

## David Wilcox "This Old Car"

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This old car, was once brand new  
On the day, that you were born  
But sixteen years, have rolled right through  
And soon you'll drive me on your own

Sixteen years is young for you  
But cars don't age so well  
My door hinge speaks, repairs to do  
But I've got this life of tales to tell

A tiny babe came home one day  
Through the newly fallen snow  
They brought you home and on the way  
I knew we had some miles to go

There were Christmas trees for all those years  
And they shed their trace of pine  
And there's drops of milk and your young tears  
Where you spilled your cup and started crying

And the grass stains here are soccer greens  
And there's sand from castle beach  
There's a Starburst lost from Halloween  
That fell down through beneath the seats

Back and forth to every lesson  
Building what you know  
There was something gained for every mile  
Like a seed you plant and hope may grow

Well, you had your place in that back seat  
As you grew from grade to grade  
Your time back there is now complete  
When you're free to drive, you've got it made

And the roads out there are to make your choice  
And decide which way to steer  
You'll be on your own, I have no voice  
At least not the kind that ears can hear

You now have your longest highway  
Still in you to go

Yeah, but all I need, for all I gave  
Is to see you live, so take it slow

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