



No More (Grandma's Song)

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I can't breathe. Something's wrong.
My chest is all tight inside.
There's something going on.
I'm so tired. I don't mean to whine.
Actually I feel pretty good.
I guess it's finally my time.

Don't cry my child. I'm just on my way
'Cause I'm old and I'm tired and I don't want to stay
Here no more.

Things got pretty boring at 93.
First they took away my car
And my ability to be free.
At 97, I can barely walk.
And if you ask me a question, well,
I'll just give some messed up gibberish talk.

So don't cry my child. I'm just on my way
To a place where I can run and play.
Don't cry my child. I'm just on my way
'Cause I'm old and tired and I don't want to stay
Here no more.
No more.
No more.

Remember to live your life.
Remember to live your life,
My beautiful child,
Oh my beautiful child.