Janis Ian, Sunset Of Your Life

She is too old to care
Why not just leave her there?
We'll se her once a week
If we have the time, we'll speak
This is the sunset of your life

The old ones like to claw and clutch
Be careful not to offer much
They understand the fist and crutch
Their skin like leather to the touch
This is the sunset of your life

The empty mile
the frozen face
the drooling child
humiliates

If I were you
I think I'd die
here in the sunset of my life

The long and lonely night
has just begun
This withered witch cannot be you

There will be no sun