

Rags And Old Iron

[Nina Simone](#)

Rags old iron rags old iron
All he was buying was just rags and old iron
I heard that old rag man now making his rounds
He came right to my alley Lord with sorrowful sounds
Crying rags old iron and pulling his cart
Ask him how much he'd give me for my broken heart

Rags old iron rags old iron
All he was buying was just rags and old iron
So I asked that old rag man how much he would pay
For a heart that was broken baby when you went away
For a burnt out old love light that no longer beams
And a couple of slightly used second hand dreams

Rags old iron rags old iron
All he was buying was just rags and old iron
For those big empty promises you used to make
For those memories of you that are no longer sweet
I wish he could haul them off down the street

Rags old iron rags old iron
All he was buying was just rags and old iron
When love doesn't last tell me what is it worth
It was once mama's most precious possession on earth
When I asked that old rag man if he'd like to buy
He just shook his head and continued to cry

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written by O. BROWN JR. N. CURTIS
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