

# Old Folks

John Denver

The old folks don't talk much  
They talk so slowly when they do  
They are rich they are poor  
Their illusions are gone  
They share one heart for two

Their homes all smell of time  
Of old photographs  
and an old fashioned song  
Though you may live in town  
You live so far away  
when you've lived too long

Have they laughed too much  
Do their dry voices crack  
talking of things gone by  
have they cried too much  
A tear or two still always seems  
To cloud the eye

They tremble as they watch the old silver clock  
When day is through  
tick tock oh so slow  
It says yes it says no  
It says I wait for you

The old folks dream no more  
Their books have gone to sleep  
the piano's out of tune  
the little cat is dead  
and no more do they sing on a sunday afternoon

The old folks move no more  
Their world become to small  
their bodies feel like lead  
they might look out a window  
or else sit it a chair  
or else they stay in bed

and if they still go out  
arm in arm, arm in arm  
in the morning chill  
its to have a good cry  
to say their last goodbye  
to one who's older still  
and then they go home  
to the old silver clock  
when day is through  
tick tock so so slow  
it says yes it says no  
it says I wait for you

the old folks never die  
they just put down their heads  
and go to sleep one day  
they will hold each others hands  
like children in the dark

but one will get lost anyway  
and the other will remain  
just sitting in a room  
which makes no sound  
it doesn't matter now  
the song has died away  
and echo's all around

you'll see them as they walk  
through the sun filled parks  
where children run and play  
it hurts too much to smile  
it hurts so much  
but life goes on for still another day  
as they try to escape the old silver clock  
when day is through  
tick tock oh so slow  
it says yes it says no  
it says I wait for you

the old old silver clock  
that's hanging on the wall  
that waits for us all