



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 a- ble to grin And think of the pla- ces my get up has been.



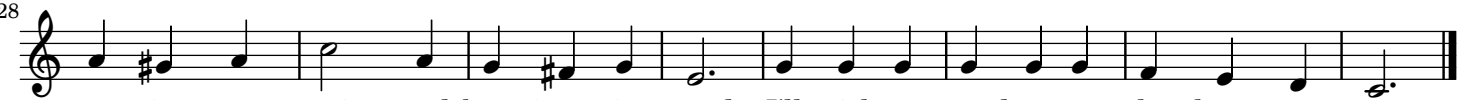
Old age is gol- den so I've heard said But some times I wonder as I crawl in- to bed With my



ears in a drawer, my teeth in a cup My eyes on the ta- ble un- til I wake up As



sleep dims my vision I say to my- self: Is there an- y- thing else I should lay on the shelf? But though



n- ations are warring and bus- iness is vexed I'll stick a- round to see what hap- pens next.