

Take a Step (Yesterday Waltz)

The Oak Ridge Boys

Way up in the mountains,
Above the green hills,
Lives a poor hermit, with an old homemade fiddle.
In the late afternoon, when the days work is through,
He cradles that fiddle like a girl he once knew.

Take a step, take a step.
Take an old fashioned step.
He's beginning to remember the tune.
Another step, another step.
Another old fashioned step.
It's almost like she's in the room.
He's playing the Yesterday Waltz.

One day late last winter,
Before the big snow.
He packed up his fiddle and all of his clothes.
His boney old donkey, some corn from his still,
And he walked all the way down
Into those green hills.

Take a step, take a step.
Take an old fashioned step.
He's beginning to remember the tune.
Another step, another step.
Another old fashioned step.
And soon he'll be there in her room.
Playing the Yesterday Waltz.

Way down in the meadow, the valley so low.
There lives a poor spinster,
With an old gramophone.
One night before bedtime, along with the rain,
She heard someone playing
A familiar refrain.

Take a step, take a step.
Take an old fashioned step.
And now she remembers the tune.
Another step, another step.
Another old fashioned step.
And yesterday fills up the room.
They're dancing the Yesterday Waltz.

Take a step, take a step.
Take an old fashioned step.
And now they remember the tune.
Another step, another step.
Another old fashioned step.
And yesterday fills up the room.
They're dancing the Yesterday Waltz.

Take a step, take a step.
Take an old fashioned step.
They're dancing the Yesterday Waltz.