

The Joke

Flock of Dimes

The young, the old
The dead
And you and I presently
Traveling west
Chasing the sun
See where once it was
It will be again And I have lived
A charmed life
The hand of fate rests
On my shoulder
Still I get the joke
Try to make you laugh
It speaks for itself
The child I'll never have
The stranger on the sidewalk
All who've ever lived
Now are waking up
To wish us luck

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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