

## Age Like Wine

Corb Lund

Old timer, old timer  
Too late to die young now  
Old timer, five-and-dimer  
Tryin' to find a way to age like wine somehow

My new stuff is nothing like my old stuff was  
And neither one is much when compared to the show  
Which will not be as good as some other one you saw  
So help me, Lord, I know, I know

I am an old timer, old timer  
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Well I've met every fool who's ever signed his name upon these walls  
In the backs of all these beer joints and concert halls  
I've had seven managers, five labels  
A thousand picks and patch cables  
Three vans, a band, a couple guitar stands  
And cans and cans and cans of beer  
And bottles of booze and bags of pot  
And a thousand other things I forgot  
I thought that I'd be dead by now  
But I'm not

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