

# 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 ' wouldn't be able to be on the street,  
 Sleep is denied me night after night,  
 But every morning I find I'm all right,  
 My memory is failing my head's in a spin  
 But I'm awfully well for the shape I'm in,  
 The moral is that 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 are 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 could 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.

(Origin unknown)