

Sunset of Your Life

[Janis Ian](#)

She is too old to care
Why not just leave her there?
We'll see her once a week
If we have the time, we'll speak
This is the sunset of your life The old ones like to claw and clutch
Be careful not to offer much
They understand the fist and crutch
Their skin like leather to the touch
This is the sunset of your life The empty mile, the frozen face
The drooling child humiliates
If I were you, I think I'd die
Here in the sunset of my life The long and lonely night has just begun
This withered witch cannot be you
There will be no sun

Songwriters

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