

Old Joy

Noah and the Whale

You sit with the man who threw it all away
And you dream of the birds that have flown away
And you hope that you won't see it fall again

And you will sing day by day, old joy comes back to me
You'll sing day by day, old joy comes back to me

You say this is the life of the influence of dreams
Tall buildings and a wife won't be enough for me
There is more in the world to be found than dreams

And you will sing day by day, old joy comes back to me
You'll sing day by day, old joy comes back to me

Forget the things that get away, forget the things that get away
Don't dream of yesterday, don't dream of yesterday