

Nat King Cole, A Little Street Where Old Friends

(h. woods, g. kahn)

It's just a little street
Where old friends meet,
I'd love to wander back
Someday.

To you, it may be old,
And sort of tumbled down,
But it means a lot to folks
In my hometown.

Although I'm rich or poor,
I still feel sure
I'm welcome as the flowers in may.

It's just a little street
Where old friends meet,
And treat you in the same old way.

~interlude~

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