

# 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