

All My Friends

All my friends are growing old, they're growing old
Gainin' weight and goin' lame
Met an old friend, but he had all these wrinkles on his face
Hell, I could not recall his name

All my friends are gettin' weaker by the day
Not just their legs but in their head
This old gal was goin' on about her shingles or sciatica
I couldn't hear a word she said

[Bridge]

All my friends are slowin' down, they're slowin' down
Unlike me, they've gotten soft
Hell, I still get up every morning and I run around the block
I guess I musta nodded off

[Bridge]

All my friends are growing old, they're growing old
Gainin' weight and goin' lame
Met an old friend, but he had all these wrinkles on his face
I could not recall his name
I could not recall his name
Hell, sometimes I can't even remember my own name