

Retirement

I worked forty-five years
for someone else
So that I could retire.
I dreamed of sleeping late
And sitting by the fire.

I dreamed of long vacations,
Enjoying stage and song.
But, let me set you straight
on that concept,
It is simply wrong.

I did junk my safety glasses
And the work boots that
cramped my toes.
But, the rest of it had
a mind of it's own
And this is how it goes.

My wife had been
thinking of retirement
And had plans of her own.
She had spent much time with the kids
But, now they are grown and gone.

We sold our cattle and horses
So we wouldn't have that chore.
I poured concrete over my alarm clock
But, I still wake up at four.

I get my eyes checked on Monday.
Ann gets hers checked the next day.
I go for a colon check on Wednesday
And pass my wife going the other way.

I have a dental appointment
on Thursday.
Ann goes for a test on her heart.
Friday we go get prescriptions filled
And browse a while at Wal-Mart.

Saturdays we just stay home
And try to get the paper work right.
We can't take any overnight trips
'Cause we can't see to drive at night.

Restroom confusion keeps us out of
church on Sunday.
And we really do hate that.
There's nothing wrong
with the restrooms,
We just can't remember where
they're at.

We don't need to plan next week,
Just make sure we can drive.
And not forget where the
hospitals and clinics are.
We'll need them to survive.

So, don't build your castles
too high, my friend,
While strolling through the clover.
This is a typical week in retirement
And on Monday we start all over!

Author Unknown