

THE THIRD AGE BLUES

Ana looks out the window
With a cup of coffee
It's her daily routine
She likes to see the day dawn
She leads a spartan life
With just her welfare pension
But she feels lucky
To share with others

She was born in the middle of the twentieth century
She's part of my generation
The one that fought against the tide
Against the father and tradition
She became inured to the barricades
She joined the insurrection
She's a self-declared feminist
And a supporter of passion

But in her heart
She feels the third age blues
A subtle sting
Of nostalgia
Called loneliness

She sees her reflection in the glass
Her beauty lies in dignity
She repeats the mantra of advice
Never give up Ana
And she thanks life
The sadness will not pass
Until the end of the game
She still has dreams to dream

When in her heart
She feels the third age blues
A subtle sting
Of nostalgia
In the music she will seek
A spell to conjure the month of April
A talisman, a shield
Against the loneliness
Of the third age