

Bob Rivers, How It Feels (To Be Old)

Lately all the songs I write
Are slow and on the mellow side.

I used to stand on MTV,
But now they bring a chair for me.

Let me get a tube of ointment
Let's rub my achy joints,
And turn my hearing aid loud,
And throw Depends into the crowd.

This must be how it feels,
This must be how it feels,
To get old.

If I try to play hard rock,
It'd probably put me into shock.

Don't expect no big drum fills,
The drummer's lost his motor skills.

So let's get to the point,
I'm as mellow as the Doobies.

And when I head to the commode,
I just pray that I can go.

And this must be how it feels,
To be old.