

# Old Folks

## Etta Jones

Everyone knows him as old folks  
Like the seasons he comes and he'll go  
Just as free as a bird and as good as his word  
That's why everybody loves him so  
Always leaving his spoon in his coffee  
Tucks his napkin up under his chin  
And his own corn cob pipe is so mellow, hits right  
But you needn't be ashamed of him  
In the evenings after supper  
What stories he tells  
How he held his speech at Gettysburg for Lincoln that day  
You know I know that one so well  
One thing we don't know about old folks  
Did he fight for the blue or the gray?  
But he's so democratic and so diplomatic  
We always let him have his way  
In the evenings after supper  
What stories he tells  
How he held his speech at Gettysburg for Lincoln that day  
Yes, I know that one so well  
Some day there will be no more old folks  
What a lonely old world this will be  
Children's voices at play will be still fondling  
The day they take old folks away

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