

OLD *not* BOLD

Think of the strut we used to walk
Think of the smack we used to talk

Back when we all were young and spry
When there wasn't much we wouldn't try

Remember when the wheels came up
We thought we were God not some puny pup

We yanked and banked and steamed the wings
And lived to lie about a thousand things

But time marches and takes its toll
The day has come for a mellower role

There are a couple of things you should know
About this gent that's moving slow

At times in dreams the burners light
And vivid soaring fills the night

Or I'm on alert the klaxon screams
I forgot my boots such stupid dreams

You're my wingman you're my lead
We did it all with a steely creed

It was magic it was then
Pity's the truth it can't be again

Hard to believe but apparently true
You allowed me to be One of You