

Rusting In The Rain

The Kingston Trio

The old gate is rusting in the rain. Children, comin' home from
school, no longer skim their pebbles on the old town creek
That just around the bend becomes a pool.

And we've all grown older. Come see where we have been out here
rusting in the rain.

The old house is creaking in the rain. Lovers, comin' down the
hill, no longer stop to linger by the old dead tree
They took away for lumber to the mill.

The old world is dying in the rain. The summer coming, every ye
ar, no longer stops to wonder as it goes along its way
Did anybody ever leave here?