

Buck Owens

"Too Old To Cut The Mustard"

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Too old, too old, he's too old
To cut the mustard anymore.

Well, when I was young I had a lotta pep
I could get around I didn't need no help
But since I'm old and a gettin' gray
The people all look at me and say.

Too old, too old, he's too old
To cut the mustard anymore
Buddy's gettin' too old, Buck's done got too old
He's too old to cut the mustard anymore.

I used to could, jump just like a deer
Now I need a new landing gear
I used to could, jump a picket fence
But now I'm lucky if I jump an inch.

Too old, too old, he's too old
To cut the mustard anymore
Buddy's gettin' too old, Buck's done got too old
He's too old to cut the mustard anymore.

--- Instrumental ---

Well, when I was young I had an automobile
Scoot myself right under the wheel
I had to fight the gals off with a stick
But now they say he makes me sick.

Too old, too old, he's too old
To cut the mustard anymore
Buddy's gettin' too old, Buck's done got too old
He's too old to cut the mustard anymore.

Buck's too old, to cut the mustard anymore...

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