

I didn't get up to go play in the snow.

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The air was too cold, the sun was too bright
My hands would get wet, then cold, don't you know.

I was but seven, and knew in my soul
it would snow again before I got old

I didn't get up to play in the yard.
I loved touch football, but today it was too hard.

I would get all sweaty. I would get all muddy.
I would play tomorrow. I would play with my buddy.

I didn't get up to go to the rock concert.
The music was loud and the crowds were too bouncy.

I didn't get up to go to the game.
Tailgates were dirty and the beer was expensive.

I didn't get up to go to work.
My Uncle would take care of me, so what was the point?

I didn't get up to go out to eat.
I sat on the couch and watched TV
I ordered delivery, it was easy, don't you see.

I didn't sit up to read a book. It had become too heavy for me.
The light was too low, my eyes were too dim,
my mind was too slow, to read don't you see.

I didn't get up and didn't get up
even though the things to do became easier and easier.

Finally, I didn't get up at all.
The air was too thick to breathe. My blood was too heavy to pump.
I didn't get up so I laid there and died.

In my last moment, I told myself
It had all begun that day long ago
When I didn't get up to go play in the snow