Intro: [F#m] [G] [A] [D]

I [D] rounded first never thought of the worst
As I [A] studied the shortstops position
[A7] Crack went my leg like the shell of an egg
Someone [D] call a decent physician
[G] I'm no Pete Rose, [F#m] I can't pre[G] tend
Though my mind is quite [D] flexible, these [A7] brittle bones don't [D] bend

Chorus:
I'm growing [D] older but not up
My metabolic [A7] rate is pleasantly stuck
Let those [F#m] winds of time blow [G] over my head
I'd rather [A] die while I'm living than [A7] live while I'm [D] dead

[D] Sometimes I see me as old manatee
Headin' [A] south as the waters grow colder
[A7] Tries to steer clear of the hum-drum so near
It cuts [D] prop scars deep in his shoulder
But [G] that's how it goes, [F#m] right to the [G] end
Though his body's quite [D] flexible, that [A7] barnacle brain don't [D] bend

Chorus:
(instrumental)

So [D] don't get me wrong This is not a sad song
Just [A] events that I have happened to witness
And [A7] time takes it's toll as we head for the poll
And no [D] one dies from physical fitness
So [G] what the hell, well take it [F#m] right to the [G] end
As the days grow so [D] complicated the [A7] nightlife still [D] wins

Chorus:
Let those [F#m] winds of change blow [G] over my head
I'd rather [A] die while I'm living than [G] live [F#m] while I'm [D] dead