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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