

Old Blue Tomorrow

George Jones

The rope on the swing and the pine tree is rotten
The old climbin' tree house has long been forgotten
The ones who were raised here don't come any more
And all blue tomorrow is here at my door.

These hard workin' hands now calloused with age
The lines on my face are a well written page
My footsteps are feeble and I can't hardly see
For old blue tomorrow done caught up with me.

The hair of my head is white as the snow
And so many loved ones have gone on before
But I won't be alone as I make my last stand
For old blue tomorrow is holdin' my hand.

The sun soon no longer will shine on my face
The bushes and bramble will take this old place
And wait for the doorway, wait for the call
For old blue tomorrow has won after all.

Old blue tomorrow has won after all...