

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 solider

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