

Dear Wife

[all in good fun]

You eat three times as much as I,
Yet keep your figure – why, oh, why?
If I should eat as much as you,
I'd tip the scales at three-o-two.

Yeah, popcorn is your sheer delight,
You eat it each and every night,
The bed is full of cornfield shells
And he who sleeps there with them dwells.
If you should head on that grim day
To Satan's place, you will not stay –
Exploding tons of corn will pop
And make St. Pete's your final stop!

Ah! Pepsi-Cola is your drink –
You keep one setting on the sink,
When you pass by you take ten slurps
And blow out cobwebs with the burps!

And if I stand too long in place –
Just lazily in some cool space,
And do not move quickly enough,
I will get scrubbed with Lysol stuff.

But at the year of (ends with eight),
There ain't much hope to change your state;
And would I do it anyway? –
Of course not! You're the BEST, I say!!!