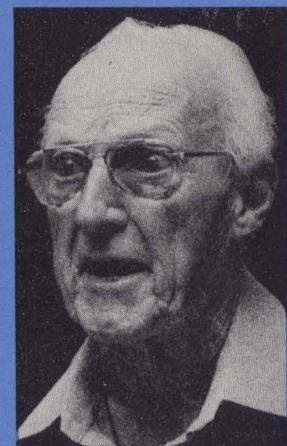
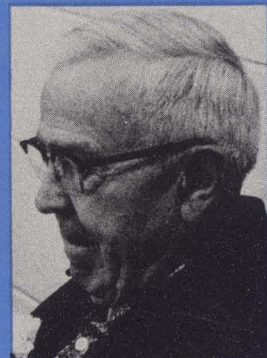
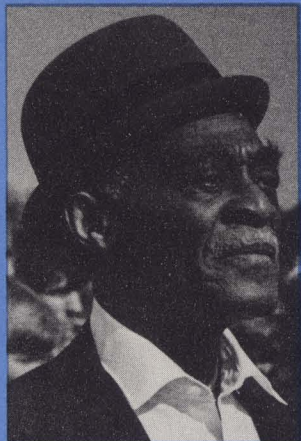
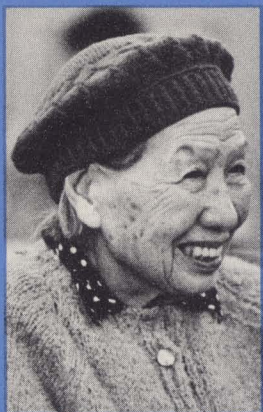
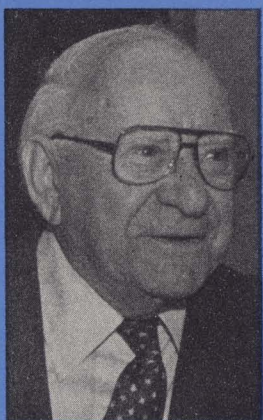
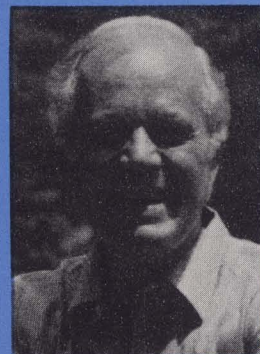
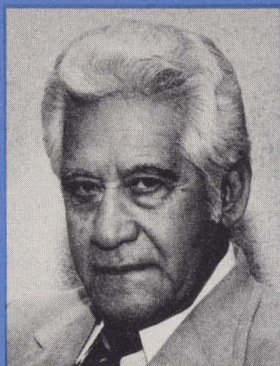
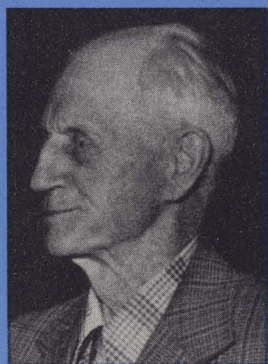


# OLD FOLKS AIN'T ALL THE SAME



Sung by JOE GLAZER and Friends



# OLD FOLKS AIN'T ALL THE SAME

Sung by JOE GLAZER and Friends

This album contains fourteen songs dealing with various aspects of aging—discrimination, loneliness, stereotypes, social security, wisdom, dignity, ageism, health, struggle.

We had a hard time agreeing on a title for this album. We rejected the following suggestions: *Songs for Seniors, Songs for the Golden Years, The Autumn of Life, Age Aggressively, Hanging in There*. Someone asked: "Can't we have a title that doesn't mention old people or age?" Well, *aging* is a fact of life (the alternative is not a happy one) and we did not propose to avoid the issue, since that's what this record is all about.

To make matters more complicated, we have the question: At what age do you become "old"? Some experts say an old person is someone who is 15 years older than you.

We decided to call the album *Old Folks Ain't All the Same*, the title of one of our songs, because the problem of stereotyping the elderly is one of our major themes. And finally, you don't have to be "old" to enjoy this song and all the others on this album.

