



## TOO POOR TO RETIRE

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My life is in its twilight  
With dusk not far behind  
My whole life I've been hard at work  
And I'd like to ease my mind

I labored in a hospital  
The pain and sick to ease  
And the years have taken a fine toll  
On my lower back and knees

I have a dream I'm resting  
My feet up by a fire  
To forget it might be the best thing  
I'm too poor to retire

Thirty years at New Haven  
Thirty years and more  
Thirty years I gave them  
And they showed me the door

Well the pension that they gave me  
To reward my servitude  
One hundred ninety dollars  
Don't you think that was downright rude?

My family they said to me  
Come on and stay with us  
I've always pulled my own weight  
I hate for them to fuss

So now I need a new job  
Before my savings do expire  
Looks like I'll keep on working  
I'm too poor to retire