

The Day He Turned Sixty-Five

John Conlee

The day he turned sixty-five
They gave him a solid gold watch
Threw him a party goodbye
Speeches and thanks a lot

Friends slapped his shoulder and said lucky
It sure must be nice to have nothing to do
And nobody noticed the tear in his eye
The day he turned sixty-five

He fought in the great world war
Lost a boy in Vietnam
Never drove anything but a Ford
Had a stubborn streak Ford sedan

Never ask anyone for one single dime
The national anthem sent chills up his spine
But something began feeling let down inside
The day he turned sixty-five

Hard work was something that he understood
He pulled his own weight and it made him feel good
He still awakens at six everyday
But most of the time he just feels in the way

The day he turned sixty five
He pulled out the old photographs
Stared at the wife by his side
And wished the Lord could give her back

And they could go fishing or simply hold hands
And do all the things the two of them planned
And she would have noticed the tear in his eye
The day he turned sixty-five

And he could have kissed the tear from his eye
The day he turned sixty-five