

# Old

## Dexys Midnight Runners

Old have memories to keep all cold away.  
What is that you say?  
No sense to dwell.  
Old, are you ridiculed and fumed away,  
No attention paid?  
I thought as much.  
Yes and the dumb patriots have their say,  
Only see their way.  
Nothing to sell.  
And worse from us, so obvious,  
Preposterous, when you think  
Of the time that each has spent.  
Words heaven sent and truly meant to show  
Old, may I sit down here and learn today?  
I'll hear all you say.  
I won't go away.

Songwriters

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