

Tom Waits, Back In The Good Old World

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.
On October's last I'll fly back home rolling down winding way.
Scare crows are all dressed in rags out at the edge of the field I lay
and all I've got's a pocket full of flowers on my grave.
Oh but summer is gone I remember it best
Back in the good old world