

Quasi, Smile

Common as the cold -
Up for sale, never sold.
Getting older & it shows;
Your disappointment only grows.
& no one seems to care
that you never got your share -
Who said life was fair?
So smile - it's not so bad.
You lost your health -
Never had no wealth;
So tighten up your belt
As you gather dust upon some shelf.
You lost by just a nose
But there's no prize for place or show.
Now, at least, you know.
So smile - it's not so bad.
Tired out & broken down,
You've played the field & made the rounds.
Now you're stuck in this one-horse town -
Your only solace is the sound of melody & verse.
Though your bag's about to burst;
Others have it worse.
So smile - it's not so bad.