**GERITOL GYPSY** (Peter Krug)  
  
When I get old and my head turns grey  
I know for sure where I don't want to stay  
At Leisureville or an Old Folks' Hoax or a condo by the sea  
When my work is done and my kids are grown  
And my time at last is all my own,  
I know just the life I want for me  
  
***Chorus: I want to be a Geritol Gypsy, drive an RV ten yards long  
I want to roll on down the Interstate, just singing a highway song  
I want to be a Geritol Gypsy underneath the open sky  
I want to be a Geritol Gypsy till I die.***  
I want to ramble round from town to town  
You never know where I might be found  
At a KOA or a roadside rest from Maine to Mexico  
So pump me forty gallons, bub,  
I want to roll with the Good Sam Club,  
Wherever the highway takes me, I want to go! ***Chorus***  
  
Oh, you won't find me in a rocking chair  
On the old park bench, I won't be there  
No, I'll be sitting in the pilot house of a tin chateau on wheels  
In the mountain morning, in the desert night  
A ramblin' Grandad, doin' all right,  
Yes, I want to know just how the wild goose feels ***Chorus***  
  
For so many years I've been so bored  
But soon I'll reach my just reward  
From the IRA and the pension plan and the Social Security  
But the long hard pull at last is done  
And, dammit, I'm gonna have some fun  
A ramblin' renegade grandpa, that'll be me. ***Chorus***