

Tom Waits, Good Old World (Waltz)

When I was a boy, the moon was a pearl
The sun was 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
And all I've got's a pocket full of flowers from my grave
But now summer is gone
I remember it best
Back in the good old world

I remember when, she held my hand
And we walked home alone in the rain
How pretty her mouth, how soft her hair
Nothing can be the same

And there's a rose upon her breast
Where I long to lay my head
And her hair was so yellow
And the wine was so red
Back in the good old world

And there's a rose upon her breast
Where I long to lay my head
And her hair was so yellow
And the wine was so red
Back in the good old world