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## THE LAST OF THE OLD-TIMERS

It was rainin' cats and dogs the day we buried Old Joe  
After 98 years on Planet Earth, I think he was glad to go  
He'd outlived two wives and most of his kids, was stone deaf and turnin' blind  
Just a tired old man in a brave new world that had long left his world behind

The whole town turned out to say goodbye and salute a pioneer  
Then we all went off down to the pub and drank lots of rum and beer  
We toasted Old Joe around the keg  
"The last of the old-timers" someone said

Chorus:

Think I'm gonna move down to the city  
This old town is getting' kinda empty  
Most of those who gave this place it's heart and soul are gone  
So maybe it's time that I moved on

I remember walkin' with Old Joe through the town's dusty little park  
At sunset as the shadows slowly lengthened and grew dark  
We stopped at the War Memorial Joe bowed his head as if in prayer  
And said to me "You know son, my name should be there

Along with the names of all my mates who died over there in France  
It was sheer bloody murder son, they never stood a chance  
But I survived though still I don't know how"  
Well Joe, you're with your old mates now

Now when I'm walkin' round this town where I was born and raised  
Everything is so familiar, yet everything has changed  
I must be gettin' older, for now when I look I see  
Not just what's in the here and now, but more of what used to be,

This town's like an old photograph, fadin' with the years  
Blurred around the edges where it once was sharp and clear  
But most people see what they want to see  
So maybe, just maybe, it's me