

Famous Inside

Stan Rogers

I can almost hear some of you say,
"You'd think he'd have more sense at his age,
The crazy old man in the old tam-o-shanter's
Getting carried away."

Sometimes it's almost too much to stand,
But it's not my place to take you in hand.
It used to be a man and his madness
Were as sacred as the coming of day.

It's strange how things will stick in the mind.
You'd think the years would leave them behind,
But long ago moments as a winner
Kind of push the recent memories aside.

Symptomatic, you say, of old age,
But it's something that nobody can gage.
It may be that I've sorted out the memories I can keep
And thrown the others away.

There's some who would say, "Just let him sit and decay",
But I really can't believe that it's true.
There's bits of yourself you always have to live up to
If only for a moment or two!

There's little time to spend sitting down,
When feeling good means moving around,
And I can't be blamed if I remember my name
And why it made me so proud.

There's some who would say, "Just let him sit and decay",
But I really can't believe that it's true!
There's bits of yourself you always have to live up to,
If only for a moment or two!

At my age I do as I choose,
And shouldn't need to make an excuse.
I know that you all feel a little famous inside
And I'm no different than you.
I know that you all feel a little famous inside,
And I'm no different than you.