It was on a Monday morning, on a Dublin bus into town
That I offered up my seat to an old man so he could sit down
He smiled and said:
They don't make 'em like they used to
And there's no respect among the youth
For the older generation it's a sad sad revelation
What the world is coming to

So don't go wasting precious time Heed these words of mine

Life goes by in the blink of an eye
Then you're older, and it's over
Time will fly like a bird in the sky
So be bolder, cos your time is much sweeter than honey
More precious than gold, it's worth more than money
So don't wait until you're old
Youth is wasted on the young, sing the songs I wish I'd sung
Do the things I wish I'd done

Well, he told me of his childhood, his triumphs and his failures on the way Of his deep and boundless sorrow at the passing of his dearest wife Sinead Then he smiled and said:
Find someone who makes you laugh
And live each moment like your last

Say I love you every night, say I'm sorry when you fight And leave your anger in the past

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Then he pressed the bell and said farewell Rose up from his seat and then he said: Go and live your life my lad, I hope that my advice will serve you well

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