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Note: We plan on having a free mp3 of this song on our website by March 15.

Aging is a One Party System

By the time you read this, my music partner Lou and I will have played at a Not-My-President's-Day show at the Ohio Tavern in Madison. No doubt the oldest performers there, and maybe the oldest people in the whole place, I decided we needed a special geezery song to sing. This is a quickie, but it was fun to write.

After singing this a few times, it dawned on me that the song is really non-partisan. I don't consider myself non-partisan, but I think subconsciously I didn't want specific issues to interfere with the struggle my generation is having as we age to motivate ourselves to protest, no matter what our political leanings.

THE BOOMERS ARE RISING AGAIN

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Arise you old timers and velcro your shoes
Come crone and old codger there's no time to lose
Old fogey and duffer and biddy and grouch
Come grampa and grandma get up off of the couch

'Cause The Boomers are rising again
The Boomers are rising again
Our bones are suggesting we ought to be resting
But the Boomers are rising again

We'll stagger and thump thru the land of the free
Like ogres we'll trudge toward the powers that be
They'll see us approach and recoil in dismay
(as) The Geezer Apocalypse shuffles their way

And The Boomers are rising again (x2)
Our bunions are wishing we'd stop and go fishing
But the Boomers are rising again

We'll oil up the wheelchair and polish the cane
And ready our speech for a world gone insane
We'll dust off our signs from the marches of yore
Oh yes we have signs; we have done this before

And The Boomers are rising again (x2)
Our tendons are whining we should be reclining
But The Boomers are rising again

We'll strap on our oxygen, pack up our meds,
And hop on a bus to the land of the feds
They'll stop & take heed when we lurch off the bus
Cause most of the bastards are geezers like us

And The Boomers are rising again (x2)
Our blisters are pleading we should be home reading
But the Boomers are rising again

Tho we may be wielding a menacing crutch
We're mostly non vi'lent I'll tell you that much
But they should beware as we're catching our breath
That given the chance we can bore them to death

And the Boomers are rising again (x2)
Our kids are supposing we'd rather be dozing
But The Boomers are rising again

And if we're too feeble to flop out of bed
And seek a less physical protest instead
We still have our fountain pens all full of ink
And cursing in cursive looks good don't you think?

And the Boomers are rising again (x2)
These confounded marches are hard on our arches
But the Boomers are rising again

When death clips the wings of old buzzards like me
The Geezer Apocalypse has a plan B
For when the Grim Reaper slows down our attack
The Zombie Apocalypse picks up the slack

And the Boomers are rising again (x2)
Oh bury me upright and leave me a flashlight
'Cause the Boomers are rising again

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