

# Saga of the Ageing Orphan

## Thin Lizzy

Father and I waved goodbye  
As we went to look  
Uncle Peter was writing a book  
And his mama was starting to cook  
And she's aging We had come in search of one  
Who evades us all  
Never heeds the call  
If only someone could stall  
This aging So I'll go and hope and know  
That my time is near  
Laughing through the years  
Having only fears  
Of aging, of aging

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