

This World Oft Can Be

Della Mae

This world oft can be a down and lonesome place to be
I hear the knock at my door and I know that you've come to me
 Hang up your coat up on a peg in the wall
Set up your feet and stay for a whileThe lines on your face tell me something's troubling
 Has the day and its weight made you feel old again?
 light up a pile of kindling
watch the flames a flickeringRemember the years when we were young and free?
 Now we've swayed and we've bent like a pair of poplar trees
 Look at the pictures up on the wall
Pieces of a time when we stood tallThese are the days when I see my reckoning
 The years fly past and I don't know what the end will bring
 sit with me now by the fireside
 sing me a song I'll sing you mine
 The night draws close
 the fire dies stedily
 the room is warm
 your eyes grow heavy
 nevermind the clock on the mantle high
 I'll make up the bed you can stay for the night
 Nevermind the clock on the mantle high
 I'll make up the bed you can stay for the night
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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