

As I Grow Old © 2014, Cynthia R. Crossen

In a place as strange and new as this, **A**
I come from icy bones, I come from **A**
Winter's bitter kiss, **E**
And in the twinkling of a turning, **E**
Feel the surging green of spring's almighty bliss, **D - A - E**
And I am all of this, I am all of this, **E7**
In a place as strange and new as this. **D - E - A**

In a place of crumbling, tumbling down,
Weary years, and all I've carried,
Laid down on the ground,
And in the silence of the stopping,
Hear the wood thrush has been singing all along,
It's such a crazy song,
Such a crazy song,
And I can't say that anything is wrong.

It hurts like hell, the old has got to crack, **D**
Don't know why it's so, **D**
So many things you thought you knew **A**
Have just got to go, **A**
Tender are the leaves, the bursting shoots **E - D**
Have to break through, they've got to grow, **A - E**
I don't know why it's so, **E7**
Don't know why it's so, **E7**
How can I be growing young as I am growing old? **E7**
Growing young as I grow old. **D - E - A**