

Three old men

Three old men, crouching on the ground
Three old men, looking but can't be found
They lost it long ago, a secret that they kept
Lost it long ago, forgotten where it's at

Three old men, so stiff they can't get up
Three old men, asking for some help
They need to get up, for dinner's waiting
The table's set, the guests already sitting

Three old men, finally arrive
They can't seem to see the forks or knives
Wonder what the celebration could possibly be
They've forgotten it's their day, they're all 93

Three old men, eat their final meal
Three old men, can no longer deal
With the pains of age and they've finally agreed
Today's the last day on earth, going to seed

Buried in the ground, trees for tombstones
The oak and maple, birch as if to atone
The ground so fertile with those old men's remains
The trees stand tall we can't remember their names

But if three old men, can make the world better
Three old men who could barely keep it together
They planned it all and now stand tall
Three old men, their trees shall never fall.