

Dianne Reeves, Old Country

Through the years you wasted
I waited patiently
While the joys you tasted
Not a word from me
Now that age is creeping
Cross your pale gray brow
T'aint no use in weeping
It's too late now

Hey you old man sitting
By the lonesome road
It's about time you're quitting
Life's old tiresome mode
You're so sad and lonely
Got no family
Just an old man from some old country

You ain't sired no chillun'
Ain't none by your side
You left all your women
Whooo ain't you satisfied
Don't just sit there clinging to a memory
Of a love left in some old country

No nobody needs you old man
'cause nobody calls your name
And nobody even whispers
Oh what a doggone shame
So the cold grim reaper
Has no sympathy
You won't see your homeland
'cept through me
You won't see your homeland
'cept through me
Stop crying
Age is creeping
You won't see your homeland
'cept through me