

## On Growing Older

Strawbs

The scarecrow stood with its head held high  
Admiring the view from the hill  
The waterfall scattered its glistening jewels  
As the heron stood gracefully still  
It seemed I looked without seeing  
I failed to grasp what I saw  
For all of Nature's beautiful gifts  
I blissfully chose to ignore.

As sandy beaches and soft swelling tides  
Invite the inquisitive young  
And caviar, oysters and pate de fois  
Invite the discerning tongue  
So comes the desire to be lost awhile  
In the depths of the forest glade  
Midst the cool deep greens where ancient oaks  
Cast wondrous spells in their shade.

And if sometimes I feel in retrospect  
A regret for the waste of my youth  
Then I pause to reflect that I still have time  
Before growing long in the tooth  
To achieve all the things that I should have achieved  
When idleness led me astray  
And being aware of what I have missed  
I'm extending my use of the day.