

Old

Wide Mouth Mason

An old man sat at the edge of a bed
And worried about the shape that he was in
People came around and opened up the ground
And pleaded with him just to take the hint
His next of kin couldn't make the drive in
What with work and bills to pay
So he stood at the back of a funeral shack
As they lay his body down to waste

Old shouldn't be that way

Well I hope I die before I get old
But not because I want to stop living
Because we take away the freedom from the people
Who gave us all that we've been given

When I was a little boy
You'd take my hand and lead me home
Now I'm telling you what to do and where to go
It's the young who forget, not the

Old shouldn't be that way
Old will be you some day