



Wrinkles

I thought you loved
the wrinkles of my smile
and the crinkles of my laugh

When did you become so vain
Suddenly you nitpick at my every little vein

My laugh is no longer your youthful joy
You've wandered off with your old man- toy
As if you were still a young boy

My smile and my laugh, will never grow old
You're missing out on a thing called life
"out with new and in with the old"

My heart, solid gold-
has never turned old or cold
It's grown wise with a youthfulness
That can always be retold
with a love that will forever withhold