

Old Folks

Etta Jones

Everyone knows him as old folks
Like the seasons he comes and he'll go
Just as free as a bird and as good as his word
That's why everybody loves him so

Always leaving his spoon in his coffee
Tucks his napkin up under his chin
And his own corn cob pipe is so mellow, hits right
But you needn't be ashamed of him

In the evenings after supper
What stories he tells
How he held his speech at Gettysburg for Lincoln that day
You know I know that one so well

One thing we don't know about old folks
Did he fight for the blue or the gray?
But he's so democratic and so diplomatic
We always let him have his way

In the evenings after supper
What stories he tells
How he held his speech at Gettysburg for Lincoln that day
Yes, I know that one so well

Some day there will be no more old folks
What a lonely old world this will be
Children's voices at play will be still fonding
The day they take old folks away