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| [s:genre] Pop  [s:lyrics] An old man lived in the village | [s:genre] Rock  [s:lyrics] An old man lived in the village |
| Of village green  Though his skin was so pure  There were no weeping trees  As we walked by  His eyes were so blue  I knew my birthday  We'd walked from the Sunday school  To a church with a lily-apple store  My daddy said, "Son, don't you start none now"  "No, no, no, no, no, no, let's go  Before your old age comes"  So we went walking down to the river  For a couple of days  Well, the river was so deep  There was a live oak tree  We were standing on the edge  Of the bed that's under the matted ground  He said, "I'll pick one up someday"  Then we headed down the road  To an old bar  Where we drank our beers  And laughed at the children  For being church-going  And playing on the street  We stopped into church  We got married in the street  With two lots of children  We got kids of our own  We still don't know our name  We may not have buried them  But we'll have some good things to do  They say that I went crazy  For being so normal  'Cause he said, "I'll pick one up someday"  And we picked one up someday  Then we headed down the road  To an old bar  Where we drank our beers  And laughed at the children  For being church-going  And playing on the street  We got married in the street  We got kids of our own  We still don't know our name  We may not have buried them  But we'll have some good things to do  They say that I went crazy  For so normal  An old man lived in the village  Of village green  Though his skin was so pure  There were no weeping trees  As we walked by  His eyes were so blue  I my birthday  We'd walked from the Sunday school  To a church with a lily-apple store  My said, "Son, don't you start none now" | Of Mr. Johnson's outstanding favor  The village of Mr. Johnson  Kept the babies and the little girls clean  And the very first time they complained  The Yankee peddler stepped out of nowhere  Just to find a place for them to go  One day Mr. Johnson found a buffalo  Took him down to the river  Where the buffalo disappear  Nothing's sure what it was but some promises  That he kept in trust for the very first time  Nothing could be more wrong  From the moment that he stepped into town  His eyes were fixed on the village Green  Nothing could be more wrong  Nothing could be more wrong  Though he never had a suit orJew  But the little girls knew something about the buffalo  And they bought it whenever they could  Nothing could be more wrong  The buffalo turned into night  And it still remained there  To this very day |
| [s:genre] Rock  [s:lyrics] An old man lived in the village  seed\_random: 44 | [s:genre] Rock  [s:lyrics] An old man lived in the village  seed\_random: 0 |
| And he walked the mountains in his shirt  No shoes to feet  No pot of gold or shoes in the market place  He'd been around for ages  But he picked them up and he headed for the skies  Oh, how he planned it  When he picked them up  He taught them how to look for each other  And put them in prayer  And he built houses out of simple styrofoam  And gave them things to do  What little they did  Oh, how he planned it  He built houses out of simple things  Like feathers in the sky  And he let the birds fly  No more driving on the dark side of the road  He built houses out of simple things  Like feathers in the sky  And he let the birds fly  No more driving on the dark side of the road  His wife took him with her on a flight  Just a few days after he landed  They couldn't even recognize his face  A man of five, or six feet tall  She said he was tall  "He sure was fine."  She prayed the Lord would help him  And he didn't see a problem  He just sat down and poured himself a drink  Oh, how he planned it  When he picked them up  He taught them how to look for each other  And put them in prayer  And he built houses out of simple things  Like feathers in the sky  And he let the birds fly  No more driving on the dark side of the road  He built houses out of simple things  Like feathers in the sky  And he let the birds fly  No more driving on the dark side of the road  Oh, how he planned it  When he picked them up  He taught them up  He them how to look for each other  And put them in prayer  And he built houses out of simple things  Like feathers in the sky  And he let the birds fly  No more driving on the dark side of the road  He built houses out of simple things  Like feathers in the sky  And he let the birds fly  No more driving on the dark side of the road  He built houses out of simple things  He let the birds  No more driving on the dark side of the road | And his wife was a woman  And my old man lived next door  And he lost his mind  That's the way the old man always does  Yeah, he always told her  When he got there life was pretty rough  In the woods and fields  And he lost his mind  Told her someday she would come back home  But she never had the time  Still the old man kept asking her  If she had the time  To be his wife  Yes, he always told her  When he got there life was pretty rough  In the woods and fields  And he lost his mind  Told her someday she would come back home  But she never had the time  Still the old man kept asking her  If she had the time  To be his wife |
| [s:genre] Rock  [s:lyrics] An old man lived in the village  seed\_random: 10 | [s:genre] Rock  [s:lyrics] An old man lived in the village  seed\_random: 88 |
