

LIVIN' ON TAPIOCA

(Tune: Livin' La Vida Loca)

Revised lyrics © Paul Finkleman

We've got our addictions, pain-killers and Geritol
We get into positions, where we might have a fall....
"Help! I've fallen and I can't get up!"

We need medications at our nursing home
We've got constipation, bad breath and brittle bones

Once we took our clothes off and went dancing in the rain
They called the orderlies to put our clothes back on again
'cause we love to go insane!

Outside, inside, we all waltz and do the polka
just a bunch of clownish local older folk
Skin with liver spots the brownish colour mocha
Can't chew solid food, so we eat tapioca
polka until we croak-a, livin' on tapioca.

One woman's very pretty,
though she is 89
I can't see her, what a pity
'cause I am going blind

When we drink our water we pretend that it's champagne,
But when it's tapioca time you won't hear us complain
Cuz we dance away our pain

Outside, inside, we all waltz and do the polka
just a bunch of clownish local older folk
Skin with liver spots the brownish colour mocha
can't do much about the fact that we'll soon croak-a
so we waltz and polka
livin' on tapioca.

A few of us are senile and the rest are feather-brained
But before we take our sleeping pills to put us out of pain. . .
we dance and go insane!

Outside, inside, we all waltz and do the polka
just a bunch of clownish local older folk
Skin with liver spots the brownish colour mocha
just don't want to live a life that's mediocre

Outside, inside, we all waltz and do the polka
just a bunch of clownish local older folk
Skin with liver spots the brownish colour mocha
can't worry much about a heart attack or stroke-a
so we waltz and polka livin' on tapioca.

livin' livin' livin' on tapioca.
livin' livin' livin' on tapioca.
gonna dance 'til the day I croak... aaagh.