75 Septembers

Peter, Paul & Mary

In the year of the yellow cab
In the shadow of the great world war
The third kid grandmom hadCame into this world
On a rolling farm in Maryland
When Wilson was the President
And summer blew her goodbye through the treesA child of changing times
Growing up between the wars
The Fords rolled off the line
And bars all closed their doorsAnd I imagine you back then
With snap brim hat and farmer's tan
Where horses drew their wagons through the fieldsNow the fields are all four lanes
And the moon's not just a name
Are you more amazed at how things change
Or how they stay the same?And do you sit here on this porch and wonder
How the time flies by?
Or does it seem to barely creep along
With 75 Septembers come and gone?Were the fields all gold and fawn?
Was the spring house dark and cool?
Did the rooster crow at dawn
When they got you up for school?And would you tell me once again
The tales of granddad's hired men?
And how they drove the old road to townNow the fields are all four lanes
And the moon's not just a name
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Or how they stay the sameAnd do you sit here on this porch and wonder
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With 75 Septembers come and gone?

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