

# Guardian, This Old Man

Gimme, gimme, gimme  
Remember me? 'Member me?  
This old man, he plays one on one  
He was your cool whip master, you were his B.C. son  
This old man  
He's got the smell of sin  
He's got the nature of sin  
He was your actual, factual old sin nature  
Mother praying, 'Jesus save the boy,  
Save him from the old man.'  
Got away  
Glory, Glory  
Up from the water, out of the grave  
Wearing a new man's clothes  
The old man's dragging the lake again lately  
What does he want?  
Mama, you don't suppose...  
This old man, he don't mind the gap  
He's like a subway rat  
He's crawling out of your past  
Out of the dark  
Little land shark  
Little predator scavenger  
Serving up sucker punch  
Flyweight, gonna eat your lunch  
This old man, he's flicking on the brights  
He's wanting squatter's rights  
He's gotta have his space in your face  
Get you reminiscing for the very years you wasted  
Every bitter fruit you tasted  
Gonna snare you in a stare-down  
Better to choke than breathe in your curse  
This old man, this old man  
Better to crawl than to ride in your hearse  
This old man, he plays seek and destroy  
He comes robbing my joy  
He's here spreading the rot  
Old man, don't you get it?  
What I've got's as good as gold  
Good as gold