Joe Glazer

## OLD FOLKS AIN'T ALL THE SAME

When I was in my twenties, getting close to thirty,  
I thought you were over the hill at age forty;  
But now that I'm fifty, pushing on to sixty,  
I've seen seventy year olds who're pretty frisky.  
I've seen them in the marathon with fast moving feet,  
And yet—I've seen others barely making it across the street.  
That's when I began to realize  
That old folks come in different conditions and sizes  
And shapes and situations.  
And I found out that Old Folks Ain't All the Same.  
They're not cranked out by a Xerox machine,  
Some are rich . . . lots are poor and plenty in-between,  
Some been married to number one forty years or more;  
And some are on number two, or three or four . . .  
And still looking for the right one to come along.  
Some listen to symphonies, some to pop,  
Some like Dixie and some be-bop;  
Some like waltzes, others like soul,  
And some of these old folks can rock and roll  
Or do the conga or the rumba or the jitterbug.  
But let's face it—some of these old folks have two left  
feet and can't dance worth a hoot.  
Some old folks are talkers, some quiet as a mouse,  
Some are smilers, others grump and grouse  
And when reminiscing about their youth,  
Some lie like hell while others tell the truth—  
"Now when I was your age I had to walk 12 miles  
through the snow—barefoot—to get to school.  
Yeah."  
Some are worn out at sixty-five,  
Others full of beans, like to jump and jive  
Take trips around the world—ramble and roam  
While others are like the Old Folks at Home . . .  
Sitting in the old rockin' chair,  
Thinking about the grandchildren,  
Sipping iced tea  
While watching some crappy show on TV.  
Some old folks don't eat much each day  
And some of them can really pack it away,  
French fries, big steak, medium rare,  
While others watch their diet with care—

Everything natural and organic  
No junk food, no sugar, no salt, no fat,  
But plenty of tofu and alfalfa sprouts, washed down  
with a great big glass of carrot juice.  
Some old folks are fat, some are thin  
And some have whiskers on their chin;  
Some eat rice and some like pasta  
Some play bridge and some canasta;  
Some go bare-headed and some wear hats,  
Some are Republicans, some Democrats;  
Some watch soap operas, some watch sports  
And some watch only the weather reports—  
Especially if they live in Florida or Arizona.  
They just love to hear that weatherman say:  
"A blizzard has just blanketed Chicago with  
fourteen inches of snow and New York City is  
paralyzed from a freezing rain which has caused  
hundreds of accidents in the heart of Manhattan."  
We've got old people who are record breakers  
History makers, movers and shakers;  
We've got old people who are over-achievers,  
World leaders, eager beavers . . .  
Pictures in the paper,  
Names in the history books,  
See 'em on the television  
Interviewed by Dan Rather and Barbara Walters.  
Then we've got old people spent a lifetime  
Working in a factory or down in a mine  
Worked hard every day, never made any news  
They did their jobs, they paid their dues . . .  
Raising their families,  
Making their contribution,  
Nothing sensational . . .  
Just helping to build the nation.  
Now the only point that I'm trying to make  
Is always remember for heaven's sake,  
Old folks are not made on the assembly line,  
They're as different as your mother is from mine.  
Each one has an individual name,  
And all old folks just ain't the same.  
For the only thing true of all old people . . .  
Is that they're old . . .  
But they sure ain't all the same.

This album (cassette tape also available) was made possible by a grant from the Villers Foundation to the Labor Heritage Foundation. Collector Records produced and will distribute the album/cassette on behalf of the Labor Heritage Foundation. The Villers Foundation, established in 1981, fosters fundamental changes in institutions and attitudes affecting the elderly. It seeks to facilitate public awareness and analysis of poverty among elders in America and to help empower them so that the government is more responsive to their needs.

COLLECTOR RECORDS, 1604 Arbor View Rd., Silver Spring, MD 20902

JOE GLAZER has been singing songs of social commentary for forty years. His voice and guitar have been heard in almost every state in the union and in sixty countries around the world where he interpreted American life in song and story. He has recorded more than twenty albums with songs about working people, social movements, politics, good times and bad times, and the strengths and weaknesses of American society. He has been called *Labor's Troubadour, the Political Minstrel* and *an agitator for all good causes*.

