

Clifford T. Ward, Like An Old Song

I've been sitting here far too long

Trying to remember everything you said

And how on earth did it all go wrong

I believed every word you said

But they told me not to listen

And come away

And now I'm getting low on ration

Love's gone out of fashion

Like an old song.

Drink the wine this is my blood

Break my body with your bread

Take my heart across this world

Tell the people what I said.

INSTRUMENTAL

I can't forget the way you kept me calm

The miles we walked and talked

The crowds that came

I saw you hold 'em all within your palm

Watched you heal the sick and mend the lame

Oh but you let 'em take you from me

And spit in you face

And now I'm getting low on ration

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