

Song for the Elderly

The Axis of Awesome

The old man sits on my chair in the Lounge room
His face had seen years, his eyes had shed tears
He's been through a life time, his friends have all gone
He waits in the chair as I walk down the stair
He looks up at me and his face forms a smile
His eyes fill with light as he notices me
His body is ancient, yet he looks so happy
He opens his mouth and greets me with glee
I look at the old man, I smile politely, I shake his leathery hand
He gets to his feet and I look in his eyes
I open my mouth and address the old man:

How did you get in my house, old man?
I don't know who you are
You seem like a very sweet nice old man
But I don't know who you are

The old man laughs and calls me Tobias
He thinks it's a game when I say my real name
He asks how my wife is and how are my children?

I tell him I'm single, he laughs it away
He walks in the kitchen and he puts on the kettle
He asks me if I want some tea
I tell him okay and the water starts boiling
He fills up my cup and hands it to me

I'm sorry but that isn't milk, old man
I still don't know who you are
You put mayonnaise in my tea, old man
And I don't know who you are

The old stops, I think I've upset him
He puts down the tea cup, looks up at me slowly
And says: dear Toby, I hate those Japs
I wander up stairs and fetch him some trousers
He puts them on the usual way
He tells me that he doesn't know where he's
I say there's a room and the he can stay

You can live in my house, old man
I don't care who you are
You're pretty racist, but funny, old man
And I quite like who you are