

Past Fifty

Stan Rogers

Some living, no one time for giving, I ain't got a dime,
Winds are blowing, wheat fields are growing, bit none of it's mine,
Gets so I just watch people go by, looking away,
I tell you I'm almost through, I'd hate to see another day.

Easy lady, I know you're always ready, selling your time,
My last dollar, I pinched it 'til it hollered and bought me some wine.
I'm past caring, it's all I got for sharing, so if you're for free
I tell you, I'm almost through, I'm tired as a man can be.

I want to go home to the Maker, home to the Chief,
The Holy Word made me sure my worried mind would find relief;
I'm going through life like a Pilgrim, lost in a storm;
With winds that blow to make me cold, but the Holy Body keeps me warm.

Some morning I'd like to see me warming my feet by a fire,
Eggs and bacon, coffee I'd be making, couldn't be finer!
A good living, extra bit forgiving someone like me,
I tell you I'm almost through. I'm tired as a man can be.

I want to go home to the Maker, home to the Chief,
The Holy Word made me sure my worried mind would find relief;
I'm going through life like a Pilgrim, lost in a storm;
With winds that blow to make me cold, but the Holy Body keeps me warm.