

One Foot in the Grave

Tankard

When we were younger, decades ago
We've let it all hang out while boozing tons of alcohol
These days are over, we're fossils now
All threatened with extinction
Too weak, antique

Our joints are crunching
No sex but brand new teeth
We feel a troubling
Date of expiry

One foot in the grave - send in the doctor
With death face to face - the God of Beer is calling
One foot in the grave - where is my pension?
Grey hair's no disgrace - one foot in the grave

Real beauty lies in wrinkly tattoos
In our old age home the nurses have got piercings too
Hop in your wheelchair and feed some birds
Let's have a race on crutches
Senile with style

Black leather diapers (Black leather diapers)
Bedpans of shiny chrome
But we'll keep banging (But we'll keep banging)
And shake off Parkinsons

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