

Still I remember when I was told
Stories of evenings and days of old
Nothing to hide and nothing to lose
Down to the hall in their dancing shoes
Where a boy with nothing but hope to declare
Saw a girl who was tying a bow in her hair

Here's to all the olden heroes
Everyone who's gone before
Here's to all your hopes and dreams and
Everything worth fighting for

Hitting the earth on the day we're born
We come from dust and to dust return
All of our moments while we are here
Last for a lifetime then disappear
And she smiled as she heard the accordion play
And they laughed as they waltzed the evening away

Here's to all the olden heroes
Everyone who's gone before
Here's to all your hopes and dreams and
Everything worth fighting for
Here's to all the olden heroes
Everyone who's gone before
Here's to all your hopes and dreams and
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And the boy unconscious of everyone there
Held the girl who danced with the bow in her hair

Ghosts of our ancestors watching on
Out in the fields where the world was one
Ghosts of the morning watch from above
Ghosts of the evening who lived and loved
And now there's a boy on a dance floor somewhere
And a girl still tying a bow in her hair

Here's to all the olden heroes
Everyone who's gone before
Here's to all your hopes and dreams and
Everything worth fighting for
Here's to all the olden heroes
Everyone who's gone before
Here's to all your hopes and dreams and
Everything worth fighting for

And still there's a boy on a dance floor somewhere
And a girl and she's tying a bow in her hair