

Old Home Place

Phish

It's been ten long years since I left my home
In the hollow where I was born
Where the cool fall nights make the woods smell right
And the fox hunter blows him horn I fell in love with a girl from the town
I thought that she would be true
I ran away to Charlottesville
And worked in a sawmill or two What have they done to the old home place?
Why did they tear it down?
And why did I leave the plow in the field
And look for a job in the town? Now the girl ran off with somebody else
Tariffs took all my pay
And here I stand where the old home stood
Before they took it away And now geese fly south and the cold wind blows
As I stand here and hang my head
I lost my love and lost my home
And now I wish that I was dead What have they done to the old home place?
Why did they tear it down?
And why did I leave the plow in the field
And look for a job in the town? What have they done to the old home place?
Why did they tear it down?
And why did I leave the plow in the field
And look for a job in the town?
Why did I leave the plow in the field
And look for a job in the town?

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