

She asked 'hows Seattle' in some motherly talk,
Its okay, its mostly grey,
I think I'm just leveling off.

And sometimes I think I'm running around,
Like a dog with no song, no song.
And I'm following some flickering lamp,
In the fog, the fog.

I know, I know, that I'm getting older.
I don't think they really like me.
If I could stay just a little longer,
They might be giving up new greys.

Think back, to the time we drove
To Park Slope for a walk
It's okay, it's far away
I just think I'm measuring ours

And sometimes I think you're writing this down
for the songs, the songs, the songs
and it's something that you don't really feel
but it's ours, it's ours, it's ours

I know, I know, that I'm getting older.
I don't think they really like me.
If I could stay just a little longer,
They might be giving up new greys.

Pa-pa-pa-pa, I'm getting old, I'm getting older
Pa-pa-pa-pa
Pa-pa-pa-pa, it's getting cold upon your shoulders
Pa-pa-pa-pa

I know, I know, that I'm getting older.
I don't think they really like me.
If I could stay just a little longer,
They might be giving up new greys...