

# Too Old To Cut The Mustard

Ernest Tubb

Too old, too old, he's too old to cut the mustard anymore  
He's getting' too old, he's done, got too old  
He's too old to cut the mustard anymore

When I was young, I had a lotta pep  
I could get around, didn't need no help  
But now you're old and a gettin' gray  
The people all look at you and say

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I used to, could jump just like a deer  
But now you need a new landing gear  
I used to, could jump a picket fence  
But now you're lucky if you jump an inch

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When I was young I had an automobile  
Now they push you around in a chair with wheels  
I had to fight the gals off with a stick  
But now they say he makes me sick

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When I was young and in my prime  
The gals all used to stand in line  
But now they go the other way  
And as they leave I hear them say

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He's too old to cut the mustard anymore