

Old Folks

John Denver

The old folks don't talk much
They talk so slowly when they do
They are rich, they are poor
Their illusions are gone, they share one heart for two
Their homes all smell of time of old photographs
And an old fashioned song
Though you may live in town
You live so far away when you've lived too long
Have they laughed too much
Do their dry voices crack
Talking of things gone by
Have they cried too much
A tear or two still always seems to cloud the eye
They tremble as they watch
The old silver clock
When day is through
Tick tock, so, so slow
It says 'Yes', it says 'No'
It says, "I wait for you"
The old folks dream no more
Their books have gone to sleep
The piano's out of tune, the little cat is dead
And no more do they sing on a Sunday afternoon
The old folks move no more
Their world become too small
Their bodies feel like lead
They might look out a window
Or else sit it a chair
Or else they stay in bed
And if they still go out
Arm in arm, arm in arm
In the morning chill, it's to have a good cry
To say their last goodbye to one who's older still
And then they go home to the old silver clock
When day is through
Tick tock, so, so slow
It says 'Yes', it says 'No'
It says, "I wait for you"
The old folks never die

They just put down their heads and go to sleep one day
They will hold each others hands
Like children in the dark but one will get lost anyway
And the other will remain
Just sitting in a room which makes no sound
It doesn't matter now
The song has died away and echo's all around
You'll see them as they walk
Through the sun filled parks
Where children run and play
It hurts to much to smile
It hurts so much
But life goes on for still another day
As they try to escape the old silver clock
When day is through
Tick tock, so, so slow
It says 'Yes', it says 'No'
It says, "I wait for you"
The old old silver clock
That's hanging on the wall
That waits for us all

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