

Gilbert Green

Bee Gees

On a hill, inside a house in covewell reach
Stands a man who's feeling very tired
Looking at a song he wrote some time ago
Could have made it big inside a Broadway show
Every day I go away and find ideas
Think, I'll climb on top of somewhere high
Couldn't I write a song about a man who's dead
Didn't really know if he was off his head

Ev'rybody knows, that's the way it goes
Too bad for Gilbert Green
We can tell the world that he was right

Sitting in his attic on a sunny day
Mending 50 goblets that are worn

Humming to himself a song of yesteryear
His hearing wasn't good but his eyes were clear

Ev'rybody knows, that's the way it goes
Too bad for Gilbert Green
We can tell the world that he was right

Now the house is burnt along with Gilbert Green
Sad to see his sisters stand and cry
And in the basement lies a song that wasn't seen
Tells the tale of laughing men and yellow beans

Ev'rybody knows, that's the way it goes
Too bad for Gilbert Green
Now we can tell the world that he was right