

# Azey Geyn di Yoren

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## *Azey geyn di yoren*

It's us now growing old  
And finally seeing what we've always known  
That our parents would grow feeble  
Their memories dim and fade  
And in the end we all must walk alone.

## *Azey geyn di yoren*

We visit family graves  
And leave a little pebble on each stone  
We invite the dear departed  
To the *simkhas* we will hold  
As if they still were flesh and blood and bone.

We look through dusty albums at our family photographs  
The faces look so happy and so young  
Early chapters of a story whose ending's always sad  
Because of what they'd been and then become —

## *Azey geyn di yoren*

The women cut and sew  
The cotton shrouds in which the dead will lie  
We wear nothing to the grave  
That says who and what we were  
It's jokes and stories we're remembered by.

## *Azey geyn di yoren*

The old men at the Y  
Their lockers echo with the give and take  
They stand naked at the urinals  
And watch the waters swirl  
And never tire of the joke they make —

Azey geyt di yoren.