

Nifty Fifty Birthday Blues

For James the Elder

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Well, way back in nineteen-sixty-two, John Kennedy was still president, a first-class stamp cost four cents, and you could buy a new Ford Fairlane for \$3,000.

John Glenn orbited the earth in Friendship 7, the Beatles made their first single, the Beverly Hillbillies and Andy Griffith dominated television, and a new guy, Johnny Carson, took over as host of the Tonight Show.

The first "Cape Fear" movie aired, the first K-Mart and Wal-Mart stores were born, Marilyn Monroe died, and pantyhose first became available in America. Garth Brooks, Jodie Foster, Evander Holyfield, Tom Cruise, and Jon Bon Jovi were born. And in Pender County, North Carolina, so was a kid by the name of James Pickett.

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Well, it's one, two, three, four, the years go by
Five, six, seven, eight, time does fly,
Growin' up tall in my tennis shoes,
I got the nifty fifty birthday blues.

Nine, ten, eleven, how the years go by,
Twelve thirteen, now it's junior high
Gotta keep up, if you snooze you lose,
I got the nifty fifty birthday blues.

Fourteen, fifteen, the years roll by
Sixteen, seventeen, how time does fly
Speedin' down the road, no time to lose
I got those nifty fifty birthday blues.

Eighteen, nineteen, the years roll by
Twenty, twenty-one, and my, oh, my,
Legally partaking of beer and booze—
I got the nifty fifty birthday blues.

Twenty-two, twenty three, the years roll on
Twenty-five, twenty-nine, all long gone,
Let me just assure you that I've paid my dues,
I got the nifty fifty birthday blues.

[**slower**] Thirty-nine, thirty-nine, the years stand still.
Thirty-nine again, and I think I will
Just hold right here this side of the hill . . .
But I got a lot of life to live so I'll just choose
To get those nifty fifty birthday blues.

