

A happy retirement song  
(written for Dave Hill)

They say when you retire the best years are to come  
Growing old disgracefully is so much fun  
Early mornings disappear now work is done  
Over the hills' not far away  
One look in the mirror and its plain to see  
There's wrinkles now in places not seen previously  
One look at your hairline spells out tragedy  
Over the hill's not far away

But over the hill please don't despair  
Through loss of teeth and loss of hair  
And a prostate the size of County Clare.  
Over the hills not far away

Loss of hearing at your age, well pardon me  
If I've said it once I've said it bloody endlessly  
The static on your hearing aid plays Radio Three  
Over the hills not far away  
Your teeth are turning yellow and your eyes are spent  
The need for stronger spectacles is evident  
That's not fizzy water it is Steradent  
Over the hills not far away

But over the hill please don't despair  
Through loss of teeth and loss of hair  
And a prostate the size of St Nazare.  
Over the hills not far away

There's passes on the trains and prescriptions free  
There's places you can visit Goole and Withernsea  
And bingo on a Friday what fun it will be  
Over the hills not far away  
You can ditch the suit and tie now you don't need the wage  
Not get dressed till teatime, you can be your age  
Get your clothes at Greenwoods and make sure they're beige  
Over the Hills not far away.

But over the hill please don't despair  
Through loss of teeth and loss of hair  
And a prostate the size of Finisterre.  
Over the hills not far away