

The Oldest Story In The Book

Paul Kelly

Tom and Harry were the best of friends
They called themselves The Dharma Bums
Lit out from their home and kin
With a mandolin and a pair of thumbs
They worked side by side all the summer
Picking those grapes from the vine
Read by one light, took turns to cook
The oldest story in the book

Enter Richard and his sister, June
Just before the season's end
Richard's guitar knows a whole lotta tunes
Harry starts a-picking on the mandolin
Down by the dam in the moonlight
They play 'til their fingers are sore
When June kisses Tom, Harry doesn't know where to look
The oldest story in the book

The band pull into town in the afternoon
They've got a hit song on the radio
Richard calls up his sister, June
And says 'Do you want to come along to the show?'
June scrapes the money together for a babysitter
Tom's working late, she's glad she's on her own
Especially when Harry sings that song about the girl
By the lake and how the moonlight looked
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