Yesterday's Gone

Hal Ketchum

Theres a cardigan sweater on an old wooden hanger,
In the back of the closet at the end of the hall.
My grandfather wore it for thirty-five years, now he dont wear it at all.
He sits in the shade at the end of his journey,
In a home for the tired, the old and confused.
So (tell me) where have they hidden the soul of the man I once knew?
(Chorus)
Where is the giant who lived in his body?
Where is the mountain that he stood upon?
Its hard to believe as I sit here and hold him,
How mountains will crumble and yesterdays gone.
Theres a picture in Salem (faded old photo) of a dashing young cowboy (soldier),
Dressed to the nines for a night on the town.
Thats him in the middle, surrounded by people who lit up when he came around.
So where are the angels sent down to protect him,
Am I all thats left of his life?
Are we two hearts together, the young and the weary,
Fading one beat at a time?
(Chorus)
Theres a corner in Heaven for callused old heroes,
A place where a good man can finally rest.
Paid for by promises, toil and tears,
By a soul who did only his best.
So we sit here together, knowin that trains a-coming,
and Heavens just one stop away.
I savor the gift of his hand on my shoulder,
Here at the end of the day.
(Chorus)
Where is the giant who lived in his body?
Where is the mountain that he stood upon?
Its hard to believe as I sit here and hold him,
How mountains will crumble and yesterdays gone.
Oh, its hard to believe as I sit here and hold him,
How mountains will crumble and yesterdays gone.

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