The Rabbits Run Much Faster

G C G
These hills have been my home for eighty years come next Monday,
C D
Since sixty-five it's just been this old dog and me.
G C G
My woman was called home to be with the lord in glory
C D G
My life has been a good one, but my journey's end I see.

Seems like the rabbits run much faster than they used to
Every year the hillside gets harder to climb
Seems like Autumn turns too quickly into Winter
Won't be long till me and this old dog will say goodbye.

Instead of sleeping over in the corner by the fireplace
That old dog would run and hunt all day
Not too long ago we were out among the corn rows
Making the memories that are on my mind today.