

I wish I was Ninety again

Steve Randle (29th Nov 2015)

When I was a young chap of 72,
there wasn't a job I still couldn't do.
From tiling a roof to building a shed,
composing a poem, doing sums in my head.
Now people I meet, are surprised I'm not dead.

Oh I wish I was 90 again, I do, I wish I was 90 again.

Old age was OK in Methuselah's time,
when, at 90, a chap was just in his prime.
Now living so long is thought a disgrace,
I fart greenhouse gas and I'm taking up space.
I'm becoming a threat to the whole human race

Oh I wish I was 90 again, I do, I wish I was 90 again.

Before amyloid plaques start infesting my brain,
Should I jump off a carpark or under a train?
The word Euthanasia's on everyone's lips,
and SAGA is offering Dignitas trips.
So maybe it's time I cashed in my chips?

Oh I wish I was 90 again, I do, I wish I was 90 again.