OLD FOLKS

Music: Willard Robison
Lyrics: Dedette Lee Hill

Ballad



2nd chorus:

We al-ways know where to find "Old Folks",
When there's some lit-tle chore he can do.
At the old li-ve-ry sta-ble,
Whe-ne-ver he's a-ble,
Pit-tin' the shoes with lord knows who!

Then he meets the late train at the sta-tion,
Sits and wiv-vels when it's o-ver-due.
While they're sor-tin' the mail,
E-ve-ry night with-out fail
He's snea-kin' a lit-tle nip or two!

E-ve-ry Fri-day he'll go fi-shin',
Way down on Boa-ters' Lake.
But he on-ly hooks a perch or two,
a whale got a-way,
So then we warm up the steak!

Oh, some-day there'll be no more "Old Folks",
What a lone-ly old town this will be.
Chil-dren's voi-ces at play
Will be still for a day,
The day that they take "Old Folks" a-way!