

## 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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