

I'm Awfully Well for the Shape I'm In

Written by Administrator

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There's nothing whatever the matter with me, I'm just as healthy as I can be. I have arthritis in both of my knees, And when I talk, I talk with a wheeze. My pulse is weak, and my blood is thin, But I'm awfully well for the shape I'm in.

Arch supports I have for my feet, Or I wouldn't be able to walk on the street. Sleep is denied me night after night, And every morning I look a sight. My memory is failing, my head's in a spin, But I'm awfully well for the shape I'm in.

The moral is, as this tale we unfold, That for you and me who are growing old, It's better to say, "I'm fine," with a grin, Than to let them know the shape we're in.