

Gold In Timbuktu

K'naan

When I am old and lonely
Would you still be there for me
'Cause now I have all of my strength
And you have all your beauty

When you're gold in Timbuktu
Will I still come look for you
Let's swim in the deep end
Make it warm that we can

For you, for me
Buried in the deep end
Life is one big weekend

Youth!
One day you have it and then
Poof!
It's gone with the wind
It's a kin to the end
And no matter how you fight it
How you light it ,how you write it
Time is the pen out of ink
Poof, and I'm a living proof
I used to have it all young and uncoof
These days I hear on everything on delay
'Cause I wear an ear piece just to hear what he say
When my son visit, I don't know why I get livid
Maybe I'm jealous of his age
My memories vivid I was just like him
Young like him,
Had a mouth on me a tongue like him
But now I'm feeling much weaker
Closest thing to my heart is a mandatory gripper
And my eyes ain't what they used to be either
But here's me singing promise from la Vita

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Push!
One day you comin' and then
Woosh!
You'd be surprised how easy is
To be enticed and feasting life
Without the least of dreams suffice
So watch it fly fear to flight

So I'm busy chasing a decent size
Tush! and I ain't never been a wuss
Have more arms than an octopus
Those days I never thought of old age
I never thought I'd see the hair in my nose gray
But life goes on how ironic
If I could do it over I'd probably smoke chronic
But still follow the footsteps of prophet Mohammed
I probably turn every lie that I told honest
I be an eco terrorist I give the middle finger to my therapist
And flush my sedatives
I'll have a baby with a feminist and name him sexist
Life's a contradiction on my check list

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