

We Live A Long Time To Get Old
Robbie Fulks

G G C G / G G A7 D7 / G G C G / G G D G

When you begin to get old & feeble & the world has turned you down
And you have to take two walking sticks just to hobble into town
You can hear your kinfolk talking they ll be whispering all around
Poor old grandpa d be better off when he s 6 feet underground

Chorus

G G G G / G G D D / G G C G / G D G G

We live a long long time to get old
We live a long long time to get old
So there ain t no need to cry, poor old grandpa s got to die
We live a long long time to get old

When you begin to get old & feeble & ya can t hardly get around
You remember back when you were the best dressed man in town
You ain t got long to stay here you re waiting for the day
That you can throw your false teeth and walking cane away

When you were in high school you used to jump and hop
Now everytime you start to move you begin to crack and pop
You talk about the good old days when you were in your prime
How you earned all that money, but you never spent a dime