

## Once Upon a Time When I was Young

Once upon a time when I was young  
There were a lot of parties held within my walls,  
Every Friday and Saturday night.  
Old men playing fiddles, people laughing  
Kids bobbing for apples  
Babies sleeping on blankets,  
All while mom and dad danced the night away  
Couples falling in love  
And so much more did I see  
All underneath my protective roof  
I was the place to be, when I was young  
Now I am weather-beaten and my roof is caving in  
No more parties, no more dancing  
No fiddles playing, no people laughing  
They say who wants to party here  
In this dilapidated old barn  
They have forgotten the good times we once had  
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