

That Old Gang of Mine

Dean Martin

I've got a longing way down in my heart
For that old gang that has drifted apart
They were the best pals that I ever had
I never thought that I'd want them so bad
Gee but I'd give the world to see
That old gang of mine
I can't forget that old quartette that sang "Sweet
Adeline"

Goodbye forever, old fellows and gals
Goodbye forever, old sweethearts and pals
(God bless them)

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(God bless them)

Gee but I'd give the world to see
That old gang of mine
Last night I strolled to that old neighborhood
There on that corner I silently stood
I felt so blue as the crowds hurried by
Nobody knew how I wanted to cry
Gee but I'd give the world to see
That old gang of mine
I can't forget that old quartette that sang "Sweet
Adeline"

Goodbye forever, old fellows and gals
Goodbye forever, old sweethearts and pals
(God bless them)

Gee but I'd give the world to see
That old gang of mine

Last night 'neath a street lamp I silently stood
On the same corner back in that old neighborhood
As I gazed at the houses, unchanged by the years
In my throat came a lump and my eyes filled with tears
I looked at the lamppost, the pump and the stoop
And again I could picture us kids in a group
There was Shorty, and Yeller and Skinny and Mike
And the rich kid who had ball bearing skates and a bike
And down near the school I could see the brick wall
Where we used to go for a game of handball
And the crabby old janitor who chased us away
Say, what I wouldn't give to just see him today!

And then came the parties and dances-- that's why
We didn't notice the years going by
And the first thing we knew we were all twenty-one
But the Gang stuck together in a fight or in fun
-And then came the War- the crowds in the street
-The blast of the Bugle- the tramp of the feet
And the gang, that old gang of mine
Was the first gang that hit the Von Hindenburg line.

But the war is all over and last night as I stood
On the same corner back in that old neighborhood
I couldn't help brushing a tear from my eye
For I knew not a face in the crowds that went by
Gone forever are the pals that I love
There isn't a trace or a sign
Of that regular honest to goodness old bunch
That I call that old gang of mine