

This Old Man

MC Frontalot

Keep getting older and hairier
on my neck, back and derriere
but not atop the pate.
dear DNA, let's negotiate!

I'll trade the fading vision, you could have that back
plus this 30-year-old-man belly's kinda wack.
my hearing is nearing deafness and I wheeze.
yo please save me from the wrist hurt disease.
it's infeasible that these, a full list of ailments
should do anything but accrue. I'll fail ten
times out of ten to age in reverse like mork.
is there anything sadder than a dork
for whom the new hotness is not just inaccessible,
it's grumbled against? you kids, reduce your decibels!
don't make me come over there and shake my cane.

This old man, he rhymed once
he put up some valiant fronts
with a wick-wack bitter lack of youthfulness & charm
this old man kept rhyming on

joints creaking while I squeak around the stage,
hella grandmothers telling me I ought to act my age.
deranged already, I don't got no brain medicine.
if we were running out of food on a boat, I'd get jettisoned
or eaten. I'm unsweetened.
don't tell me that I got the shortest straw, I'm not a cretin.
just a little senile and gassy and slow
but I bet I'm very salty and I could still row.
let's gobble on that infant. infants are useless.
also very soft, which is good, 'cause I'm toothless.
come on kids, you wanna get rescued or what?
don't mumble all amongst yourselves. speak up!
I lost my earhorn the other day on the bus.
you would think by the way you whippersnappers make a fuss
that I said something crazy, profound or obscene.
wait, where'd the ocean go? where have you taken me?

This old man, he rhymed twice
he found this would not suffice
with a wick-wack bitter lack of youthfulness & vim
this old man was dour and grim

now frontalot's shopping for the top of the hill.
should have bought a burial plot soon as I got ill,
but I foolishly thought that I could put it off