

The Beautiful South, The Last Waltz

Don't feel bad if you wake up feeling suddenly old
More the realisation that you've let yourself be covered by mould
Age is not something you wrap up if you're feeling the cold
It's a laugh ten times harder at a joke eleven times told

Down to the churchyard, check out the vaults
Dig up the coffins, unscrew the bolts
No better reminder, no strong enough salts
To show this pitiful few that we've missed the last waltz

Don't feel bad if you're feeling past your sell-by date
Like the roller coaster ride slowed down to a serious debate
Oh the weather you tell them you're ready or whether you wait
Does someone place a hand on your shoulder you point the way to the gate

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You don't count the birthdays 'til you're out on your own
They come thicker and faster and too damn late to postpone
And wisdom's the last thing the scientists willing to clone
Science advances, maturity dances alone