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## Song Of The Old Rake Paul Kelly

Song Of The Old Rake

G D G

G

Pretty child come here to me Listen to my story

D C

Won t you sit down on my knee

G

Your eyes are like your mother s And your mother s mother s

Deeper than the deep blue sea

C G

All them girls I used to love

D G

By the fire all alone I sit dreaming of

. G

All them girls I used to hold

D G

I made their love turn cold

These old bones are aching
These old hands are shaking
Lord I can t see the page
Sing me the song I taught you
Fetch my wine and water
Never thought I d reach this stage

All them girls I used to know
Like a fool acting smart I let them go
All them girls a long time gone
I lost them one by one

All them girls with their creamy skin
What I d give just to have one in my arms again
Oh my girl when you start to play
Don t give your heart away

All them girls I used to kiss
I don t know how my days all came down to this
All them girls I used to hold
I made their love turn cold

Oh my girl when you start to play Don t give your heart away http://www.paulkelly.com.au/