

# 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

I'm just a sitting, just a sitting here getting old  
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