

Back In The Good Old World

Tom Waits
(Updated 3/6/06)

When I was a boy, moon was a pearl, sun was a yellow gold. I was a man, wind blew cold, 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 out on the tide, back in the good old world.

1. When I was a boy, the moon was a pearl the sun a yellow gold.
But 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.

2. On October's last, I'll fly back home rolling down winding way
And all I've got's a pocket full of flowers from my grave
But now summer is gone I remember it best, Back in the good old world

3. I remember when, she held my hand, and we walked home alone in the rain
how pretty her mouth, how soft her hair, nothing can be the same
and there's a rose upon her breast, where I long to lay my head
and her hair was so yellow and the wine was so red, Back in the good old world.