

Shawn Mullins, Joshua

Joshua was an old man
his beard like mountain snow
and when I was a boy we'd have jam sessions
I'd sneak off to old Sharptop
with my guitar I would go
when I should have been at school
learnin' my lesson
and I'd sip a little moonshine
and I'd smoke a corncob pipe
and we'd pick all day until our fingers bled
and right around supper time
I'd run home in the night
just in time to get a whippin' from my Dad
oh way back when
he was 65 and I was 10
and I will never be as free again
oh way back when
the summer flew by quickly
and Josh and I spent out time
writing words to songs from memories of his past
he'd tell me bout the way it was
and I'd find the perfect rhyme
and I couldn't believe how we wrote our songs so fast
I never knew an old man
could be so full of life
the love we had was so hard to explain
and I remember how the tears fell when he spoke of his late wife
and I'd give him my 6-string to ease his pain
oh way back when
he was 65 and I was 10
and I will never be as free again
oh way back when
and then in late November
I knocked on his cabin dor
I knocked and knocked but Joshua never came
and I still remember
how he layed there on the floor
and I went home cryin' in the rain
oh way back when
he was 65 and I was 10
and I will never be as free again
oh way back when
oh way back when
oh way back when