

Crowd Around the Corner

Earl Thomas Conley

Those stormy years leave deep and endless trails across his face
He'll wander back when morning rolls around
For it's an old man's right to spend his life just searching for a place
Where he can sit and watch the sun go down

Time's run its course and freed the horse that pulled him through his prime
And placed a different light above his brow
Now towering rows of buildings grow in fields he left behind
And life seems twice as heavy as a plow

With his golden chain the old man clings to the watch inside his vest
That tells him when it's time to move along
Just rambling through the avenues, he'll sometimes stop to rest
But it's hard to find a place where he belongs

So crowd around the corner, boys, and take your good old time
And pass along a piece of yesterday
A tender breeze of memories is blowing through your mind
Softer than those stands of silver-gray
And sweeter than the things we've seen today