

Greying

Mark Minelli

Out of my Mother, I came with a scream
And onto my feet, Rose with a scheme and
Under my Father, I learned how to move
And I move today, Like he taught me to
OooooBeside my sisters, I began to speak
Next to my brothers, I began to singAnd I got, Hair on my chest, (On my chest)
More on my face, (My face) Shadeless, Brown, then grey
And I got, Dirt on my hands (On my hands)
Blood in my veins that have, (In my veins) seen its fair share, share of sunny days (Sunny Days)
And I said, (Oooo) I will grow old, still
(Oooo) I will grow old, still
(Oooo) And I will grow old, stillSitting a long, I heard myself think
Amidst a crowd, So the bottom of a drain
Out in the country, I learned how to hunt
Deep in the city, I go after what I wantAnd I got, lines on my cheek (On my cheek)
Stretched out my neck, (Out my neck) I am not wise, But I am smarter now then then
And I got, A rhythm in my step (In my step)
Beat in my hear and I, (My heart) done all I can, and it is gotten me this far
And I said, (Oooo) I will grow old, still
(Oooo) And I will grow old, still
(Oooo) And I will grow old, still
Oooo stillBeside a woman, I took my first breath
Next to a lover, First found I could laugh and
Around a child, I first saw myself
In front of a mirror, I see someone elseAnd I got, A creak in my back (In my back)
A wheeze in my breath and o, (My breath) The days of my youth have not forgotten me yet
And I said, (Oooo) I will grow old, still
(Oooo) And I will grow old, still
And I will grow old, still
(Oooo) Still, still, still
Ooooo, still
O, still
(Oooo)

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