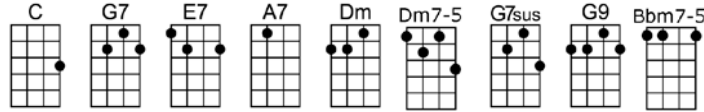


THE OLD FOLKS

-m.Jacques Brel/Gerard Jouannest/Jean Corti
-English w. Mort Shuman/Eric Blau/

3/4 123 1 (without intro)



Intro: C (4 measures)

C G7

The old folks don't talk much, and they talk so slowly when they do

C

They are rich, they are poor, their illusions are gone, they share one heart for two

G7

Their homes all smell of time, of old photographs and an old-fashioned song

C

Though you may live in town, you live so far away, when you've lived too long

G7

And have they laughed too much, do their dry voices crack, talking of times gone by

E7

And have they cried too much, a tear or two still always seems to cloud the eye

A7 Dm Dm7b5

They tremble as they watch the old silver clock, when day is through

G7sus G7 E7 G9

It tick-tocks oh so slow, it says, "Yes," it says, "No," it says, "I'll wait for you"

C G7

The old folks dream no more, the books have gone to sleep, the pi-ano's out of tune

C

The little cat is dead and no more do they sing on a Sunday afternoon

G7

The old folks move no more, their world's become too small, their bodies feel like lead

C

They might look out the window or else sit in a chair, or else they stay in bed

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And if they still go out, arm in arm, arm in arm, in the morning's chill

It's to have a good cry, to say their last good-bye to one who's older still

And then they go home to the old silver clock, when day is through

It tick-tocks oh so slow, it says, "Yes," it says, "No," it says, "I'll wait for you"

The old folks never die, they just put down their heads and go to sleep one day

They hold each other's hand, like children in the dark, but one will get lost anyway

And the other will remain just sitting in that room, which makes no sound

It doesn't matter now, the song has died away, and echoes all around

You'll see them when they walk through the sun-filled park, where children run and play

It hurts too much to smile, it hurts too much but life goes on for still another day

As they try to es-cape the old silver clock, when day is through

It tick-tocks oh so slow, it says, "Yes," it says, "No," it says, "I'll wait for you"

The old, old silver clock that's hanging on the wall, that waits for us all