

# This Old Man

Steve Harley

One, two, one, four

You gotta be a dreamer to unleash the inner man  
And always have a way to beat the guessing  
And if you couldn't swim, you had to do the best you can  
That's what I took to be his blessing

And though the water may be deep and cold  
He always pushes harder to be kind  
Yet on the morning after,  
When things have settled down

No words express what he knows  
No palette paints his hand  
No ordinary hero, this old man

Welcome to the carnivore who eats his fellow man  
Welcome to the land we call Britannia  
Where everybody needs the kinda guy that takes a stand  
You can't imagine life without him, can yer?

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He got a certain rhythm and a sympathetic smile  
He's always got a tale or two to hold ya  
He'll barricade the roads when others jump the stile  
He'll always be the one, the local soldier

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