

The Swing

James Bonamy

In my daddy's yard there's a worn out wooden swing
So I asked him once, "What's the story with that thing"
He said, "That ring of gold that's on your mama's hand
Well son this is where it all began"

This is the swing that hung from the tree
Where the girl asked the boy, "Would you play with me"
As the sun shined bright and the world spun 'round
And they grew up till it all came down
To the church where they stood and said, "I do"
And the bells rang out and the love was true
And it grew in the hearts of the man and the woman
Who lived in the house that love built

When I met the girl who stole my heart away
I gave that old swing a brand new coat of paint
And I told the tale as we swung to and fro
And said, "I hope this how our story goes"

This is the swing that hung from the tree
Where the girl asked the boy, "Would you play with me"
As the sun shined bright and the world spun 'round
And they grew up till it all came down
To the church where they stood and said, "I do"
And the bells rang out and the love was true
And it grew in the hearts of the man and the woman
Who lived in the house that love built

That old swing still hangs from the tree
Out in back of the house that love built