

Over The Hill (Hooray for Our Side)

We're over the hill but don't feel sad
This side of the hill ain't all that bad.
So give us "five" and then a smile
To us who have been here for a while.

With by-pass pain and mended hip
And plumbing fixtures prone to drip,
We all may seem a sorry lot.
But we rejoice for what we've got.

We have each day and what it brings
And on our pensions live like kings.
For the press that accuses what we take
To coin a clause, "Let them eat cake."

We've paid our share for unused knowledge
As the kids are now all done with college.
We complain to them about our health
As they worry about our dwindling wealth.

And though our wardrobes may be plain
We'll suffer no more labor pain.
Now it's with cane we do our strut
And if we can't drive we still can putt.

We're mean and tough, meet all demands,
Why, M&M's melt in our hands.
Yes, we're still here, and it does delight us
That you join our fight against arthritis.

But we ask you make a pledge today
That you'll be careful what you say.
We have to spread "Over the Hill" fear
Or we'll have those young folks over here.