

Old Day
Bill Robinson

1.

Saturday, glide away,
Running outside to say,
“I see!”

Once you're out, turn about,
Hear yourself start to shout,
“I agree!”

Chorus

Child, hold on!
It won't be long!

Go with me!
Ride the wind to the sea!

2.

Shadow in, start to spin,
Try to win, you lose again,
And sigh.

At the tip of your lip,
Questions form, out they slip,
“Why?”

Chorus

Child, don't go!
Time's so slow for you.

Fill your part,
Deep inside my heart!

3.

Hold the day, feel its charms
Gather it into you arms
Awhile.

Look ahead, to where it's led,
Through the door and back to bed,
And smile.

Chorus

Child, once more,
Close the door.

Shut the light,
Give my eyes one last night.