

Old and Tired

Old and tired my body feels, oh surely this cannot be real;
Recall can I just yesterday, all day I run all day I play,
Time is fleeting God said it so, mind says go! body says no!;
Hearing fading sight sees less, belly bulging Lord what a mess!
Old and tired my body feels, oh *surely* this cannot be real!

Old and tired my bones declare, memory fades as where oh where?;
Aches and pains please go away, for in that pain I often Pray,
Oh Lord I hurt in places deep, will You this body Grace to keep;
Hark! What pain in yonder breaks, old and tired is all it takes!
Old and tired my bones declare, memory fades as *where oh where?!?*

Old and tired and sleepless nights, oh surely this cannot be right;
Eyes are closed no sleep is found, eyes are closed hear every sound,
Get up old man and tire some more, sleep is hopeless moreover you snore!
Dreams are fleeting as if on cue, old and tired they laugh at you!
Old and tired and sleepless nights, oh *surely* this cannot be right;

The mirror is a place of fright, oh GOOD HEAVENS this can't be right;
That's not me in reflective pose, oh GOOD HEAVENS what a nose,
Wrinkles here and wrinkles there, oh GOOD HEAVENS where's my hair?!
Gobble-gobble under my chin, oh GOOD HEAVENS my dentures grin!
The mirror is a place of fright, oh GOOD HEAVENS *this can't be right;*

Old and tired and weary grown, age and wear yes have I known;
Standing up an Olympic event, standing straight no slightly bent,
Sprinting in my younger day, now sore knees to Humbly Pray!
O Lord let not this body fail, it's all I got I pray Thee tell!
Old and tired and weary grown, *age and wear yes have I known;*

I dropped a thing the other day, it took me hours to simply say,
'Hey lookey there down on the floor', what I dropped I need no more;
Because when old and tired grab hold, bending down an act so bold!
That fright sets in of getting up, O God how bile this bitter cup!
I dropped a thing the other day, it *took me hours* to simply say.

Old and tired, at 4AM, I struggle to hear the Voice of Him,
Not because my mind is gone, simply life feels like a stone;
Tied around the neck that pains, yet Hope still lingers, in small gains!
Getting old a cross to bear, I say to self, while in my chair;
Old and tired, at 4AM, *I struggle to hear the Voice of Him.*

Tired and old, the order is mute, for in that pair, old is cute?
Maybe me thinks or maybe not, getting old and tired is surely NOT!
The grandkids visit oh that is joy, old and tired oh boy oh boy!
I'll find the strength to play anew, these precious souls deserve their due!
Tired and old, the order is mute, for in that pair, *old is cute?*

I sit and wonder what day will be, the last time that I will clearly see,
My wife, my daughter, my grands so dear, old and tired I will call them near;
To say that I have loved them all, please don't weep, I hear the Call!
That takes me Home from this seeking place, the old and tired will fall by Grace;
I sit and wonder what day will be, the last time that I will clearly see.

Old and tired will be no more, for I have arrived on that Holy Shore!
My aching bones they ache not now, I've arrived to Life full on my brow;
If it is able for me to be, I'll miss them all my beloved family!
Yet, old and tired has no more claim, for where I live it is His Name!
Old and tired will be no more, for *I have arrived on that Holy Shore!*

One thousand years is one day now, old and tired, who *are* they NOW?
My loved ones loved have joined me Here, oh what a Glory we shed no Tear;
Time has no hold on us you see, for where we are we live fear free!
Of loss or age or time that strains, for now we live with Him who Reigns!
One thousand years is one day now, old and tired, who *are* they NOW?

Old and tired, what are those things? They hold no power in Heavenly Wings!
I think that I should hear these words more often now than I have ever heard,
To remind me that I am not bound to them, in strife in life in deed or word,
I'll stand and fight to the end of life, old and tired get out you strife!
You lie you lie you cursed things, You hold no power in Heavenly Wings!
And so I rise from my sitting place, I'd like to spat right in their face;
Old and tired, no quarter I give, as God gives life, I will live and live!
For you see my friends that feel so old, tell tired to flee, be bold be bold,
And friends that feel so tired all day, tell old to flee, you say you say!
For in a God we Trust in Christ, we shall never tire or age in Life,
Old and tired, what are those things? They hold no power in Heavenly Wings!
I sit and wonder what day will be, the last time that I will clearly see,
No more old and tired for me...

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