

## **OLD LADY'S LULLABY**

The old lady with the grey braided hair  
Is settled in a family heirloom, old rockin' chair,  
The gentleman beside her is her own gentle man,  
He's laboured hard and done the best he can.

The colours from the fire flicker round the cosy room,  
As the dear old man plays his melancholy tune,  
And the pleasure can be measured by the teardrop in her eye,  
As he sings the old lady's lullaby...

### **Chorus**

Go to sleep my loving one, rest your weary mind,  
Go to sleep my precious one, you know I'm right behind you,  
I'd give my life if I could mend you...  
I'll be with you to the end.

The memories filter through the embers, lighting up their eyes,  
And words of love come easy when you're wise,  
They talk of all the happy years, and first time round for tea,  
The love they have is obvious to see.

The colours from the fire flicker round the cosy room,  
As the dear old man plays his melancholy tune,  
And the pleasure can be measured by the teardrop in her eye,  
As he sings the old lady's lullaby...

### **Chorus**

Go to sleep my loving one, rest your weary mind,  
Go to sleep my precious one, you know I'm right behind you,  
I'd give my life if I could mend you...  
I'll be with you to the end.  
I'd give my life if I could mend you...  
I'll be with you to the end.  
I'll be with you to the end.