

**Age Gracefully** - J.E.Moores © April 1996

---

G - 7XXXXX - A/5 :

I think this may become me  
I tend to age gracefully  
Slinging years behind me like a pack  
The past is packed up for the road  
Where there are people I am never alone  
I have gone but you can bet your ass I'll be back.

D - XXX433 - XXX675 - XXX787 :      ... XXX787 - XXX655

My first gray hair poked through  
When I was turnin' thirty-two  
A little wiser for the wear  
I shed a tear.

If I didn't know, at least I tried  
I'm only here for the ride  
I wouldn't take it, unless I thought it was mine.

Will the silver on my crown  
Earn me respect all around?  
My good deeds reflected  
Knowledge found - cradle  
Grandchildren on my knee  
Wearin' sweaters, sipping tea

Rockin' in the chair on the porch  
Sun is setting through the trees  
I look at that and some of these  
White of my hair - bright as a torch.