Retirement Resort

By John T. Wurzer

And now it’s time to say goodbye to the USA TODAY

Get back to toys and comic books and bringing home my pay

Sitting in this time share and working on my tan

Is something that I did to remain well hid and to prove I really can

Did it ease my mind?

Did it lighten my load?

Did it help me to find something long ago sold?

I don’t think so; I don’t think it helped me to make sense

Of countries that sink so low, at the rest of the world’s expense

So excuse me for my brevity, and excuse this terse report

But I was never a man, meant to work on his tan in a retirement resort

Kind of surreal the way it makes you feel with the poolside music blaring

The average age much older than me, a little bolder and past caring

Trading tips on stocks and bonds, investments and cheap thrills

Not worrying about those who do without and those who cannot pay their bills

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So now it’s time to say goodbye to golf course bums and broads

Goodbye to Karaoke bars and mild subdued applause

Goodbye to aging wrinkled skin and silver hair turned grey

Goodbye to cable news shows and to USA TODAY.