

When I get old and lose my grip
And can't remember what day it is
And when my hold begins to slip
And my effervescence has lost its fizz

When my only hair grows from each ear
And my memory's just a memory
When I don't connect with what little I hear,
.....Now what were we talking about?

Oh, right.

When dirt and I are about the same age
And my subscription lapses to "Modern Maturity"
When the Centenary Club considers me a sage
Because my grandchildren all are on Social Security

I'll still have a gleam in my one good eye
And my paper-thin heart will still bear a spark
And every so often I'll probably try
.....What did you say we were talking about?