

Song Of The Old Rake

Paul Kelly

Pretty child, come here to me
And listen to my story
Won't you sit down on my knee
Your eyes are like your mother's
And you mother's mother's
Deeper than the deep blue sea
All them girls I used to love
By the fire, all alone, I sit dreaming of
All them girls I used to hold
I made their love turn cold

These old bones are aching
These old hands are shaking
Lord, I can't see the page
Sing me the song I taught you
Fetch my wine and water
Never thought I'd reach this stage
All them girls I used to know
Like a fool acting smart I let them go
All them girls, long time gone
I lost them one by one

All them girls with their creamy skin
What I'd give just to have one in my arms again
Oh, my girl, when you start to play
Don't give your heart away
All them girls I used to kiss
I don't know how my days all came down to this
All them girls I used to hold
I made their love turn cold