Album cover designed by Dorothy Fall  
STEREO  
P COLLECTOR RECORDS 1987 COLLECTOR 1942

## SIDE ONE

1. OLD FOLKS AIN'T ALL THE SAME — A Massachusetts' ice cream parlor has a "kiddies' menu for all kids under 10 and over 65." The title song of this record is aimed at this kind of nonsensical stereotype. Written by Joe Ames, Joe Glazer and Mike Nobel. (4:57)
2. MY GET UP AND GO—This song, made popular by Pete Seeger and the Weavers, reminds us that old folks are mature enough to poke fun at themselves and to joke about the ailments which often come with old age. Copyright by Melody Trails 1964. (2:56)
3. WHAT THE OLD FOLKS KNOW — *They've harvested the very field that we're about to hoe/ If we just knew what the old folks know.* Composed and sung by Phil Rosenthal. Copyright by Phil Rosenthal. (2:44)
4. FORTY TO SIXTY-FIVE — *I pray the Lord to help me these weary years survive/ The missing link that lies between forty and sixty-five.* This old country music song reminds us that age discrimination doesn't always wait until the "standard" retirement age of sixty-five. (2:28)
5. IDA MAE, IDA MAE — The Social Security Law was passed in 1935, but it was five years before the fund was built up enough to begin paying pension checks. The very first pension check was paid to Ida Mae Fuller on January 11, 1940. Composed by Joe Glazer. (2:15)
6. OLD AGE PENSION CHECK — *When the old age pension check comes to our door/ We won't have to dread the poor-house anymore.* The version sung here by Joe Glazer is based on a recording by Roy Acuff in 1939. (2:07)
7. NEVER GET SICK IN AMERICA — *Money goes quick in America/ If you get sick in America.* The United States is the only major industrial nation without a national health insurance program. The elderly know this better than younger folks (despite Medicare) because they get sick more often and can lose their entire life's savings with one illness. Written by Steve Jones. Sung by Steve Jones and Ann Schurman. (2:15)

## SIDE TWO

1. TOO OLD TO WORK — *Who will take care of you, how'll you get by/ When you're too old to work and you're too young to die.* This is a revised version of the song written by Joe Glazer in 1950 when workers were fighting to get company-paid pensions to supplement the meager social security benefits paid at that time. (2:24)
2. OLD TIME LOVERS — Mike Nobel's delightful song reminds us that many "elderly" may have more energy than a flock of teenagers. Composed and performed (piano and all voices) by Mike Nobel. Copyright by Mike Nobel. (3:07)
3. MY HAIR HAS TURNED GRAY — *I can't get employment, my hair it's turned gray.* This song (known as *The Banks of the Dee in England*) reflects the agony of the older coal miner thrown out of his job in the "olden days" in England. A beautiful rendition by Louis Killen, a master of the English ballad. (2:38)
4. HELLO IN THERE — A song about the loneliness too many old folks encounter. Written with remarkable sensitivity by a young John Prine. Copyright by Cotillion-Sour Grapes 1971 BMI. (2:50)
5. THE ACTIVITY ROOM — Composed by Ruth Pelham, an imaginative songwriter and performer in the Boston area. She knows how to get the elderly to rid themselves of self-pity and to break out of a self-imposed shell. Copyright by Ruth Pelham 1982. (3:17)
6. PEOPLE LIKE YOU — Si Kahn's moving tribute to the brave men and women who blazed the trail in the fight for social justice. Sung by Folkworks (Carol Hausner, David Sawyer and Saul Schniderman). Copyright by Joe Hill Music ASCAP 1979. (1:41)
7. SENIOR CITIZENS' BATTLE HYMN — This marching song tells us that retirees are organizing their brothers and sisters to preserve and improve their pensions, health care and quality of life. The Rev. John D. Lee of the Senior Citizens' Club of Los Angeles is responsible for getting these words around to senior citizens' groups. (3:34)

*Ida Mae, Ida Mae, Too Old to Work, and Old Folks Ain't All the Same.* Copyright by Joe Glazer.

