

Getting Old

(Adapted from "Long Way to the Top" and "Get Over It")

You know you're getting old
When your blood pressure goes up and your dick goes down
Don't deny it, it's bloody oath true

You know you're getting old
When the pills make you happy
But you forget how to spell Viagra

You blame everything on your prostate.
"It's my prostate playing up," Doc
The Doc doesn't care
The Doc doesn't give a shit
The Doc says: "If you don't shit, you'll die"
It's bloody oath true
Get over it
Get over it
So don't forget to take that Movicol

You know you're getting old
When you forgot if you had Cupertino or Long Black for tea
But you remembered the nurse who popped the pills looked cute

You know you're getting old when you're
Gettin' robbed
Gettin' stoned
Gettin' beat up
Broken boned
It takes a long time to the top
If you wanna be an octogenarian

On your day outing
Hotel, motel
Make you wanna cry
Ladies do the hard sell
The bed is too hard and the sheilas are too ugly
Get over it,
Get over It

Gettin' old
Gettin' gray
Gettin' ripped off
Underpaid
That's how it goes
It takes a long time to the top
If you wanna be an octogenarian

You complain about every thing
Victim off this, victim of that
The dog is too fat and your cat is too thin
Get over it,
Get over it

You know you're getting old
When you don't want to work; you still want to live like a king
But the big, bad world doesn't owe you a thing
Get over it
Get over it

When they call you the Hunchback of Notre Dame
You show them the finger and they show theirs
You can't win
Get over it,
Get over it

When you're finally wheel chair bound
The Maxi taxi driver says he'll take you
But you got to pay him in cash
Get over it
Get over it

You know you're getting old
When the Ambo becomes your new SUV
The nursing home becomes your cul de sac
The hospital becomes your holiday home
And Centrelink becomes your dad

You know you're getting old
When you're constantly in pain
That bunion just won't go away
The cancer scare got you all worried
And the White Lady waves to you every time you drive pass her Parlor

You complain about the present and blame it on the past

All this bitchin' and moanin' and pitchin' a fit

You're getting old

You're getting old

So get over it,

Just get over it