

Dolour, Old Age

Old age barks louder everyday
an old woman's hands press lightly on my face
what's she want with such a little boy, with hands so cold?
youth keeps right on growing old

Is medicine all I need right now?
to quiet the storm my brain makes
If living my life, as time goes by..
Quietly takes your place
Is love really such a mystery?
will love set us free from all the grand-daddy clocks
shaking their fingers at me?
of all the kisses
why'd your lips have to turn so cold?
of all the heartbreaks
Why'd you have to go?

Is medicine all I need right now?
to quiet the storm my brain makes
If living my life, as time goes by..
Quietly takes your place.