

The Senior Citizen's Rag

Words and Music by Roger Alan Deitz

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Sally showed Sam that he was her man
 near fifty years ago
Sam never did say, but remembered the way it was
They laughed and they cried, the years they flew by
They never regretted a day
But now that they're old - their age is called gold
It's a different game they play

Sam remembered the ring that he couldn't afford to buy
The kids that grew up and the hundreds of jobs he tried
Now Sally was sad, so down in the dumps
 resigned to the troubles of age
This time Sam would, kneeling best that he could
Tell her that nothing's changed . . . he sang . . .

I am driven to older women that's true
That's why I say I'm in love with you
I love the way you talk, and the way you almost walk
I know it ain't right that your children don't write to you

I'd love to take you out for a walk in the park
But my teeth are all I take out after dark
And I don't care if your veins are blue
 I feel varicose to you
So let's both sing the Senior Citizen's Rag

"Tell me that you'll be my gray haired lover
Hurry I have little time to go
Don't sing to me of Junes and moons
 I'd rather have a bowl of prunes
I'd be your regular lover and how

Don't whisper those sweet nothings in my ear
For unless you shout, you know that I can't hear
And you can never dance the blues
 wearing orthopedic shoes
So let's both do the Senior Citizen's Rag"

Darling I am growing older, growing older day by day
And I find myself remembering all the sweet things you
would say
You told me you would always love me
 even when my hair turned gray
Well I'm giving you one last chance dear
Before they carry me away

I've been living with memories long enough
And I'd really like a chance to show my stuff
Don't you believe what you've been told
That you've gotten much too old
 And let's both do the Senior Citizen's
 Let's both act the way we did again
 Let's both do the Senior Citizen's Rag