

Back in the Good Old World (Gypsy)

Tom Waits

When I was a boy, the moon was a pearl the sun a yellow gold.
But when I was a man, the wind blew cold the hills were upside
down.

But now that I have gone from here there's no place I'd rather
be
than to float my chances on the tide Back in the good old world

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On October's last I'll fly back home rolling down winding way.
Scare crows are all dressed in rags out at the edge of the field
I lay

and all I've got's a pocket full of flowers on my grave.

Oh but summer is gone I remember it best

Back in the good old world.