

# The Cure, I Want To Be Old

I want to be old  
And creek by the fire  
I want to smell of rotting wood  
It's all I desire  
I want my joints to seize up  
I want my legs to ache  
I want my eyesight to fail  
I want my skin to flake  
To be old  
I want to be old

I want false teeth  
And not be able to chew  
I want to be senile  
A centigenarian fool  
I want lots of wrinkles  
Want my hearing to go  
I want to be ignored  
And I want to be slow  
To be old  
I want to be old