

Growing Old

By Ray Fortune

When you start to feel your age
you have to learn to turn the page
and look for other things to do
than what you were accustomed to

You can no longer run and jump
it makes your heart, over pump.
A slow and steady measured pace
is what it takes to cover space

And napping comes quite naturally
An hour or two or maybe three
Will slip away in a comfy chair
it really helps the wear and tear

The sounds you used to hear so well
That singing bird or tinkling bell
Are heard but faint or not at all
Tis like as if they built a wall

And you have to wear a hearing aid
For which big bucks you will have paid
It really helps the sounds to hear
But still the words may not be clear

Remember when you danced all night
Came tripping home at first daylight
You'll never have that fun again
You'll tucker out at nine or ten

But there are things you still can do
With any luck you still can chew
And have a glass of wine or brew
They say it's even good for you.

And when your friends they visit you
You can spend at least an hour or two
Discussing on your latest pain
Or how your back is out again

But then you think of family
And what a joy it is to see
the kids and grans doing fine
Carrying on the family line

This pleasure only comes with age
When you have learned to turn the page
And found out what means most to you
You'll find in time that this is true.