

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 while The 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 flickering Remember 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 tall These 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 steadily
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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