

The Cure, I Want To Be Old

I want to be old
And creek by the fire
I want to smell of rotting wood
It's all I desire
I want my joints to seize up
I want my legs to ache
I want my eyesight to fail
I want my skin to flake
To be old
I want to be old

I want false teeth
And not be able to chew
I want to be senile
A centigenarian fool
I want lots of wrinkles
Want my hearing to go
I want to be ignored
And I want to be slow
To be old
I want to be old