

## Epitaph

Judas Priest

The old man's sitting there, his head bowed down  
Every now and then he'll take a look around  
And his eyes reflect the memory-pain of years gone by  
He can't regain nostalgic dreams he'll never see again

With trembling hands, he wipes a tear  
Many fall like rain, there's one for every year  
And his life laid out so clearly now, life that's brought death  
So nearly now life once he clung to dearly now lets go

But spare a thought as you pass him by  
Take a closer look and you'll say  
He's our tomorrow, just as much as we are his yesterday

A lonely grave, and soon forgot  
Only wind and leaves lament his mournful song  
Yet they shout his epitaph out clear  
For anyone who's passing near  
It names the person lying here as you  
And you...and you...and you...