

Pretty Things "Old Man Going"

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Old man going
Old man going

Hopscotch of life will lead you to the grave
Wet faces lyin' in the street, they will not be saved
Black house you've built it will soon disappear
Another corporation dig this year

Old man going
Old man going
Old man going
Old man going

Traffic thins as you drive slowly by
A friend wipes a flower from an eye
Streets filled with bouquets from a cloudy sky
They'll soon forget the field in which you lie

Old man going
Old man going
Old man going
Old man
(Going, going, going, going)
Going, going, going, going, going)

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