

I wanna go across the river
To the house on Oldway Road
Where my life began and ended all the same
I remember Chris and Johnny
Childhood friends of mine
Who grew wise enough to learn to play the game

As I walked up to the front yard
There were children playing there
And I thought someday this may be my home again
But how soon I learned my lesson
Through the windows they threw stones
And said there's nothing left inside Mr. Jones

I went next door to ask the neighbor
If they knew what happened here
To the place where all my memories remain
As they recalled and tried to answer
Tears rolled down their eyes
But the best reply they had was made in vain

It seems the folks that used to live there
Worked hard for all their means
But their means could never take them to an end
And there was hope down in the city
But when a bank declined their loan
Now there's nothing left inside, Mr. Jones

Can't you see that it's empty now
And no one really cares
For even I must try to save my own
You should turn around and get back on that
Lonely Oldway Road
'Cause there's nothing left inside, Mr. Jones

Can't you see that it's empty now
And no one really cares
For even I must try to save my own
You should turn around and get back on that
Lonely Oldway Road
'Cause there's nothing left inside, Mr. Jones

I'm going back across the river
To see if I can find the place where
Life can start and end all the same
But no matter where I'm going
It will dwell inside my bones
That there's nothing left inside, Mr. Jones

And no, there's nothing left inside, Mr. Jones
No, there's nothing left inside, Mr. Jones