

Van Morrison, Old Black Joe

(Stephen C. Foster)

Gone are the days
When my heart was young and gay
Gone are toils
Of the cotton fields away
Gone to the fields
Of a better land, I know
I hear those gentle voices callin' me
Old Black Joe

I'm comin', I'm comin'
Though my head is bendin' low
I hear those gentle voices calling
Old Black Joe

I'm comin' home (I'm comin' home)
Well, I'm comin' home (I'm comin' home)
Though my head (my head, my head is bendin' low)
I hear those gentle voices calling
Old Black Joe

Gone are the days
When my heart was young and gay
Gone are the toils of the cotton fields, away
Gone to the fields of a better land I know
I hear those gentle voices calling
Old Black Joe

I'm comin' home (I'm comin' home)
Oh, an' I'm comin' home (I'm comin' home)
Well oh well, my head (my head) is bendin' low
I hear those gentle voices calling
Old Black Joe

I'm comin' home (I'm comin' home)
Oh, an' I'm comin' home (I'm comin' home)
Can ya see my head (my head) is bendin' low
I hear those gentle voices calling
Old Black Joe

Old Black Joe

Old Black Joe