

# GROWING UP

Jason A, Heald 1/04

**Ballad**

The musical score is written in treble and bass clefs with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It consists of three systems of music. The first system (measures 1-4) is a piano introduction marked *mf*. The second system (measures 5-8) includes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment, marked *mp*. The third system (measures 9-12) continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment, marked *p*.

*mf*

*mp*

*p*

1

5

5

9

9

Mol-ly tells me I've be-gun to lose my hair. She says to

find more peace and qui-et, put more fi-ber in my di-et. I just smile and tell her I don't care. That to me

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13 *cresc.*

it's all the same if it all floats down the drain. Less sham - poo with ev-ery clean - ing, less time comb-ing, less time preen-ing. But I'm

13 *cresc.*

17 *f*

scared, a - fraid of grow-ing old, A - fraid of be-ing told that I'm not the man she'd hoped that I'd be -

17 *mf*

21 *mf* *cresc.*

come. Why are days of youth are wast-ed on the young? The dark of mid-dle age can

21 *mp* *cresc.*

25 *f*

be so cold. In - stead of grow-ing up, I'm grow-ing old.

*mf*

29 *mf*

Mol-ly tells me I've be-gun to put on

*p*

33

weight. She says my waist-line is ex-pand-ing and the strain is too de-mand-ing on my heart. I just tell her it's O.

37 *cresc.*

K. if I bal-loon a coup-le si - zes and it ha - stens my de-mise. It's such a small price to be paid for all my

41 *f*

sed-en-tar-y ways. But I'm scared, a - fraid of grow-ing old, a - fraid of be-ing told that I'm

41 *cresc.* *mf*

45 *mf*

not the man she'd hoped that I'd be - come. Why are days of youth are wast-ed on the young? The

45 *mp*

49 *cresc.* *f*

dark of mid-dle age can be so cold. In - stead of grow-ing up, I'm grow-ing old.

*cresc.* *mf*

53

I still long for her ap-prov - al, with a need to please her more. And if on - ly she could look at me and

53

57 *mp*

touch me the way she did be - fore. Mol - ly told me that my eyes would start to fail. She said I'd

57 *p*

61 *mf*

see to near per-fect-ion with the right pre-scribed cor-rect-ion. Now I smile, and whis-per I still care, as I see

65 *cresc.*

the green lawns roll-ing to the gran - ite slate that show-ing her name with dates and flow - ers. It's a life that once was ours. Now I'm

65 *mp* *cresc.*

69 *f*

scared. A - fraid of grow-ing old. with - out her hand to hold and lead me through the lone-ly nights to

69 *mf*

73 *mp*

come. A sin-gle day with-out her leaves me numb. The light that warmed my life has

73 *p*

77

left me cold. In - stead of grow-ing up I'm grow-ing old.

77

81

81