

Old Man Blues

Seasick Mama

The old man's goals
Are the old man's blues.
He sings from the heart
And serves it cold to you.

He's got those rusty hips.
He finds the time.
He sweats what's left
Tryin' to make a dime.

The old man's goals
Are the old man's blues.
He sings from the heart
And serves it cold to you.

Cus years have past
With little to show.
Papa's been cookin'
And he's ready for the door.
He's ready for the door.

You lost control of those fingers.
You lost control of that mind.
Your hair is long to remember.
You've left it all behind.

Lyrics submitted by No Shame.

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