THE PERFORMERS: Joe Glazer sings lead vocals, except where indicated above. Mike Auldridge on dobro; Phil Rosenthal on mandolin and guitar; Pete Kennedy on guitar, mandolin and bass; Steve Jones on guitar and piano. Produced by Joe Glazer for the Labor Heritage Foundation. The engineer was Ron Freeland.



# OLD FOLKS AIN'T ALL THE SAME

Sung by JOE GLAZER and Friends

## OLD FOLKS AIN'T ALL THE SAME

When I was in my twenties, getting close to thirty,  
I thought you were over the hill at age forty;  
But now that I'm fifty, pushing on to sixty,  
I've seen seventy year olds who're pretty frisky.  
I've seen them in the marathon with fast moving feet,  
And yet—I've seen others barely making it across the street.

That's when I began to realize  
That old folks come in different conditions and sizes  
And shapes and situations.  
And I found out that Old Folks Ain't All the Same.  
They're not cranked out by a Xerox machine,  
Some are rich . . . lots are poor and plenty in-between,  
Some been married to number one forty years or more;  
And some are on number two, or three or four . . .  
And still looking for the right one to come along.  
Some listen to symphonies, some to pop,  
Some like Dixie and some be-bop;  
Some like waltzes, others like soul,  
And some of these old folks can rock and roll  
Or do the conga or the rumba or the jitterbug.  
But let's face it—some of these old folks have two left feet and can't dance worth a hoot.

Some old folks are talkers, some quiet as a mouse,  
Some are smilers, others grump and grouse  
And when reminiscing about their youth,  
Some lie like hell while others tell the truth—  
“Now when I was your age I had to walk 12 miles through the snow—barefoot—to get to school.  
Yeah.”

Some are worn out at sixty-five,  
Others full of beans, like to jump and jive  
Take trips around the world—ramble and roam  
While others are like the Old Folks at Home . . .  
Sitting in the old rockin' chair,  
Thinking about the grandchildren,  
Sipping iced tea  
While watching some crappy show on TV.  
Some old folks don't eat much each day  
And some of them can really pack it away,  
French fries, big steak, medium rare,  
While others watch their diet with care—  
Everything natural and organic  
No junk food, no sugar, no salt, no fat,  
But plenty of tofu and alfalfa sprouts, washed down with a great big glass of carrot juice.

Some old folks are fat, some are thin  
And some have whiskers on their chin;  
Some eat rice and some like pasta  
Some play bridge and some canasta;  
Some go bare-headed and some wear hats,  
Some are Republicans, some Democrats;  
Some watch soap operas, some watch sports  
And some watch only the weather reports—  
Especially if they live in Florida or Arizona.  
They just love to hear that weatherman say:  
“A blizzard has just blanketed Chicago with fourteen inches of snow and New York City is paralyzed from a freezing rain which has caused hundreds of accidents in the heart of Manhattan.”

We've got old people who are record breakers  
History makers, movers and shakers;  
We've got old people who are over-achievers,  
World leaders, eager beavers . . .  
Pictures in the paper,  
Names in the history books,  
See 'em on the television  
Interviewed by Dan Rather and Barbara Walters.  
Then we've got old people spent a lifetime  
Working in a factory or down in a mine  
Worked hard every day, never made any news  
They did their jobs, they paid their dues . . .  
Raising their families,  
Making their contribution,  
Nothing sensational . . .  
Just helping to build the nation.  
Now the only point that I'm trying to make  
Is always remember for heaven's sake,  
Old folks are not made on the assembly line,  
They're as different as your mother is from mine.  
Each one has an individual name,  
And all old folks just ain't the same.  
For the only thing true of all old people . . .  
Is that they're old . . .  
But they sure ain't all the same.

## MY GET UP AND GO

Old age is golden so I've heard it said,  
But sometimes I wonder as I crawl into bed,  
With my teeth in a cup and my wig in a drawer,  
And I hope my glass eye doesn't roll on the floor.

