

Hey old man in woman's shoes
I wonder if he knows I think he's crazy
When he was young did he have dreams
Of wearing woman's shoes and being crazy?

It makes me wonder when I grow to be that age
Will I be walking down the street begging for your spare change

Or will I grow that old?
Will I still be around?
The way I carry on I'll end up
Six feet underground
And waste away...

When the old man was in school
Did the golden rule make him go crazy
Or did he hide away from hopes
Behind a smile and smoking dope
It's crazy

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Or will I grow that old?
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Six feet underground
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It seems so frightening
Time passes by like lightning
Before you know it you're struck down
I always waste my time on my chemical emotions
It keeps my head spinning around
And waste away...

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