

## **My grandpa got smart too late (Igor Dunderovic aka Yngvar Dundervik)**

My grandpa died 95 years old  
At the end he got all shrunked, and bold  
He lived three wars, he built three homes  
How he survived, no one knows

He got three wounds, each 4 inches wide  
Each war he fought for a different side  
He says that they never really let him choose  
He never knew if he win or lose

### *Bridge:*

When the war is done and you start all over  
And you don't think you can sink no lower  
They make you think that good times are coming  
But they are just coming, they never get here

### **REF:**

**All that hard work, gone up in smoke  
My grandpa used to say  
Cause once a war came, no matter win or loose  
All he ever built was swept away**

Even if my soul wasn't covered in pain  
My memories in blood, and my mind in rage  
I would have money and I could go to Spain  
And what would I do there at this age

I could sit in a shade drink Coronas with lime  
Watchin' ladies and theirs breasts and bottoms bounce  
It's late, I'm 95 and playing garbage time  
I look forward to eternal hunting grounds

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