As sleep dims my vision, I say to myself,  
“Is there anything else I must put on the shelf?”  
With my aches and my pains I'm bound to be vexed,  
But I'll stick around to see what happens next.

CHORUS: How do I know my youth is all spent?  
My get up and go has got up and went.  
But in spite of it all I'm able to grin,  
And think of the places my get up has been.

When I was young my slippers were red,  
I could kick up my heels way over my head,  
Then I got older my slippers were blue,  
Still I could dance the whole night through.

Now that I'm old my slippers are black,  
I huff to the store and I puff my way back.  
But never you laugh I don't mind at all,  
I'd rather be huffing than not puff at all. CHORUS

I get up each morning and dust off my wits.  
I open the paper and read the obits.  
And if I'm not there I know I'm not dead,  
So I eat a good breakfast and roll back to bed. CHORUS

*Copyright by Melody Trails, 1964*

## WHAT THE OLD FOLKS KNOW

By Phil Rosenthal

When I was a very little baby, mama told me son,  
Listen to the old folks, there's lots of things they've done.  
They've harvested the very field that you're about to hoe,  
If you just knew what the old folks know.

CHORUS: If we just knew what the old folks know,  
We'd have a better time of it as on our way we go.  
They've harvested the very field that we're about to hoe,  
If we just knew what the old folks know.

Grandpa was a foolish boy when he was young like you.  
The things folks tried to tell him—why he already knew.  
But through the years he learned a lot that turned his hair to snow,  
If we just knew what the old folks know. CHORUS

Now that I'm an older man with children of my own,  
I'll try to pass along to them the fruits of what I've sown.  
But though I've learned a thing or two I've got a way to go,  
If we just knew what the old folks know. CHORUS

*Copyright by Phil Rosenthal*

## FORTY TO SIXTY-FIVE

As I read the morning papers, I look the want ads through  
I thought perhaps that I could find some honest work to do.  
I know that I have never shirked the work assigned to me.  
But “young man wanted for the job,” was all that I could see.

CHORUS: Young man wanted, is all you hear today.  
Young man wanted, the old men cast away.  
I pray the Lord to help me these weary years survive  
The missing link that lies between forty and sixty-five.

I may get the old age pension if I see sixty-five.  
But I've so many years to go, how can I stay alive.  
When you reach the middle age, your useful days are through  
With young men taking all the jobs, there's nothing left to do.  
CHORUS

When this dreary life is ended and I am laid to rest,  
My weary soul will take its flight to mansions of the blest.  
Saint Peter then will welcome me the moment I arrive  
And I won't wait outside the gate until I'm sixty-five. CHORUS

*The Social Security Law was passed on August 14, 1935. But it was five years before the fund was built up enough to begin paying pension checks. The very first pension check was paid out on January 11, 1940 and it went to one, Ida Mae Fuller. Now, don't you think that deserves a song?*

## IDA MAE, IDA MAE

By Joe Glazer

CHORUS: Ida Mae, Ida Mae,  
Got her pension check today.  
She did a little jig, yelled whoopee,  
God Bless Social Security.

The mailman put that check in her hand,  
She was the first one in the land.  
Twenty-two dollars every month,  
Ida Mae don't you spend it all at once. CHORUS

She wasn't famous, didn't have good looks  
But she got into the history books.  
They put her name down 'cause she was number one  
Started something that's still going on.

Since that day in 1940  
Checks been rolling, Lordy, Lordy.  
In the footsteps of Ida Mae,  
Millions getting their checks today.  
Like Ida Mae, they're yelling whoopee,  
God Bless Social Security. CHORUS

*Copyright 1986 by Joe Glazer*

## OLD AGE PENSION CHECK

When the old age pension check comes to our door,  
We won't have to dread the poor-house anymore.  
Though we're old and bent and gray,  
Good times will come to stay,  
When our old age pension check comes to our door.

When our old age pension check comes to our door,  
Dear old grandma won't be lonesome anymore.  
She'll be waiting at the gate,  
Every night she'll have a date,  
When her old age pension check comes to her door.

