

A Little Street Where Old Friends Meet

Tony Bennett

It's just a little street where old friends meet
I'd love to wander back some day,
To you it may be old and sort of tumble down,
But it means a lot to folks in my home town
Although I'm rich or poor I still feel sure
I'm as welcome as the flowers in May;
It's just a little street where old friends meet
And treat you in the same old way.

Homesick, heartsick, nothing seems real,
That's how I feel today,
Hometown, my town, I hear you call,
Calling me far away.