

# Old Folks

## Ernestine Anderson

I don't know I'm born, I'm only young  
I don't have a choice, you know I'm only young  
I'm getting older, I'm getting smaller  
Everybody tells you, "you've got to walk taller"  
You did a war, and now you're poor  
And like your friends, you're gonna get it in the end  
You've heard it all before, you can't go on much more  
It's not like I think:  
The old folks are losers, they can't work computers  
They die in December time  
Can't put it off, you put it on, don't ever stop, it doesn't last long  
The younger folks they don't understand  
Back in the day, you're gonna get it in the end  
You've heard it all before, you can't go on much more  
It's not like I think:  
The old folks are losers, they can't work computers  
They die in December time  
Fall down for no reason, the churches are heaving  
The old folks they live their lives  
The old folks are losers, they can't work computers  
  
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Fall down for no reason, the churches are heaving  
The old folks they live their lives  
The old folks are losers, they can't work computers  
They die in December time  
Fall down for no reason, the churches are heaving  
The old folks they live their lives  
[Backing for last 2 verses]Same as everybody  
It's coming back to haunt me  
It's on all the time  
Sitting in the summer  
The days are getting longer  
They don't remember why  
A cost to everybody  
They're always sad and lonely  
They live their lives

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