

Jimmy Buffett, Growing Older But Not Up

I rounded first never thought of the worst
As I studied the shortstop's position
Then crack went my leg like the shell of an egg
Someone call a decent physician
I'm no Pete Rose, I can't pretend
While my mind is quite flexible
these brittle bones don't bend

[Chorus:]

I'm growing older but not up
My metabolic rate is pleasantly stuck
So let the winds of change blow over my head
I'd rather die while I'm living than live while I'm dead

Sometimes I see me as an old manatee
Heading south as the waters grow colder
He tries to steer clear of the hum drum so near
It cuts prop scars deep in his shoulders
That's how it flows right to the end
His body's still flexible but that
Barnacle brain don't bend

[Chorus]

So now don't get me wrong
This is not a sad song
Just events that I have happened to witness
And time takes it's toll as we head for the poll
And no one dies from physical fitness
That's how it goes, right to the end
As the days grow more complicated the night life still wins

[Chorus]

Let the winds of change blow over my head
I'd rather die while I'm living than live while I'm dead