

## GOLDEN YEARS

Upon reaching sixty we are told  
You're sixty years young not sixty years old  
So put on a smile, wipe off those big tears  
You are entering my friend, those golden years

You're about to retire, a long thought about treasure  
With hours of contentment and days filled with pleasure  
No more work schedules, no on the job fears  
You are entering my friend, those golden years

During hours of leisure, you'll loaf about  
That this is the life, there is no doubt  
But fate is fickle and can easily shift  
Will let you down when you need a lift

The knees go bad, the back grows weary  
The eyes get weak and sight becomes bleary  
The chores that are planned with the rise of the sun  
Are still there at bedtime, they never get done

The children call up with a request  
Could you sit with the kids while we take a rest  
But the patience you once had is no longer there  
And by the time they return, you're pulling your hair

There is no longer a once a week pay  
And the money you saved keeps melting away  
The car breaks down, the furnace goes dead  
The money for vacation is used there instead

The politicians all tell us, the economy's great  
Money is available at a low interest rate  
Tax cuts are passed for the rich with the dough  
While the Income of us seniors remains frightfully low

Contrary to what the economists say  
Food prices keep rising day after day  
But forget these things, dispel all your fears  
You are after all in your golden years

So you stop and think, try to figure it out  
Where is that good life they all talk about  
Just open your mind and sharpen your ears  
And listen again to the fruits of the golden years

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