you can see  
what old acquaintance means to me.

Dream is mine and here it stays,  
all wrapped up in my childhood days.

And it echoes down the mountainside.  
People live and people die.  
Though I love you for always.  
I lost you in my childhood days.

Old dogs and worn out shoes.  
Even children sing the blues.  
How we must endure it all  
to save God's creatures great and small.

All my world is there and then  
the voices come to me again.  
And they echo down the mountainside.  
People live and people die.  
I still can see my daddy's face,  
oh Lord, this is a lonely place.

Fast train, train too slow.  
Maybe you got no place to go.  
Let me set your spirit free.  
It's crazy but you comfort me.

We share together what we found.  
The force of love is all around.  
And it echoes down the mountainside.  
Little bit of soul we hide.  
Find us lost without a trace,  
oh Lord, this is a lonely place.

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