

C G
 I look in the mirror and what do I see
 C G
 Who,s that old geezer staring at me?
 B7 C
 I don,t remember, growing this old
 A7 D7
 It just seemed to happen, all on its own

C G
 And those pretty girls, they just pass me by
 C G
 I can,t button these old jeans as hard as I try
 B7 C
 I could despair and moan my fate
 A7 D7
 But as long as I,m breathing, it,s never too late!

Chorus:

G D
 Cause I,d rather be Over than Under the Hill
 C G
 Well, a wrinkle or two, it ain,t no big deal
 B7 C
 I know it might look, like I,ve been thru the mill
 A7 D
 But I,d rather be Over than Under the Hill

C G
 The story of my life is written on my face
 C G
 I wouldn,t change a thing, or take another man,s place
 B7 C
 Cause no matter how I look, or think that I should
 A7 D7
 In five years I,ll wish that I still looked this good!