

Growing Old

A Pale Horse Named Death

Every day I grow older and older I do
I can see the lines on my face
One more white hair on my head
Thousand mile stare in my eyes

Growing older and older I am
My buried bones turn to dust under the earth

I can barely stand up out of my chair
Deep in my veins flows my disease
My nails have turned yellow and grown real long
A figment of what was once a young man

Growing older and older I am
My buried bones turn to dust under the earth

When I was a boy...
When I was a boy I thought I would live on forever
When I was a boy I thought I would live on forever

As I lay cold and stiff in my box
Funeral precession follows behind
They lower me down in the ground
A bitter sweet goodbye to those left alive

Growing older and older I am
My buried bones turn to dust under the earth