

Pink

"Free Four"

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One, two, three, four

The memories of a man in his old age
Are the deeds of a man in his prime
You shuffle in gloom of the sickroom
And talk to yourself as you die

Life is a short, warm moment
And death is a long cold rest
You get your chance to try in the twinkling of an eye
Eighty years, with luck, or even less

So all aboard for the American tour
And maybe you'll make it to the top
And mind how you go
And I can tell you 'cause I know
You may find it hard to get off

And You are the angel of death
And I am the dead man's son
And he was buried like a mole in a fox hole
And everyone's still on the run
And who is the master of fox hounds?
And who says the hunt has begun?
And who calls the tune in the courtroom?
And who beats the funeral drum?

The memories of a man in his old age
Are the deeds of a man in his prime
You shuffle in gloom of the sickroom
And talk to yourself till you die

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