Now when we get old we still can have some fun,  
Cause they passed the pension law in Washington,  
Snow white hair will be the rage,  
And old folks will tell their age,  
When our old age pension check comes to our door.

It happened right up there on Capitol Hill,  
When the Congress passed the Social Security Bill.  
Old folks will have a New Deal,  
They'll have old age sex appeal,  
When their old age pension checks come to their door.

*Based on a recording by Roy Acuff in 1939*

## NEVER GET SICK IN AMERICA

By Steve Jones

Never get sick in America,  
They give you the stick in America,  
Money goes quick in America,  
If you get sick in America.

I went to my doctor for advice,  
He saw Medicare and charged twice.  
I said that it's hurting right here;  
“First, let's see your wallet, my dear.”

I like to be on Medicare,  
OK by me on Medicare,  
Everything free on Medicare,  
As long as you're healthy on Medicare.

I had a medical care plan,  
Now my job has moved to Thailand.  
I'll be OK I'll be just fine,  
I'll plan to stay healthy all the time!

Never get sick in America,  
They give you the stick in America,  
Cause if you're sick in America,  
You better die quick in America.

Congress is passing lots of laws,  
Good for the rich and for the boss.  
If it is more than you can stand,  
Better get rid of Congressman.

We got to fight in America,  
To get our rights in America,  
For a good life in America,  
We got to fight in America.

## TOO OLD TO WORK

By Joe Glazer

You work hard for a living until you get old,  
And sometimes they push you right out in the cold.  
When your working time's through you don't want charity,  
You'd like to retire with some dignity.

CHORUS: Too old to work, too old to work,  
When you're too old to work  
And you're too young to die,  
Who will take care of you  
How'll you get by  
When you're too old to work  
And you're too young to die.

You don't ask for favors when your work is through,  
You've got a right to what's coming to you.  
Sometimes your retirement check is so small,  
That one little shopping trip swallows it all. CHORUS

I've heard them called “golden”—those retirement years,  
But too many old folks are haunted by fears.  
But I hope and I pray for that glorious day  
When folks who retire will no longer say. CHORUS

*Copyright 1950 by Joe Glazer*



## OLD TIME LOVERS

By Mike Nobel

I love playing music for them old-time lovers,  
They can turn on like they were in their teens.  
They call 'em old fogies, but Lord can't they boogie  
And they wore a whippersnapper out of me.

While traveling throughout the land,  
Singing in a rockin' band  
I realized I'd never make it big.  
So I said goodbye to rock and roll,  
Lonesome nights on the road,  
I headed home to play a solo gig.

I got me an agent name of Bob,  
He set me up in an easy job,  
A Senior Citizens' Singles night.  
I walked in on wall-to-wall,  
Grandmas and grandpas  
Waiting in the ballroom lights.

Then I started playing music for them old-time lovers,  
I kept it nice and slow and easy does-it.  
I didn't want no heart attacks,  
Busted hips or twisted backs,  
Or grannys falling down on their duffets.

Well, the old guy who runs the show,  
He spun around and he hollered "Yo,  
Young feller, who are you trying to coddle?  
Now lemme lay it in your lap,  
Son, we ain't here to take a nap,  
Turn up your amp and open up your throttle."

I said, "You mean," he said, "That's right,  
Look at me, I'm still alive  
And so are the rest of these here retirees.  
I'll make a bet, here's my hand  
That you can't wear us out, my friend  
Now get on down, it's time to boogie."

So I started playing music for them old-time lovers,  
Like a Rockin' Billy Joel or Elton John  
Their white hair flying and their false teeth smiling,  
They tore that place apart until the dawn . . .  
We did the Beer Barrel Polka, Let Me Call You Sweetheart,  
Tennessee Waltzin' all night long.  
And would you believe they went nuts over Elvis  
And crazy for New Wave songs.

Well, my hands began to swell and ache  
But no way could I take a break  
Them codgers wouldn't slow down a fraction.  
That old shark had won his bet,  
I was ready for the vet,  
I needed me some hot tea and traction.

So, with sweat ringing down my back  
I cried, "Have mercy Jack  
You win, I can't go on."  
Then he gently laid a hundred dollar bill on my piano  
I said, "Alright, just one more song."

