

Pretty Things, Old Man Going

Old man going.

Hopscotch of life will lead you to the grave.
Wet faces line the street, they will not be saved.
Black house you've built it will soon disappear,
Another corporation dig this year.

Old man going.

Traffic thins as you drive slowly by,
A friend wipes a flower from an eye.
Streets filled with bouquets from a cloudy sky
They'll soon forget the field in which you lie.

Old man going.