

Rock Your Dad Bod

You've achieved the quintessential Dad Bod
Hard work has delivered success,
You've attained a physique, neither ripped or too sleek
Your beer-belly sure does impress.
I've known all along you could do it
Your methods sure went to plan,
The twice-yearly swim, once a month at the gym
After all, you're a family man.

You're proud of your remarkable Dad Bod
A triumph for which I can vouch,
You'd be too thin, if you'd brought in the bins
Or moved from your spot on the couch.
Imagine how toned you would be
If you'd cut the grass once every week,
The thought makes me shudder, for your pudge makes me flutter
I love my men fleshy and weak.

You parade your half-naked Dad Bod
I don't deserve such a prize,
The hair on your back, the hint of your crack
Are truly a feast for my eyes.
Trousers are so overrated
So are ties and pressed tailored suits,
Why bother to hide; wear your boxers with pride
They display your fine attributes.

Keep rocking that wonderful Dad Bod
Don't waste your time getting fit,
You're not perfect by far, but I love all that you are
Your wisdom, your humour, and wit.