

50 OR OLDER

By John Lipinski

Way down south, there is a club that caters to a special crowd,
Looks like an ordinary crowd, but its members there are somewhat proud.
There's a click and it's plain to see, no reservations, we aren't high-browed
You might see a hearing aid or three, and raised voices can sometimes get too loud

Are you 50 or older, we don't allow no kids in here
And we dance cheek-to-shoulder, and still whisper softly, in your ear
We have pensions, we're stockholders, and don't intend to ever nurse one beer
Even so, we might stay sober, our kind of place and we belong here!

We paid our dues, our share of taxing, we still believe in the American dream
We have this place for relaxing, and still subscribe to Field & Stream
Our Veterans volunteer a-plenty, some disabled, we're an awesome team
And all of us are over 50, but we don't lack for self-esteem

Are you 50 or older, we don't allow no kids in here
And we might card you, think it over, them are the rules, this is the last frontier
We play poker, we're card holders, get lost for days, now we could disappear
Come home whenever, we get bolder, this is the Keys, and we belong here

We don't fight, we're hand holders, we know Jesus, we know parrot-heads
We have investments in a folder, to save our money for retirement, instead
of complaining 'bout the system, we never worry, there's no change in sight
Most of our Presidents were 50, can be a member any time they like

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Even so, we might stay sober, our kind of place, and we belong here
We don't have to think it over, this is our place, and we belong here!