

# Jimmy Buffett, Growing Older But Not Up

I rounded first never thought of the worst  
As I studied the shortstop's position  
Then crack went my leg like the shell of an egg  
Someone call a decent physician  
I'm no Pete Rose, I can't pretend  
While my mind is quite flexible  
these brittle bones don't bend

[Chorus:]

I'm growing older but not up  
My metabolic rate is pleasantly stuck  
So let the winds of change blow over my head  
I'd rather die while I'm living than live while I'm dead

Sometimes I see me as an old manatee  
Heading south as the waters grow colder  
He tries to steer clear of the hum drum so near  
It cuts prop scars deep in his shoulders  
That's how it flows right to the end  
His body's still flexible but that  
Barnacle brain don't bend

[Chorus]

So now don't get me wrong  
This is not a sad song  
Just events that I have happened to witness  
And time takes it's toll as we head for the poll  
And no one dies from physical fitness  
That's how it goes, right to the end  
As the days grow more complicated the night life still wins

[Chorus]

Let the winds of change blow over my head  
I'd rather die while I'm living than live while I'm dead