

James Bonamy, The Swing

(Robert Ellis Orrall/Bob Regan)

In my daddy's yard
There's a worn out wooden swing
So I asked him once
What's the story with that thing
He said "That ring of gold, that's on your momma's hand"
&"Well son this is where it all began &"

This swing hung from the tree
Where the girl asked the boy will you play with me
And the sun shined bright and the world spun round
And they grew up till it all came down
From the church where they stood and said "I Do"
Where the bells rang out and the love was true
And it grew in the hearts of the man and the woman
Who lived in the house that love built

When I'm with the girl
That stole my heart away
Well I gave that ole' swing
A brand new coat of paint
And I told the tale as we swung "to and fro"
And I said I hope this is how our story goes

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