

# Old Black Joe

Van Morrison

Gone are the days  
When my heart was young and gay  
Gone are toils  
Of the cotton fields away  
Gone to the fields  
Of a better land, I know  
I hear those gentle voices callin' me  
Old Black Joe I'm comin', I'm comin'  
Though my head is bendin' low  
I hear those gentle voices calling  
Old Black Joe I'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 Joe  
Gone 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 Joe I'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 Joe I'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 Joe  
Old Black Joe  
Old Black Joe

Songwriters

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