Yes, I love playing music for them old-time lovers  
They can turn on like they were in their teens.  
They call 'em old fogies  
But Lord can't they boogie  
And they wore a whippersnapper out of me.

*Copyright by Mike Nobel, 1986*

## MY HAIR HAS TURNED GRAY

(The Banks of the Dee)

*This song from Great Britain comes from the days when coal owners could manipulate the men's wages and cut them when the men earned "too much." Anyone earning above the county average was clear proof that the wage rates were too high!*

Last Saturday night by the banks of the Dee,  
I met an old man, in distress I could see.  
I sat down beside him and to me he did say,  
I can't get employment for my hair, it's turned grey.

I am an old miner, aged fifty and six  
If I could get lots, why I'd raffle my picks;  
I'd raffle them, I'd sell them, I'd hoy them away,  
For I can't get employment—my hair it's turned grey.

When I was a young lad I was just like the rest.  
Each day in the pits I'd do my level best.  
If I got a good cavil I'd be hewing all day,  
Now at fifty and six my hair has turned grey.

Last Wednesday night to the reckoning I went,  
To the colliery offices I went straight fornenst;  
I'd got my pay packet, I was walking away  
When they gave me my notice, 'cause my hair it's turned grey.

Now all you young fellows it's you that's to blame.  
If you got good places you'd do just the same;  
If you got a good price man, you'd hew it away,  
But you're bound to regret it when your hair it turns grey.

For I am an old miner, aged fifty and six.

If I could get lots, why, I'd raffle my picks;  
I'd raffle them, I'd sell them, I'd hoy them away,  
For I can't get employment 'cause my hair it's turned grey.

GLOSSARY: hoy—throw; lots—bids; cavil—piece of work;  
fornenst—immediate

## HELLO IN THERE

By John Prine

We had an apartment in the city,  
Me and Loretta liked living there.  
It's been years since the kids have grown,  
A life of their own . . . left us alone.

John and Linda live in Omaha  
And Joe is somewhere on the road.  
We lost Davy in the Korean war,  
And I still don't know what for,  
Don't matter anymore.

CHORUS: You know that old trees just grow stronger  
And old rivers grow wilder every day.  
Old people just grow lonesome  
Waiting for someone to say . . . hello in there . . . hello.

Me and Loretta, we don't talk much more,  
She sits and stares through the back door screen.  
Now the news just repeats itself  
Like some forgotten dream that we've both seen.

Some day I'll go and call up Rudy,  
We worked together at the factory.  
What could I say if he asks what's new,  
Nothing . . . what's with you  
Nothing much to do . . . CHORUS

So if you're walking down the street sometime,  
And you spot some hollow, ancient eyes,  
Please don't just pass 'em by and stare,  
As if you didn't care . . . say hello in there . . . hello.

*Copyright by Cotillion-Sour Grapes 1971 BMI*

## THE ACTIVITY ROOM

By Ruth Pelham

Would you like to play bridge and have a nice cup of tea  
In the morning, Mrs. Abrams?  
We're starting out at ten,  
Mrs. Iltis and Flora Hazelton.  
What we need is a fourth cause Ida Yancey's not here,  
She's at her sister's in New Jersey,  
So Mrs. Abrams will you play,  
Whaddaya say.

Well, I haven't played bridge since my husband died,  
It's been a while, Mrs. Riley.  
I can barely remember the rules,  
I'm really rusty and I know I'd feel like a fool . . .  
But . . . since you asked I could give it a go,  
Mrs. Iltis has a book, she'd lend it I know,  
So Mrs. Riley, it's tea at ten . . . see you then.

Woud you like to play pool in the tournament,  
We could be partners, Mr. Gaffney.  
There's a game that starts at two,  
Mr. Sheen and Ted Fine against me and you.  
Yes, you're my pick, you bank 'em in every time,  
We could each win a trophy.  
So Mr. Gaffney will you play,  
Whaddaya say.

