

Over the Hill

Even though it is your birthday, it's no time to celebrate.
You're forty. That's an old sorry state.
Everyone is gathered here
To give encouragement and cheer
And sympathy about your dreadful fate.

You're over the hill. There's a long road ahead.
And its all downhill from here.
But don't be discouraged. You're not yet dead!
Though before you're through, you'll prob'ly wish you were.

You'll find life after forty is not lonely as before.
A new companion leaves you no more.
I don't want to get you down,
But every time you turn around
You'll find Grim Reaper camping at your door.

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And its all downhill from here.
But don't be discouraged. You're not yet dead!
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You'll see your waist grow thicker while your hair is getting thin.
You'll lose your teeth and gain a new chin.
Because you are getting old
Your brittle bones are growing cold
And spots and wrinkles will adorn your skin.

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And its all downhill from here.
But don't be discouraged. You're not yet dead!
Though before you're through, you'll prob'ly wish you were.