

## **My Old Dog**

My old dog and I are quite alike.  
We do not move as well as we used to.  
Our joints are stiff, our limbs are weak.  
We are content to rest more than to do.

My old dog and I are very much alike;  
We both prefer to bask in the sun.  
And we don't move so well anymore,  
We had rather sit in the shade than run.

My old dog and I dream of the past.  
We recall when we were more curious.  
We wandered the fields, looking,  
Seeking, hunting, and seldom serious.

Now we watch the clouds in the sky,  
And we scratch an itch if we have to.  
That's about all we can do now,  
And we seldom want anything to do.

We don't travel very far any more.  
We're too old to move very fast.  
Still, we remember the good times,  
When we were young, back in the past.

My old dog and I are quite alike.  
Lazing around now is our notion of fun,  
Thinking of all the good times we had,  
As we grow older basking in the sun.

Bury the two of us together, if you will.  
We'll mosey across the Great Divide,  
Seeing what we can see, two old ones  
Who've lived their lives quite satisfied.

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