

Getting Old

James Gang

Thinking 'bout the time that passed in my life
Wondering where did it all go
Thinking 'bout the memories that I've left behind
Wondering if there'll be much more

Walking off to school too many days
Running fast to get back home
Wish I'd seen me through my mother's eyes
How she cried, now I stand alone
A sitting here getting old
Watching my life unfold

Used to be that time had passed too slow
Now it seems to move so fast
In a rush to beat me to the end
Will I finish first or last

Who can know what roads will lead you to
Hard to choose which way to go
No one finds the answer 'till the end
Even then, do we really know?
Did we find the right way to go?
I'm a sitting here getting old

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