

# That Old Gang of Mine

Dean Martin

I've got a longing way down in my heart  
For that old gang that has drifted apart  
They were the best pals that I ever had  
I never thought that I'd want them so bad  
Gee but I'd give the world to see  
That old gang of mine  
I can't forget that old quartette that sang "Sweet  
Adeline"  
Goodbye forever, old fellows and gals  
Goodbye forever, old sweethearts and pals  
(God bless them)  
Gee but I'd give the world to see  
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I can't forget that old quartette that sang "Sweet  
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Goodbye forever, old fellows and gals  
Goodbye forever, old sweethearts and pals  
(God bless them)  
Gee but I'd give the world to see  
That old gang of mine  
Last night I strolled to that old neighborhood  
There on that corner I silently stood  
I felt so blue as the crowds hurried by  
Nobody knew how I wanted to cry  
Gee but I'd give the world to see  
That old gang of mine  
I can't forget that old quartette that sang "Sweet  
Adeline"  
Goodbye forever, old fellows and gals  
Goodbye forever, old sweethearts and pals  
(God bless them)  
Gee but I'd give the world to see  
That old gang of mine

Last night 'neath a street lamp I silently stood  
On the same corner back in that old neighborhood  
As I gazed at the houses, unchanged by the years  
In my throat came a lump and my eyes filled with tears  
I looked at the lamppost, the pump and the stoop  
And again I could picture us kids in a group  
There was Shorty, and Yeller and Skinny and Mike  
And the rich kid who had ball bearing skates and a bike  
And down near the school I could see the brick wall  
Where we used to go for a game of handball  
And the crabby old janitor who chased us away  
Say, what I wouldn't give to just see him today!

And then came the parties and dances-- that's why  
We didn't notice the years going by  
And the first thing we knew we were all twenty-one  
But the Gang stuck together in a fight or in fun  
-And then came the War- the crowds in the street  
-The blast of the Bugle- the tramp of the feet  
And the gang, that old gang of mine  
Was the first gang that hit the Von Hindenburg line.

But the war is all over and last night as I stood  
On the same corner back in that old neighborhood  
I couldn't help brushing a tear from my eye  
For I knew not a face in the crowds that went by  
Gone forever are the pals that I love  
There isn't a trace or a sign  
Of that regular honest to goodness old bunch  
That I call that old gang of mine