

Smoke From The Chimney

Tony Joe White

Smoke from the chimney
A little chill in the air
The old folks by the fire
In their rocking chairs

The cotton fields are empty
And the garden is gone
And smoke from the chimney
Says winter's coming on

And so many things can change while you're gone
Time goes by so fast
And they say you can never really go back home
But memories still last

And I see the faces
A little weather by the years
But I can feel the warm hugs
And smile through my tears

Some things are special
They don't never fade away
Like smoke from the chimney
And dreams of yesterday

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