

# Old Blue Tomorrow

George Jones

The rope on the swing and the pine tree is rotten  
The old climbin' tree house has long been forgotten  
The ones who were raised here don't come any more  
And all blue tomorrow is here at my door.

These hard workin' hands now calloused with age  
The lines on my face are a well written page  
My footsteps are feeble and I can't hardly see  
For old blue tomorrow done caught up with me.

The hair of my head is white as the snow  
And so many loved ones have gone on before  
But I won't be alone as I make my last stand  
For old blue tomorrow is holdin' my hand.

The sun soon no longer will shine on my face  
The bushes and bramble will take this old place  
And wait for the doorway, wait for the call  
For old blue tomorrow has won after all.

Old blue tomorrow has won after all...