

Tommy Dorsey**"THEY'RE EITHER TOO YOUNG OR TOO OLD"**

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You marched away and left this town
As empty as can be.
I can't sit under the apple tree
With anyone else but me.
For there is no secret lover
That the draft board didn't discover.

They're either too young or too old
They're either too grey or too grassy green.
The pickings are poor and the crop is lean.
What's good is in the army.
What's left will never harm me.
I'm either their first breath of spring.
Or I'm their last little fling.
I must confess to one romance,
I'm sure you will allow.
He tries to serenade me,
But his voice is changing now.
I'm finding it easy to stay good as gold.
They're either too young or too old.
I'll never ever fail ya, when you are in Australia
And flying over Egypt, your heart will never be gypped.
And when you get to India, I'll still be what I've been to
ya,
I've looked the field over, and lo and behold!
They're either too young or too old

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