

## The Old Playground

Bruce Hornsby

Walking on the sidewalk, roundball under my arm  
Everybody knows how you play is who you are  
Walking down the road, looking for a game or two  
The real moves come through, no matter what they're gonna do  
It's down to you

Take me to the old playground  
Where the old ones rule, and the young ones do their time  
Take me to the old playground  
Where the talk is cheap  
And the restless stalk that baseline

The old sage frowns, he says just pass it on around  
But all-world junior's pulling up from downtown  
For some it's a way out, for some it's a way in  
Most of us don't even care  
We're just looking for another gym to get in

Take me to the old playground  
Where the old ones rule, and the young ones do their time  
Take me to the old playground  
Where some play from dreams  
And the rest just play for pride

The old man said stop running with those boys  
But they know what to do and their folks don't mind the noise  
Say hey now, everybody's gonna get along  
Just call your own foul when you break the rules  
If you make it you take it, so make your move

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