

Whitehouse, Getting Old

Whitehouse

Getting Old

If they took away the fears
And allowed us what we have lived
So that we could face our present
For our past was not too pleasant
Now there's little more that we can give

And after having done it all
As everyone must do for sure
We could find a few things free
And the prisoners i.d. would open every door

Maybe then getting old
Would be more reasonable
A milder thing, a longer lasting fling
Maybe then getting old
Would be a smooth gentle progress

A finishing bliss, an ending with a kiss

If we all lived among friends
Who at least once in a while
Would just pass some words around
And would let us make some sound
Not make us look senile

Maybe then getting old
Would be more reasonable
A milder thing, a longer lasting fling
Maybe then getting old
Would be a smooth gentle progress
A finishing bliss, an ending with a kiss