

## David Wilcox "Older"

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I grow older.  
Getting wiser, everyday.  
'Cause when I fall down now  
I don't jump back up.  
I let 'em count to eight.

Slower.  
Getting slower.  
I have lost a step or two.  
It's time to face the facts.  
Buy a pair of plaid slacks  
'n sit around like old guys do.

'Cause when I go out late at night  
To have a beer  
I sit and wonder why my friends aren't here.

Is this a joke on me?  
They're all home playing with their families.  
I am the oldest person in this bar  
And I am drinking with children on a field trip to  
observe me in  
my habitat.

Quiet.  
It's so quiet  
In my house  
when I get home  
I got three mean fish,  
And a yellow dog.  
I do not live alone.

When I close my eyes at night  
I feel so small  
Like I never really loved at all.  
'Cause if I did I'd have some proof.  
Another life or two beneath my roof.

It's just a bad recurring dream I have

When I suspect I have misspent my youth.  
Could have fooled me too.

Childish.  
It's so childish  
To resist the dying light.  
But I'm still the same.  
Some things never change.  
I wanna stay up all night.

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