Now That I'm Old....

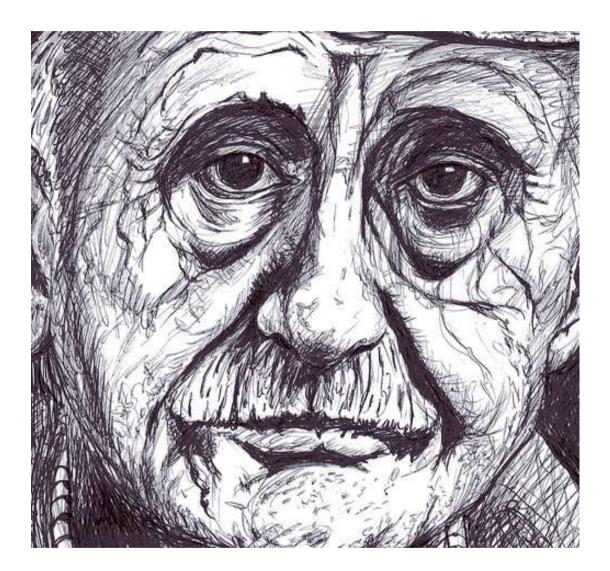
Words: Nigel Harbron Music: Robert Harbron



Now that I'm old I clearly see The way life's dealt my cards to me. Though I have lived three score and ten, I wouldn't live my life again. When I was young I thought that I'd Do just what I wanted till I died; But soon my dreams began to fade, So underground I plied my trade.

When first I found a girl to wed, I honestly believed the words she said. Soon I had to doubt her word As tales of her I overheard. Our first child died in infancy, The second (and the last) when barely three; But as by this time my wife had gone, All I could do was struggle on.

I worked for fifty years or more Except for the time I went to war. Now my body's racked with pain I'll never swing my pick again. I've just enough to see me through Until this world I bid adieu; But a guinea or two I'll need to save To keep me from a pauper's grave. And as you listen to my song, You might well ask where I went wrong. Often I think why it was so, But looking back, I do not know. But this I know - and know right well -That life on earth is just like hell; If there's a God in heaven above, I've yet to feel touched by his love.



Several years ago, Rob composed and recorded (with Emma Reid) a rather haunting tune by name of **Mercury**. I have hummed the tune to myself many times over the years, and suddenly came up with the first line of this rather depressing song. Interestingly, Rob thought that **Mercury** was quite a cheerful tune!

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