

Astondale

Young Fresh Fellows

I've been honored and I've been embarrassed
Been Boris Vian'ed and Wynonie Harris'ed
Took a little trip to heaven
Sure liked its smell
All things considered
I'd say I'm doing pretty well

Oh, Astondale
(just around the corner,
beyond the pale)
Oh oh, Astondale

So here I am again
Everything is right
Sitting on a fence
Looking at the lights
I wish I had a dollar
But at least I've got a dime
All things considered
That's enough most of the time

Looking down the road
lined with old oak trees
They've withstood fire,
war and disease
Man holds his hand out
Please please please
Can someone resolve these mysteries?

Like, why are the gods
always crashing our bus?
And which one, if any,
is worthy of our trust?
When will I really
learn to love best
And then who will ever
take good care of the rest?

Lyrics Submitted by Richard Gagnon

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>