

My old man loves a slap at the pub
One hundred stiff down the plug
"It's just money," he says
"Can't take it when you're dead"
Fends off my disputes with a shrug
The sad thing dad is we all lag behind
With pokie machines and speeding fines
The bank of life says that we're all in deep debt
So moneys quite nice to have while alive
And we'll just exchange a judgmental gaze
While he slaps and I sip on my ciggie
His wallet's having as much fun, as the air in my lungs
It's as bad as him smoking them with me

Oh the age
Oh the ages

My old man loves a slap at the pub
Sticks to light beer, nicer on his gut
"It's better," he says
"Than headaches in bed
And it's winning me points with your mum"
So we'll just exchange an eye-level gaze
Before the taxi man gives him a call
"It's good to see you dad"
"You too possum, I'm glad to see that you're not smoking anymore"
I lie and walk around the block and light another one

Oh the age
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