The Final Push to the Sum

Grandaddy

I never know their names
But I smile just the same
New faces, strange places

Most everything I see
Becomes a blur to me
And I'm wasted because
The fast pace is too much

And here at the final push to the sum
If my old life is done
Then what have I become?
What have I become?

Every now and then
Memories creep in
A breeze and blue skies
The trees and you and I

But that old life is gone
I guess that I've moved on
To new faces and strange places

Here at the final push to the sum
If my old life is done
Then what have I become?
What have I become?

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