

Eighty

To old age

These eyes they may be 80, but they think they're 22
reminds me of the days, when I wore a fancy shoe

though now I'm old and ugly, I recall the handsome man
So young and strong and horny, with my skin a golden tan

Now I'm pretty wrinkly, and I miss my big white teeth
Still I'm not quite ready, to be covered with a wreath

I hear about Viagra, but it wouldn't help me none
I'm just no longer interested in fathering a son

My bladder's getting weaker, it's embarrassing to pee
And now I can't remember, where I put my cup of tea?

By David Jacobson, LCSW

President: Humor Horizons

4745 S. Paseo Melodioso

Tucson, AZ 85730

520-370-2203

dj@humorhorizons.com

<http://www.humorhorizons.com>
