

Geriatric Rap

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I'm the meanest senior delinquent of my assisted living home
Behind my walker, the wards I roam
It's about respect
I don't take to neglect.

I beat down a blue-haired lady with my cane
And lifted her coumadin as she cried in vain
Maybe I'll sell it back to her,
Or some other medicare sucker.

To the coronary ward I pimp my caregiver,
Old fools croak and we split the toke:
Watches for grandchildren
And med soup for us to smoke.

A cut of all pain-killers for my pipe
But if a wimperly elder has a gripe
Or an old lady's portion she suspends
I'll put wasabi in their depends.

I got rhythm.
I got Parkinsons
I have respect
But right now I have the runs.