

# This Old Man

## Guardian

Gimme, gimme, gimme, gimme  
Remember me? 'Member me? This old man, he plays one on one  
He was your cool whip master, you were his B.C. son  
This old man, he's got the smell of sin  
He's got the nature of sin he was your actual, factual old sin nature  
Mother praying, Jesus save the boy  
Save him from the old man, got away, glory, glory Up from the water, out of the grave  
Wearing a new man's clothes  
The old man's dragging the lake again lately  
What does he want? Mama, you don't suppose This old man, he don't mind the gap  
He's like a subway rat, he's crawling out your past  
Out the dark, little land shark, little predator scavenger  
Serving up sucker punch, flyweight, gonna eat your lunch This old man, he's flicking on the brights  
He's wanting squatter's rights  
He's gotta have his space in your face  
Get you reminiscing for the very years you wasted  
Every bitter fruit you tasted gonna snare you in a stare-down Better to choke than breathe in your curse  
This old man, this old man  
Better to crawl than to ride in your hearse  
This old man, this old man  
This old man, this old man Up from the water, out of the grave  
Wearing a new man's clothes  
The old man's dragging the lake again lately  
What does he want? Mama, you don't suppose This old man, he plays seek and destroy  
He comes robbing my joy, he's here spreading the rot  
Old man, don't you get it? What I've got is good as gold  
Good as gold, better than gold

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