

That Old Song

[Richard McGraw](#)

If I lose all my muscle tone
and the flesh wraps too much around the bone,
will you still want to sing that old song
in the bed where you once lay alone? How many men must have pleased you dear,
for you to lose so many fears?
And I can't say my kingdom has come,
but if it has well it aint too much fun.
I wish I could spend some more time at home.
How many wounds did it take to make
me a mess and us a mistake? And if I lose all my sanity
will your ghost stop visiting my dreams?
Will the hungry beast finally be set free?
Will the thoughts of the end bother me?
Will the grace I need finally come and visit me?

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