Over the Hill

Loudon Wainwright III

Once you were a young man,
But now you are old - you're over the hill.
And you can't cross the palm of time's hand
With silver and gold to make him stand still.Who could have possibly thought
It would go so fast, but it certainly did.
And now you find yourself caught
With less future than past - you're no longer a kid.Once, as a boy, time weighed heavy on your hands -
You couldn't wait to be a man.Now you cry - oh, it's so hard to laugh,
And you can't understand why you can't turn time around.
Your hourglass once had a top half
That was filled full of sand, but it's all trickled down.

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