



Getting Older

Despite its obvious burdens, getting older does have its advantages: you no longer have to make things up from whole cloth; you need only sit down and report on what you have already lived through, seen, lost and finally come to hold dear.

I wish I knew just half the things
I used to swear to everyone I did
With that cheap veneer of ain't-afraid-of-nothing
That behind I safely hid
But loneliness and failures and true sorrow helped to peel
Layer after layer off that hard shell to reveal
Some humility that I found takes you places you can't get to being bolder
Wiser I don't know about
But I'm pretty sure I'm getting older

I've run my mouth so much
Hell, I can't hardly take my own voice anymore
It all sounds so familiar
Like I've heard it all a thousand times before
But even after all the words
And all my rambling on
Every time I think about some blessed loved one that is gone
I could fill a million pages
With a million things I wish to God I'd told them
Wiser I don't know about
But I'm pretty sure I'm getting older

It'll drop you where you're standing
When you grab onto that one paralyzing fact:
That there are probably less days waiting down the road
Than there are those you can't have back
So you try to neutralize that fear by making solemn vows
Swearing this and pledging that – for all I know it just comes down
To trying to make the most out of whatever little bit that you're still holding
And leave the rest where it already is – over your shoulder
And be forever grateful for the chance of getting older

Tony Arata Music (ASCAP)