

## Wide Mouth Mason "Old"

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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

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