

Old Folks

Kenny Dorham

Everyone knows him as Old Folks
Like the seasons, he'll come and he'll go
Just as free as a bird and as good as his word
That's why everybody loves him so Always leaving his spoon in his coffee
Tucks his napkin up under his chin
And that yellow cow-pie is so mellow it's ripe
But you needn't be ashamed of him
Every Friday he'll go fishing, down on his favorite lake
But he only hooks a perch or two, the whale got away
Looks like we warm the steak Someday there'll be no more Old Folks
What a lonesome old town this will be
Children's voice at play, will be still for a day
The day they take the Old Folks away

Songwriters

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