

The Autobiographical Grandpa

of Montreal

I take a walk I mow the grass
I don't worry 'bout
the years that pass
My wife is dead I live alone
in my little country home
I have my memories
and dogs for friends

I water the ferns I plant some seeds
I make sure to pull out all the weeds
And to help myself along
I like to whistle this funny little song
I sang in my army days when I was young

A hot air balloon I will float away
At times I'm holding you

My kids and grandkids come
to stay with me once a year
And on New Years I drive down to be with them
Though I'm happy often I feel lonely
But when I speak I hear my wife speak

Don't feel alone because you're not really alone
Sweetheart no don't think you're alone

I feed the cat I sweep the floor
I don't fear dying anymore
I like to fish with Ed and Will
in the pond by the old paper mill
I am resigned to finish off my days this way