I like to catch a few winks in a snooze at noon,  
I get so tired, Mr. Rosen.  
And there are times when I'm so stiff  
I can barely keep a-hold of the darn cue-stick.  
But . . . since you asked, it doesn't feel like rain,  
Last night I slept great with the pink pills for the pain,  
So Mr. Rosen I'll see you at two,  
We'll take 'em on, me and you.

Would you like to play horn in the orchestra,  
You'd be terrific, Mr. Lopez.  
We're tuning up at three,  
Your friend Hal Hirsh'll play the tympany;  
We'll play some Gershwin and Brahms and some J.S. Bach,  
Can you even believe, we're gonna try a little pop and some rock,  
So Mr. Lopez, will you play . . .  
Whaddaya say.

My lip is not in shape, my horn is worn and old,  
It's at my brother's, Mrs. Malcolm.  
My sight reading's awful slow,  
It's been years—I'd hold you back, I know.  
But . . . since you asked, I could just stop by,  
I could sit in for a while, if you need me,  
So Mrs. Malcolm I'll see you at three  
For some DO RE, I'll even bring my brother with me  
To the DO, RE and thanks for asking me to do the DO, RE MI,  
MI, DO RE MI.

*Copyright by Ruth Pelham 1982*

## PEOPLE LIKE YOU

Old fighter,  
You sure took it on the chin.  
Where'd you ever get the strength to stand,  
Never giving up or giving in.  
You know, I just want to shake your hand—because . . .

CHORUS: People like you  
Help people like me go on, go on,  
Because people like you  
Help people like me go on, go on.

Old battler,  
With a scar for every town.  
You thought you were no better than the rest;  
You wore your colors every way but down,  
And all you ever gave us was your best—but you know that . . .  
CHORUS

Old dreamer,  
With a world in every thought,  
Where'd you get the vision to keep on.  
You sure gave back as good as what you got.  
I hope that when my time is almost gone . . . they'll say that . . .

FINAL CHORUS: People like me  
Helped people like you go on, go on.  
Because people like you  
Help people like me go on, go on, go on.

*Copyright by Joe Hill Music ASCAP 1979*

## SENIOR CITIZENS BATTLE HYMN

We've reached the age of sixty-five, our golden years are here;  
They tell us at that age we'll start a happy new career;  
And now our Uncle Sam becomes our permanent cashier  
As we go marching on.

CHORUS: Glory, glory, Hallelujah—Glory, glory, Hallelujah  
Glory, glory, Hallelujah—As we go marching on.

Our Social Security checks each month from Baltimore are sent;  
We buy a little food and use the rest to pay the rent.  
And after that we're stony broke and left without a cent  
As we go marching on. CHORUS

And as for checks from Medicare, will someone tell us how  
They always find some doctor bills that they must disallow?  
And dental costs, though very painful, they wholly disavow!  
As we go marching on. CHORUS

When they changed Coca Cola, I found no cause to disagree  
If they want to change Pepsi-Cola, they'll get no complaint  
from me  
But they better not change the COLA that is my security  
As I go marching on. CHORUS

But first of all, let's thank the Lord that we are still alive;  
The dreams we have may still come true when we are  
ninety-five!  
So please, Dear Lord, give us the strength our troubles  
to survive,  
As we go marching on. CHORUS

*The following note was on original copy of this song: "No one knows who wrote the words of this song. Like Topsy it 'just grew' and changed with each singing. I have given it a name, added a few words and changes of my own. Rev. John D. Lee. THE SENIOR CITIZENS CLUB at THE ANGELUS PLAZA, Los Angeles, California. Tel. (213) 617-3432. Affiliated with National Council of Senior Citizens." Joe Glazer obtained the song from the National Council. This version slightly revised by Joe Glazer. Third verse is by him. M1985*

*This album/cassette was made possible by a grant from the Villers Foundation to the Labor Heritage Foundation. Collector Records produced and will distribute the album/cassette on behalf of the Labor Heritage Foundation. The Villers Foundation, established in 1981, fosters fundamental changes in institutions and attitudes affecting the elderly.*

For additional information, write to COLLECTOR RECORDS,  
1604 Arbor View Rd., Silver Spring, MD 20902