Get Up and Go
So I eat a good breakfast and go back to bed.
Words collected, adapted and set to
original music by Pete Seeger (1960)
TRO (c) 1964 (renewed) Melody Trails Inc
, New York, NY

Chorus (and after each verse):
How do I know my youth is all spent?
My get up and go has got up and went
But in spite of it all I'm able to grin
And think of the places my get up has been.

Old age is golden so I've heard said
But sometimes I wonder as I crawl into bed
With my ears in a drawer, my teeth in a cup
My eyes on the table until I wake up.

As sleep dims my vision I say to myself:
Is there anything else I should lay on the shelf?
But though nations are warring and business is vexed
I'll stick around to see what happens next.

When I was young my slippers were red,
I could kick up my heels right over my head.
When I was older my slippers were blue,
But still I could dance the whole night thru.

Now I am older my slippers are black,
I huff to the store and I puff my way back.
But never you laugh; I don't mind at all,
I'd rather be huffing than not puff at all.

I get up each morning and dust off my wits
Open the paper and read the obits
If I'm not there I know I'm not dead