

For Ladies of a Certain Age

A rallying cry for a noble cause

We're waging war on the menopause!

It's not immortality we seek to gain

We're fighting the signs of oestrogen's wane -

When the hair on our heads lies limp and thin

(unlike the hairs on our chinny-chin-chins)

When our bodies decide to turn up the heating

And we worry at night about weak bladders leaking

When bosoms and bottoms look towards feet

And middles expand whatever we eat

Men, don't roll your eyes when we fret and moan

The same fate awaits your testosterone

So, join us in our travails at the gym

As we pluck, tone, moisturise, and tuck everything in

We might win the battle if not the war

And if nothing else, we'll have strong pelvic floors

So, a rallying cry for a cause we won't win

But never mind Ladies, that's why God gave us gin!