

Harry Went To Heaven

Victoria Williams

Down across from the Cresswell Hotel
Harry sits there polishing his bells and dinky toys
Oh, Harry and the boys

On slow Sunday afternoons
One could hear a tune rise from the alley way
As the church goers spilled out on the steps
And say, "Must be Harry and the boys
Still going strong from Saturday"

Now, it seemed like Harry went to Heaven
Oh, the people got smiles on their face
Where they can't be replayed any other way

Birds sing, cows low
'Cause wind stirs it up, you know
Some folks do well pushing numbers
Some folks do well playing a tune

Echoes of yesterday, rising to the clouds they say
Falling on innocent ears recalling wilder years

still cooking
But nobody comes in to start a soup
And speeches too
Some folks try and sing out Harry's tune
Oh but it's still his tune, how do you get there?

Well, it seems like Harry went to Heaven