

# Rehearsals for Retirement

Mark Eitzel

The days grow longer for smaller prizes  
I feel a stranger to all surprises  
You can have them I don't want them  
I wear a different kind of garment  
In my rehearsals for retirement The lights are cold again they dance below me  
I turn to old friends they do not know me  
All but the beggar he remembers  
I put a penny down for payment  
In my rehearsals for retirement Had I known the end would end in laughter  
I tell my daughter it doesn't matter The stage is tainted with empty voices  
The ladies painted they have no choices  
I take my colors from the stable  
They lie in tatters by the tournament  
In my rehearsals for retirement Where are the armies who killed a country  
And turned a strong man into a baby  
No comes the rabble they are welcome  
I wait in anger and amusement  
In my rehearsals for retirement Had I known the end would end in laughter  
Still I tell my daughter that it doesn't matter Farewell my own true love, farewell my fancy  
Are you still owing me love, though you failed me  
But one last gesture for her pleasure  
I'll paint your memory on the monument  
In my rehearsals for retirement

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