

John Mark McMillan

"Ballad Of An Elder Woman"

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Now woman, don't you feel sad when you see your life
go round
And you realise you've been drinking all of your years
like wine?
You're gambling with time and you know you just can't
win
But still you feel that somehow you've just got to keep
on trying
And woman, it's your heart I hear crying
Now the young man by your side is your husband, or so
you say
In reality, he's a link with a past you just can't replace
You tell the world you're happy when you're lying in his
arms
Oh, but his youth has made you hate to see his face
And woman, it's your heart I see crying
Now you're standing like some tree, oh, and the
blossom has blown away
And the last leaf has gone crumbling tumbling towards
the ground
You have nothing to teach me, just have nothing at all
to say
Except to keep on telling me about all the happiness
that you do think you have found

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