

I'm Fine Thank You

*There is nothing the matter with me,
I'm as healthy as I can be.
I have arthritis in both 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 be on the street.
Sleep is denied me night after night,
But every morning I find I'm alright.
My memory is failing, my head's in a spin,
But I'm awfully well for the shape I'm in.*

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

*How do I know that my youth is all spent?
Well, my "Get up and go" has "Got up and went".
But I really don't mind when I think with a grin
Of all the grand places my "Get up" has bin.*

*Old age is golden I've heard it said,
But sometimes I wonder, as I get into bed,
With my ears in the drawer, my teeth in a cup,
My eyes on the table until I wake up.
Ere sleep overtakes me I say to myself,
"Is there anything else I should lay on the shelf?"*

*When I was young, my slippers were red,
I could kick my heels over my head.
When I was older, my slippers were blue,
But still I could dance the whole night through.
Now I am old, my slippers are black,
I walk to the store and puff my way back,*

*I get up each morning and dust off my wits
And pick up the paper and read the "Obits".
If my name is still missing, I know I'm not dead,
So I have a good breakfast and go back to bed.*