

# Harry Went To Heaven

Victoria Williams

Down across from the Cresswell Hotel  
Harry sits there polishing his bells and dinky toys  
Oh, Harry and the boys

On slow Sunday afternoons  
One could hear a tune rise from the alley way  
As the church goers spilled out on the steps  
And say, "Must be Harry and the boys  
Still going strong from Saturday"

Now, it seemed like Harry went to Heaven  
Oh, the people got smiles on their face  
Where they can't be replayed any other way

Birds sing, cows low  
'Cause wind stirs it up, you know  
Some folks do well pushing numbers  
Some folks do well playing a tune

Echoes of yesterday, rising to the clouds they say  
Falling on innocent ears recalling wilder years

still cooking  
But nobody comes in to start a soup  
And speeches too  
Some folks try and sing out Harry's tune  
Oh but it's still his tune, how do you get there?

Well, it seems like Harry went to Heaven