As Old As You Look

By John T. Wurzer

I’m as old as you look

You’re as young as I feel

So, hey put down that book

And let’s make a deal.

Let’s get lost in a story that we write with each breath

Every smile, scented style, for a while no more unworthiness

And it’s true that it might be just for a night

And we’ll wake and find that none of this is real.

But for now be my doll, don’t ask why, don’t ask how

‘Cause I’m as old as you look and you’re as young as I feel

Paradise, afternoon, jazz band plays, one more tune, rising three quarter moon hits the skies

You sit and read while I write, as the day turns to night; shadows grow left to right, on your eyes

I’m past my prime; you’re ill at ease, rubbing that sunscreen all over your knees,

Seems that each stroke is merely a tease,

Some kind of game that you play

Honey I’ve got to say

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You’re as young as I feel

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Evening sun going down, and there’s no one around, I’ll be blowing this town Saturday

Let’s go down to the shore, and attempt to explore, something more that we don’t need to say

I am over a hill that you never have climbed, for a cheap enough thrill I’d go out of my mind

I came here to meditate, pause, and unwind

So why am I dancing this dance?

Should we give this a chance?