

Stories of Old

The Kingston Trio

I don't want to hear your stories of old. Don't show me your golden chains.

For if there's just one man in this whole wide land and he is living in pain. Oh, then freedom's not your name.

You told me of a dream that I would surely like to see where each man could keep the wolves from his door.

Then I saw an old man without a dollar in his hand, saying, "You don't need me anymore.

I guess you just don't need me anymore."

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For if there's just one man in this whole wide land and he is living in pain. Oh, then freedom's not your name.

We've got a lot of pride and that I can't deny from those who bore us liberty.

But if freedom's at the door and we let it wait some more,

Oh, I wonder how proud they are of me. I wonder just how proud they are of me.

Go ahead and walk away. Yeah, turn your back and say, "We'll show 'em whose got who on the run."

But, if we could talk with folks out there, we might get somewhere

And maybe someday we could throw away these guns. Someday we could throw away these guns.

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For if there's just one man in this whole wide land and he is living in pain. Oh, then freedom's not your name.

If there's just one man in this whole wide land and he is living in pain, oh, then freedom's not your name.