MEMBERS OF THE MENOPAUSE

Here am I,
Half-way there,
Growing older,
Greying hair,
Slowing down,
Getting fat,
Like to rest by lying flat.
Days of rushing 'round have gone:
Takes me long to recover,
After any exercise,
Creature comforts
I'll discover.

I'm getting on,
I'm not so young,
I've had enought of nights upon the tiles,
My fling has now been flung.
I've lost the knack,
I get a hangover
By merely looking back.

So here am I
Almost fit,
Well, almost means
A little bit.
Still as quick,
Still as strong.
As my wife,
Don't get me wrong.
I'm not wet set in my ways,
But I've found the perfect routine
That just helps me plan my days:
Nothing new or ever has been.

I'm not so old, But soon will be So let me savour What the present time Has got to offer me.

I'll have good cause To stay among The members of the menopause.

Now you know,
How it seems,
To be between
The two extremes.
Go by pram,
Go by hearse,
Take the wheel,
It could be worse.

Think of far-off childhood days.

Were you happy in a nappy?

When you've reached a grand old age,
As a grampa, you'll be grumpy.

If you're not old, You soon will be, So why not savour What the present time Has got to offer, free!

We'll start a cause To save the stricken Members of the menopause.

I'll stay among the Members of the menopause.

There's drooping membership Amongst the menopause, The menopause, The menopause, The menopause.





























































