

Hazel Dickens "Old And In The Way"

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As you walk down the street Â– how often do you meet
Some poor man whose life has life had grown old?
His aged form is bent Â– in his pocket not a cent
And for shelter knows not where to go

See that poor old wreck of toil Â– his children him do
shun
To die I'm sure he has prayed
For himself and dear wife after toilin' all their lives
Find they're old and only in the way

Chorus
So let us cheer them on Â– they won't be with us long
Don't laugh because they're old and gray
Just remember while you're young that for you the time
will come
When you're old and only in the way

Now my message, I'm sure, is for the rich as well as
poor
Take a rich man when he's growin' old
His relations 'round him stand Â– and they take him by
the hand
They want him to die Â– they want his gold.

All through life he has enjoyed all the things that gold
can buy
But gold Â– his life could not save.
After all he's like the poor when his journey's nearly
o're
'Find he's old and only in the way

Chorus
So let us cheer them on Â– they won't be with us long
Don't laugh because they're old and gray
Just remember while you're young that for you the time
will come
When you're old and only in the way
When you're old and only in the way

