

Catman Cohen

"Baby, Am I Too Late?"

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Met a young man on the road
Who looked me in the eye so cold
Told me I was way too old
To write songs
In the USA

Met a young man full of hate
Who called me grandpa to my face
Said I never could relate
To young kids
In the USA

And he asked....
Why did you wait so long
To sit down and write a song?

And he said.....
Grandpa, you waited too long
It's too late to write your songs

Twenty years ago
Never had the heart
Never had the sight
Twenty years ago
Never had the smarts
Never saw the light

Twenty years ago
Never felt the pain
Never felt the awe
Twenty years ago
Never felt my shame
Never knew my flaws

There's nothing I can write today
I could have written way back then
Nothing I can write today
Could be written with a younger pen

And I ask....
Baby, am I too late?
Tell me baby, Tell me now

Baby, writing songs is all I've ever wanted to do

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