

# Old Folks

Michael Johnson

The old folks don't talk much  
And they talk so slowly when they do  
They are rich, they are poor, their illusions are gone  
They share one heart for two

Their homes all smell of time  
Of old photographs and an old fashioned song  
Though you may live in town  
You live so far away when you've lived too long

And have they laughed too much  
Do their dry voices crack talking of times gone by  
And have they cried too much  
A tear or two still always seems to cloud the eye

They tremble as they watch  
The old silver clock when day is through  
It tick-tocks oh, so slow, it says yes  
It says no, it says I'll wait for you

The old folks dream no more  
The book have gone to sleep  
And the piano's out of tune

The little cat is dead and no more  
Do they sing on a Sunday afternoon  
They old folks move no more  
The world's become too small

Their bodies feel like lead  
They might look out the window  
Or else sit in a chair or else they stay in bed

And if they still go out arm in arm  
Arm in arm in the morning chill  
It's to have a good cry, to say their last goodbye  
To one who's older still

And then they go home  
To the old silver clock when day is through  
It tick-tocks oh, so slow, it says yes  
It says no, it says, I'll wait for you

The old folks never die, they just put down  
Their heads and go to sleep one day  
They hold each other's hand  
Like children in the dark  
But one would get lost anyway

And the other will remain just sitting  
In a room which makes no sound  
It doesn't matter now, the song  
Has died away and echoes all around

You'll see them when they walk through the sun  
Filled park where children run and play  
It hurts too much to smile, it hurts too much

But life goes on for still another day

As they try to escape  
The old silver clock when day is through  
It tick-tocks oh so slow, it says yes  
It says no, it says, I'll wait for you

The old, old silver clock  
That's hanging on the wall  
That waits for us all