

Old Folks

The Oriole Four

I don't know I'm born, I'm only young
I don't have a choice, you know I'm only young
I'm getting older, I'm getting smaller
Everybody tells you, "you've got to walk taller"
You did a war, and now you're poor
And like your friends, you're gonna get it in the end
You've heard it all before, you can't go on much more

It's not like I think:

The old folks are losers, they can't work computers
They die in December time
Can't put it off, you put it on, don't ever stop, it doesn't last long

The younger folks they don't understand
Back in the day, you're gonna get it in the end
You've heard it all before, you can't go on much more

It's not like I think:

The old folks are losers, they can't work computers
They die in December time
Fall down for no reason, the churches are heaving
The old folks they live their lives
The old folks are losers, they can't work computers

The old folks are losers, they can't work computers
The old folks are losers, they can't work computers
They die in December time

Fall down for no reason, the churches are heaving
The old folks they live their lives

The old folks are losers, they can't work computers
They die in December time

Fall down for no reason, the churches are heaving
The old folks they live their lives

[Backing for last 2 verses]Same as everybody

It's coming back to haunt me

It's on all the time

Sitting in the summer

The days are getting longer

They don't remember why

A cost to everybody

They're always sad and lonely

They live their lives

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