

When You and I Were Young, Maggie

I wandered today to the hills Maggie
To watch the scene below
The creek and the creaking old mill Maggie
Where we used to long long ago

The green growth is gone from the hills Maggie
Where first the daisies spring
The creaking old mill is still Maggie
Since you and I were young

Oh they say that I'm feeble with age Maggie
My steps are much slower than then
My face is a well written page Maggie
And time all along was the pen

Oh they say we have outlived our time Maggie
As dated as songs that we've sung
But to me, you're as fair as you were Maggie
When you and I were young

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