

I'm Old Fashioned

Dave Brubeck

I am not such a clever one
About the latest fads
I admit I was never one
Adored by local lads
Not that I ever try to be a saint
I'm the type that they classify as quaint
I'm old fashioned
I love the moonlight
I love the old fashioned things
The sound of rain
Upon a window pane
The starry song that April sings
This year's fancies
Are passing fancies
But sighing sighs holding hands

These my heart understands
I know I'm old fashioned
But I don't mind it
That's how I want to be
As long as you agree
To stay old fashioned with me

I'm old fashioned
But I don't mind it
That's how I want to be
As long as you agree
To stay old fashioned with me
Oh won't you stay old fashioned with me
Oh please stay old fashioned with me