

# If I Get Old

Elliott BROOD

Youthful hearts  
Get stretched along the road  
and buried under all they've come to know.  
Living fast  
'cause the wilderness won't last.  
These days just blow away into the past.  
If I get old I'm living easy.  
Find a nice old country home.  
Let the land do what she wants to.  
Leave her wild and overgrown.  
And when I'm sure my days are numbered  
    find a nice place in the fields  
and thank that little voice inside my head  
    for such good company.

When we got here we were young men  
    What we've done has made us old.  
Left is die out in these fields so far away from home.  
    And if I live to see the end  
I'm gonna make a brand new start  
    But I'll never be the same again  
    With my youthful heart.

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Lyrics submitted by Tom McC.

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