Old Black Joe

Van Morrison

Gone are the days
When my heart was young and gay
Gone are toils
Of the cotton fields awayGone to the fields
Of a better land, I know
I hear those gentle voices callin' me
Old Black JoeI'm comin', I'm comin'
Though my head is bendin' low
I hear those gentle voices calling
Old Black JoeI'm comin' home (I'm comin' home)
Well, I'm comin' home (I'm comin' home)
Though my head (my head, my head is bendin' low)
I hear those gentle voices calling
Old Black JoeGone are the days
When my heart was young and gay
Gone are the toils of the cotton fields, away
Gone to the fields of a better land I know
I hear those gentle voices calling
Old Black JoeI'm comin' home (I'm comin' home)
Oh, an' I'm comin' home (I'm comin' home)
Well oh well, my head (my head) is bendin' low
I hear those gentle voices calling
Old Black JoeI'm comin' home (I'm comin' home)
Oh, an' I'm comin' home (I'm comin' home)
Can ya see my head (my head) is bendin' low
I hear those gentle voices calling
Old Black JoeOld Black JoeOld Black Joe

Songwriters
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