

A Little Street Where Old Friends Meet

[Nat King Cole](#)

It's just a little street
Where old friends meet
I'd love to wander back
Someday To you, it may be old
And sort of tumbled down
But it means a lot to folks
In my hometown Although I'm rich or poor
I still feel sure
I'm welcome as the flowers in May It's just a little street
Where old friends meet
And treat you in the same old way Although I'm rich or poor
I still feel sure
I'm welcome as the flowers in May It's just a little street
Where old friends meet
And treat you in the same old way

Songwriters

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