Rehearsals For Retirement

Phil Ochs

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 retirementThe 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 retirementHad I known the end would end in laughter
I tell my daughter it doesn't matterThe 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 retirementWhere 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 retirementHad I known the end would end in laughter
Still I tell my daughter that it doesn't matterFarewell 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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