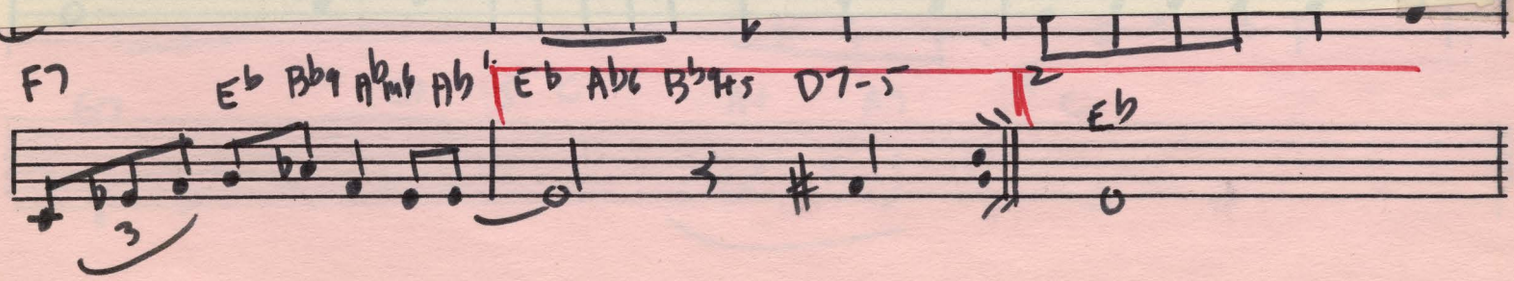
OLD FOLKS

WILLARD ROBISON
REMICK

EV-RY ONE KNOWS HIM AS OLD FOLKS, LIKE THE SEASONS, HE'L COME AND
HE'L GO. JUST AS FREE AS A BIRD, AND AS GOOD AS HIS WORD
THAT'S WHY EV-RY BODY LOVES HIM SO.
AL-WAYS LEAVING HIS SPOON IN HIS COFFE, PUT HIS NAPKIN UNDER HIS CHIN,
AND THAT YELLOW COB PIPE, IT'S SO MELLOW, IT'S RIPE,
BUT, YOU NEEDNT BE A SHAME OF HIM
IN THE EVE-NING AFTER SUP-PER, WHAT STORIES HE WOULD TELL
HOW HE HELD THE SPEECH AT GETTYSBERG. FOR LINCOLN THAT DAY
I KNOW THAT ONE SO WELL
DONT QUITE UNDERSTAND A-BOUT OLD FOLKS
DID HE FIGHT FOR THE BLUE AND THE GREY
FOR HE'S SO DIPLOMATIC, AND SO DEM-O-CRAT-IC
WE AL-WAYS LET HIM HAVE HIS WAY.

WE ALWAYS KNOW WHERE TO FIND OLD FOLKS
WHEN THERES SOME LITTLE CHORE HE CAN DO
AT THE OLD LIV-RY STABLE, WHEN EVER HE'S ABLE
PITCHIN THE SHOES WITH LORD KNOWS WHO
THEN HE MEETS THE LATE TRAIN AT THE STATION
WHITTLES WHEN IT'S OVER DUE
EVRY NIGHT WITHOUT FAIL - HE'S SNEAKING A LITTLE NAP OR TOW
EV-RY FRI-DAY HE'L GO FISHING, WAY DOWN ON BUZZARDS LAKE
BUT HE ONLY HOOKS A PERCH OR TWO A WHALE GOT AWAY
SO WE WARM UP THE STEAKS
OH, SOMEDAY THERE'L BE NO MORE OLD FOLKS
WHAT A LONE-LY OLD TOWN THIS WILL BE
CHILDRENS VOICES AT PLAY, WILL BE STILLED FOR A DAY
THE DAY THAT THEY TAKE OLD FOLKS A WAY.

REPEAT LAST 4 MEASURES.

SEEMS THAT I'VE HEARD SOMEONE SAY
HE LIVES ON A PENSION.
HE NEVER CAME RIGHT OUT AND SAY