

Talking Old Soldiers

Bettye Lavette

Why hello, say can I buy you another glass of beer?
Well, thanks a lot that's kind of you, it's nice to know you care
These days there's so much goin' on
No one seems to want to know
I may be just an old soldier to some
But I know how it feels to grow old

Yeah, that's right, you can see me here most every night
You'll always see me starin' at the walls and at the lights
Funny I remember, oh it's years ago I'd say
I'd stand at that bar with my friends who passed away
And drank three times the beer that I can drink today
Yes, I know how it feels to grow old

I know what they're sayin' son
There goes old man Joe again
Well, I may be mad at that I've seen enough
To make a man go out his brains
Well do they know what it's like to have a graveyard as a friend
'Cause that's where they are boy, all of them
Don't seem likely I'll get friends like that again, yeah

Well, it's time I moved off
But it's been great just listenin' to you
And I might even see you next time I'm passin' through
You're right there's so much goin' on
No one seems to want to know
So keep well, keep well old friend
And have another drink on me
Just ignore all the others
You got your memories
You got your memories