

When I Leave the World Behind

Al Jolson

I know a millionaire who's burdened down with care
A load is on his mind
He's thinking of the day
When he must pass away
And leave his wealth behind
I haven't any gold to leave when I row old
Somehow it passed me by
I'm very poor but still
I leave a precious will
When I must say goodbye
I leave the sunshine to the flowers
I leave the springtime to the trees
And to the old folks I leave the memories
Of a baby on their knees
I leave the nighttime to the dreamers
I leave the songbirds to the blind
I leave the moon above to those in love
When I leave the world behind
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