

Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay
Gone are the toils of the cotton fields away
Gone to the fields of a better land I know
I hear those gentle voices calling: Old Black Joe

I'm coming, I'm coming
For my head is bending low
I hear those gentle voices calling, Old Black Joe

pianosolo

I'm coming home
I'm coming home
Whoa-oh, my head is bending low
I hear those gentle voices calling, Old Black Joe
Old Black Joe
Old Black Joe