

Birthday Carol

Todd Rundgren

I was born this very morning and my brother he was also born
In our first nine months we learned to speak
And we have been listening since early morn
I love no one but my brother who spent those months with me
I hate no one and no other has so far hated me
But it isn't yet the afternoon and things are still to be
And when evening comes we all will see
I am not very old and I won't live long
I was born this very morning singing this here song
Now I feel the worst for older people
Winding out their friendless hours alone
Seeing lives like plays at final curtain
Looking out to find everyone has gone home

Is there something I can pray to? Some offering I can send?
Or some ear that I can play to, to help him find a friend?
And maybe then redeem myself to keep me from that end
For the evening comes and who knows when
I am not very old and I won't live long
I was born this very morning singing this here song
Oh, my brother, where is our mother?
Is there no other to live together, to be our lover?
I am not very old and I won't live long
I was born this very morning singing this here song
And who knows when

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