

OLD DOGS & CHILDREN & WATERMELON WINE (A)

Tom T. Hall

How old do you think I am, he said
I said, well I don't know
He said, I turned sixty five
About eleven months ago.

I was sittin' in Miami pourin' blended whisky down
When this old grey black gentleman was cleaning up the lounge.
There wasn't anyone around 'cept this old man and me.
The guy who ran the bar was watchin' Ironside on TV.
Uninvited he sat down and opened up his mind
On old dogs and children and watermelon wine.
Ever had a drink of watermelon wine, he asked?
He told me all about it even though I didn't answer back.
Ain't but three things in this world that's worth a solitary dime,
But old dogs and children and watermelon wine.

**Music goes up a key.*

He said women think about themselves when men folk ain't around,
And friends are hard to find when they discover that you're down.
He said, I tried it all when I was young and in my natural prime.
Now it's old dogs and children and watermelon wine.
Old dogs care about you even when you make mistakes.
God bless little children while they're still too young to hate.
When he moved away I found my pen and copied down that line
'Bout old dogs and children and watermelon wine.

**Four bar break, music up another key.*

I had to catch a plane to Atlanta that very next day.
As I left the room I saw him pickin' up my change.
That night I dreamed in peaceful sleep of shady summertime,
And old dogs and children and watermelon wine.