| Where the old men pray  His children lived next door  They used to live in the woods  But this man's religious bone  He didn't have a prayer  No, he didn't have a prayer  He just said I've got to find my own way home  And I've got to find my own way home  If I can do the things he says  That I just can't understand  Then I'll just settle down and start living for today  Lord, how I'd love to settle down  And start living for today  Lord, how I'd love to settle down  But I don't have a prayer  I don't have a prayer  No, I don't have a prayer  Sometimes, I think of what a wife must be  And how I hate to do things  That he doesn't have to do  But then somehow, I think of what hope is  And do I have to start  Oh, oh, I'm ready to begin  Oh, how I'd love to settle down  I'm ready, ready, ready  If I can do the things he says  That I just can't understand  Then I'll just settle down and start living for today  Lord, how I'd love to settle down  And I don't have a prayer  No, I don't have a prayer  Always, always start the day  Lord, how I'd love to settle down  I'm ready, ready, ready  If I can do the things he says  That I just can't understand  Then I'll just settle down and start living for today  Lord, how I'd love to settle down  But I don't have a prayerNo, I don't have a prayer  I can't do the things he says  That I just can't understand  Then I'll just settle down and start living for today | Of Roseistle, Montana  He dropped some ashes on the syrphones  Then he hung them in the wishing well  Of audience applause  I hung my name into the talisman  Of the white man's people's people  They used to buy beer here  And claim to be Indian  Now they don't drink beer  Where's the money, man?  I swear by god, there's no wealth in my home  You find all you wanna do here  While you're looking for hou-hou-hou  I found myaddle in the woods  Of the yellow man's people  They use to buy beer here  And claim to be Indian  But they don't drink beer  Where's the money, man?  I swear by god, there's no wealth in my home  You find all you wanna do here  While you're looking for hou-hou-hou  Yeah, I've been looking for hou-hou-hou, ohh  La-la, la-la-la-la-la-la-la  La-la la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la  They sell beer here  And claim to be  They drink beer all around the world  Yeah  They use to buy beer here  And claim to be Indian  They don't drink beer  Where's the money, man?  I swear by god, there's no wealth in home  You find all you wanna do here  While you're looking for hou-hou-hou  Ah, hou-hou-hou-hou, hou-hou-hou-hou-hou, hou-hou-hou-hou-hou  Hou-hou-hou-hou  Hou-hou-hou-hou, hou-hou-hou-hou, hou-hou-hou-hou, hou-hou-hou-hou-hou  Hou-hou-hou-hou, hou-hou-hou, hou-hou-hou-hou  Hou-hou-hou-hou, hou-hou-hou-hou, hou-hou-hou-hou, hou-hou-hou-hou  Hou-hou-hou-hou, hou-hou-hou, hou-hou-hou  Hou-hou-hou-hou-hou, hou-hou-hou-hou, hou-hou-hou  Hou-hou-hou-hou, hou-hou-hou, hou-hou-hou  Singa-hou-hou  Ho-hou-hou-hou, hou-hou, ho-hou-hou-hou, hou-hou  Hou-hou-hou-hou-hou-hou-hou, hou-hou  Hou-hou, hou-hou-hou-hou-hou-hou  H-hou-hou, h-hou-hou-hou, hou-hou-hou  Ho-hou-hou,hou-hou-hou, h-hou-hou-hou-hou  H-hou-hou-hou-hou, h-hou-hou  Singa |
| [s:genre] Rock  [s:lyrics] An old man lived in the village  seed\_random: 80 | [s:genre] Rock  [s:lyrics] An old man lived in the village  seed\_random: 47 |
| Then and there he saw aPlaying wall  He told me the story of a dark skinned woman  She was the fairer skin that daddy had  She was the strength of a mighty woman  Soough and strong, daddy made her proud  The story goes like this  See the way daddy made her proud  Skin that liked to chew gum the dirt was her weakness  Skin that liked to bit a joke or two  Skin that loved to stare was her soulmate and father  Skin that liked to stop at nothing she knew was wrong  But skin that liked to crawl was her treasure chest  Skin that loved to hold nobody but her  There was blood in her bones when she got older  By the time the story began  She was living in this skin  Her skin was thick and thin and soft  But her daddy never made her proud  You see a dark skinned woman  You see a dark skinned woman  See the way daddy made her proud  Skin that liked to chew gum the dirt was her weakness  Skin that liked to bit a joke or two  Skin that liked to stare was her treasure chest  Skin that liked to walk was her pride and joy  Skin that liked to hide nothing was her curse  She always had a place for the simple guy  And skin that liked to crawl was her treasure chest  Skin that liked to walk was her pride and joy  Skin that like to hide nothing was her curse  She always had a place for the simple guy  And skin that like to crawl was her treasure chest  Skin that like to hide nothing was her treasure chest  Skin that like to hide nothing was her treasure chest | In the commune called ’Jamaica  That's where he met me, if you see him  In memorches that he wrote  For the people there  Who read it and liked it  He'd take them all the way  He told them that he loved them  Now ever since they came around  He had ideas of bigger things  Until his eyes would see them  And the days would turn to months  And the nights would end  And he would drink beer with a Mahecco  A Hebrew finna bow  Then come a winter solstice  And gather round the city  To hear him sing them  How he loved them  An old man died in theCapital Punishment  And kept them all away  There's a lot of talk about the Mahecco  Now if you can help to make them understand  They need to understand him  They need to understand  For they are the people he loved the most  Well, when he was at school  All theTeachers are teachers  And every day is Sunday  So if you can help to make them understand  He'll come back again  He'll have something for everybody  Mahecco, oh yes, he will  Mahecco, oh yes, he will |