

This Old Car

Pete Seeger

This old car, was once brand new
On the day, that you were born
But sixteen years, have rolled right through
And soon you'll drive me on your own

Sixteen years is young for you
But cars don't age so well
My door hinge speaks, repairs to do
But I've got this life of tales to tell

A tiny babe came home one day
Through the newly fallen snow
They brought you home and on the way
I knew we had some miles to go

There were Christmas trees for all those years
And they shed their trace of pine
And there's drops of milk and your young tears
Where you spilled your cup and started crying

And the grass stains here are soccer greens
And there's sand from castle beach
There's a Starburst lost from Halloween
That fell down through beneath the seats

Back and forth to every lesson
Building what you know
There was something gained for every mile
Like a seed you plant and hope may grow

Well, you had your place in that back seat
As you grew from grade to grade
Your time back there is now complete
When you're free to drive, you've got it made

And the roads out there are to make your choice
And decide which way to steer
You'll be on your own, I have no voice
At least not the kind that ears can hear

You now have your longest highway
Still in you to go
Yeah, but all I need, for all I gave
Is to see you live, so take it slow