

# Back in the Good Old World (Gypsy)

Tom Waits

When I was a boy, the moon was pearl the sun a yellow gold  
When I was a man, the wind blew cold the hills were upside down  
But now that I have gone from here there's no place I'd rather be  
Than to float my chances on the tide Back in the good old world On October's last I'll fly back home rolling  
down winding way  
Scare crows are all dressed in rags out at the edge of the field I lay  
And all I've got's a pocket full of flowers on my grave  
Oh but summer is gone I remember it best Back in the good old world  
And all I've got's a pocket full of flowers on my grave  
Oh but summer is gone and I remember it best  
Back in the good old world

Songwriters

Tom Waits Published by

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