

Ann Hampton Callaway

"All Down Hill From Here"

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I think of all the good points, but they're out weighed by
the bad
Thinking that in 50 years I'll be greay and going mad.
The thought of old timers disease, or dying at night
because I freezed
I don't ever wanna be old.
I don't ever wanna fall, down that hill and break my hip
And every time that it gets cold I fall ill
And at least of all, the lame day trips
It's something that scares me it's my deepest and most
darkest fear
It's all down hill from here
I don't ever wanna grow old
I wish that never never land was a true place,
Book me a ticket I've got sun cream on my face
Pension day, forgot what day, feeding the ducks is the
highlight on my day.
Like a clock that's never wound.

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