YOU'RE ONLY AS OLD

(Men's Verses)

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Now if you're knocking fifty I'll bet you a quid

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That your bodily functions don't work like they did

And to see yourself naked's a little depressing

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Though your skin fits OK it looks like it needs pressing

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CH: So don't think that fifty's the end of the line

A7

That you've run out of track and you've run out of time

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Cos as long as you've got both your ardour and zeal

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You're only as old as the woman you feel

Well round about fifty you might be concerned At the largish amount of your candle you've burned But the size of your candle don't matter a bit What's important is how long it burns once it's lit

And shortly you'll start growing hair once again From your armholes and earholes and holes I won't name And no-one's explained it and I've never read Why it grows down your nostrils but not on your head

When you were just twenty-one all your girl friends Used to say that you'd go like a Mercedes Benz Now they all say that your engine is slowing They start you by hand and jump on once you're going

(Women's Verses)

You've got lotions and potions and cream you've got grease to cover each wrinkle and crinkle and crease they fill all your cupboards from the front to the back you've got more oil reserves than the whole of Iraq

CH: So don't think that fifty's the end of the line
That you've run out of track and you've run out of time
Cos I've said it before and I'll say it again
It's not the men in your life, it's the life in your men

Well you must have had implants the odd tuck or two to keep the voluptuous shape that you do but too many face lifts and just as you feared you'll end up with a curly triangular beard

Some ladies at fifty may go so far as to give up the habit of wearing a bra it don't add to your style, it don't add to your grace but it pulls all the wrinkles from out of your face