Old Folks

Suntones

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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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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