

## The Old Man

See the old man sitting all alone,  
Staring out into who knows where.  
Do you wonder what his thoughts are?  
Of lost youth, daring deeds, sea faing,  
Or of grand adventures, sights so rare.

Perhaps he was in one a Great war,  
Serving his country and its proud flag.  
Perhaps he recalls a long gone mate  
Who is gone, and he is all alone;  
And all he can do is to sit and wait.

See the old man scratch his head, just so,  
And reach for the newspaper at his side.  
He looks a moment, nodding all the while,  
Thinking, perhaps, of some past event  
Which pleases him, for there is a smile.

I walked over and sat down beside him.  
Then, as he turned and looked me over,  
I thought about what I could say.  
But before I could say a single word,  
He spoke, "Why don't you just go away?"

See the old man sitting all alone,  
Staring out into who knows where.  
I do not wonder what his thoughts are,  
Of lost youth, daring deeds, sea faing,  
Or of grand adventures. I don't care.

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