

Thats How You Get Served When Youre Old - song lyrics

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THATS HOW YOU GET SERVED WHEN YOU'RE OLD

One day in the street, I just happened to meet
An old friend whom I'd not seen for years;
The old man looked sad, tho' to meet me was glad.
And his eyes, as we spoke, filled with tears.
I said, " John, be brief, what's the cause of your grief,
To me your misfortunes unfold."
Said he, " In poor me. you a sample may see
Of how a man's serv'd when he's old."

Chorus.

Each day growing older, I get the cold shoulder,
By youngsters thrust out in the cold,
Who jeeringly say that I'm in the Way,
That's how you get served when you're old.

I began as a lad. and a hard place I had,
Which I held for some forty-five years;
I've worked like a slave, yet no money could save,
And now I may starve, it appears.
What I've had to endure is hard I am sure,
Now, by the young master I'm told
I must no longer stay, but for others make way.
That's how you get served when you're old.-Chorus.

When young, I was praised and my wages were raised,
No labor I'd ever then shirk,
And master would then point me out to the men
As the one who best stuck to his work.
Now I'm feeble and weak, he'll to me hardly speak.
Unless it's to grumble or scold;
They simply make fun of what I have done,
That's how you get served when you're old.-Chorus.

My wife, poor soul! she is near seventy-three,
How to keep her from want I don't know,
If I beg, I intrude, and by p'lice are pursued,
And if to the work-house we go
To seek for relief, they but add to Our grief,
"You must come in the house," we are told,
Part husband from wife, to I'm paupers for life,
That's how you get served when you're old.-Chorus.