



Warning Poem Lyrics

When I am an old woman I shall wear purple
With a red hat which doesn't go, and doesn't suit
me.

And I shall spend my pension on brandy and
summer gloves

And satin sandals, and say we've no money for
butter.

I shall sit down on the pavement when I'm tired
And gobble up samples in shops and press
alarm bells

And run my stick along the public railings
And make up for the sobriety of my youth.

I shall go out in my slippers in the rain
And pick flowers in other people's gardens
And learn to spit.

You can wear terrible shirts and grow more fat
And eat three pounds of sausages at a go
Or only bread and pickle for a week
And hoard pens and pencils and beer mats and
things in boxes.

But now we must have clothes that keep us dry
And pay our rent and not swear in the street
And set a good example for the children.
We must have friends to dinner and read the
papers.

But maybe I ought to practise a little now?
So people who know me are not too shocked
and surprised

When suddenly I am old, and start to wear
purple.

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