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Tired

I'm gonna pass the flag to younger hands
Make way for youth as Nature planned
Stop suckin' in my breath and just let my stomach sag
And let young strong hands pick up the flag

I'm gonna potter round my garden and tend my roses,
Spread compost around and watch as it decomposes
Spend three nights a week playin' pokies down at the pub
An apply to join my neighbourhood bowls club

Chorus:

For I'm tired of singin' 'We Shall Overcome'
I'm tired of always marchin' to a different distant drum
Tired of bangin' my poor head against brick walls
And tryin' to catch the flag every time it falls

I'm gonna walk my dogs every day for a few hours
When they stop to do their business I'll stop and smell the flowers
Read lots of books about dragons, orcs and elves
And this world and all it's troubles can just go to hell

I'm gonna pass the flag to some gilded youth
Who still believes in Santa Claus, freedom, justice, and truth
With lots of get up and go, young and strong and confident
'Cause my get up and go, well it just got up and went

Chorus:

For I'm tired of bein' the grey ghost at the feast
I'm tired of tryin' to finish my unfinished masterpiece
Tired of critics sayin' my use-by-date's expired
I'm knackered, stuffed and rooted, - I'm just plain tired...