

# The Autobiography of a Pentagenarian

## CHORUS

*Turning fifty. Oh! turning fifty is fun.  
I hope you'll agree when you look hard at me  
That turning fifty is fun.*

Well right from my birth some folks thought I looked queer.  
"I suppose he's all right for the time of the year!"  
But it's fine on the inside. I'm happy in here!  
And now that youth's left me I won't shed a tear.

At four-and-a-half years, I started school young,  
But missed it quite often through weakness of lung.  
From Wagga to Red Hill my schools were far flung,  
And despite them I found my own song to be sung.

Mum did the right thing. I was brought up a mick.  
But try as the nuns might, it just wouldn't stick.  
At "Prayers Before Meals" I was not very quick,  
And when I turned twenty it all got the flick.

I went to uni to do chemistry.  
I'd seen Sumner Miller perform on TV.  
But I found that maths was the right thing for me.  
Still, most of my friends think it's strange as can be.

Then I met Helen. My fate was secure.  
With all of my failings she seldom gets sore.  
"He hates phone calls and writing, his memory is poor,  
And after we married turned vego what's more."

After nine years of work on our nuptial fling,  
We thought it was time to have some offspring.  
But with nerves all in tatters, we then knew what matters,  
To sleep through the night was a glorious thing!

Years come and years go, now we've got children three,  
And childbirth remains a great wonder to me.  
When I talked of a third, Helen said "That's absurd!"  
But I got my own way with our family tree.

Going part-time was a great thing to do,  
And post midlife crisis I live life anew.  
With coaching and juggling and time at the school,  
I now do my maths in the evening till two.

When I came to the Co-op, I knew "This can't be wrong!"  
My children can come here to find their own song.

But in my final season, I've found the true reason.  
The kids were just lucky, 'twas for me all along.

And now as my fifth and best decade I close,  
(Just ignore that the hair on my head thinly grows.)  
New pleasure and joy awaits this old boy.  
Ever the optimist, everyone knows.

I've lived my life by a plain rule of thumb,  
"When I don't know the words, I still try to hum."  
I could go on for hours, but this song is sung.  
Though this is the last verse there's lots more to come.

Brian Davey  
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