

Angelo Badalamenti, John Clifford

Old people talk to themselves  
When they sit all 'round all day  
This old woman I knew  
I used to go over there and sit with her  
And she'd be sitting around  
In a rocking chair talking to herself

And she used to say she used to say  
Sometimes the cold gets in my bones so bad  
Till I just don't think I can go  
Yeah and for a little while well I don't care  
If my days are coming to an end  
And just as soon be gone sometimes

Sometimes the night comes down on me  
And I know what's ahead  
An evening in this cold old house  
With no one to say goodnight to me when I go to bed  
An evening in this cold old house  
With no one to say goodnight to me when I go to bed

Sometimes  
I wonder why I stay  
What am I waiting for  
My children are grown and gone away  
They got children of their own now  
Don't need me anymore

In winter when the streets are bare  
There ain't nothing much to see  
I just can't help missing and thinking  
About that kindly man  
That one old winter time came  
And took away from me

And then one morning  
Another spring is there outside my door  
Things are blooming  
Birds are singing  
And suddenly yes well I ain't sad  
Ain't sad no more ain't sad no more

When it's warm and the sun is out  
It's like my heart's restored  
I've had my love I've had my children  
And I have so many memories  
So don't mind me complaining  
What the years may bring

Cos this old world has been fine with me really  
And I'm thankful for seeing another spring  
It's gonna be better this time another spring  
It's gonna be groovier this time another spring  
It's what's happening this time  
So I'm thankful for letting me see another spring