

# Nina Simone, Rags And Old Iron

Norman Curtis, Oscar Brown jr

Rags old iron rags old iron  
All he was buying was just rags and old iron  
I heard that old rag man now making his rounds  
He came right to my alley Lord with sorrowful sounds  
Crying rags old iron and pulling his cart  
Ask him how much he'd give me for my broken heart  
Rags old iron rags old iron  
All he was buying was just rags and old iron  
So I asked that old rag man how much he would pay  
For a heart that was broken baby when you went away  
For a burnt out old love light that no longer beams  
And a couple of slightly used second hand dreams  
Rags old iron rags old iron  
All he was buying was just rags and old iron  
For those big empty promises you used to make  
For those memories of you that are no longer sweet  
I wish he could haul them off down the street  
Rags old iron rags old iron  
All he was buying was just rags and old iron  
When love doesn't last tell me what is it worth  
It was once mama's most precious possession on earth  
When I asked that old rag man if he'd like to buy  
He just shook his head and continued to cry  
Rags old iron rags old iron  
All he was buying was just rags and old iron  
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