

Good Old World

Tom Waits

When I was a boy, the moon was a pearl the sun a yellow gold.
But when I was a man, the wind blew cold the hills were upside
down.

But now that I have gone from here there's no place I'd rather
be
than to float my chances on the tide Back in the good old world

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On October's last, I'll fly back home rolling down winding way
And all I've got's a pocket full of flowers from my grave

But now summer is gone I remember it best

Back in the good old world I remember when, she held my hand
and we walked home alone in the rain how pretty her mouth, how
soft

her hair

nothing can be the same and there's a rose upon her breast
where I long to lay my head and her hair was so yellow
and the wine was so red Back in the good old world.