

# Spent Youth

traditional (music by Pete Seeger)

*F* *F* *C* *C*  
How do I know my youth is all spent?  
*G* *G7* *C* *C*  
My get-up-and-go, has got up and went  
*F* *F* *C* *C*  
In spite of it all, I'm able to grin  
*G* *G* *G7* *C*  
When I think of the places get-up-has been

*C* *C* *G* *G*  
Old age is golden; I think I've heard said  
*G7* *G7* *C* *C*  
But sometimes I wonder as I crawl into bed  
*F* *F* *C* *C*  
My ears in a drawer, my teeth in a cup  
*D* *D* *D7* *G*  
My eyes on the table until I wake up

*C* *C* *G* *G*  
As sleep dims my vision, I say to myself  
*G7* *G7* *C* *C*  
Is there anything else I should lay on the shelf?  
*F* *F* *C* *C*  
But nations are warring and business is vexed  
*G* *G* *G7* *C*  
So I'll stick around to see what happens next

When I was younger, my slippers were red  
I could kick up my heels right over my head  
When I was older my slippers were blue  
But still I could dance the whole night thru  
Now I am 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  
I get up each morning and dust off my wits  
Open the paper and read the obits  
If I'm not there, I know I'm not dead  
So I eat a good breakfast and go back to bed