

## Wrinkles

John Williamson

Well old Bob hasn't got much but he values his boots  
He values the time he spends growin' flowers  
He still loves his babies that grew to be men  
He recalls all the days 'n' nights and the hours  
When he and his woman worked on the land  
In the heat and the dry, in the cold and the wet  
He still picks her a rose and his old heart still races  
She's still the most beautiful girl that he's met  
And you ask is he happy...and you ask is he happy...?  
He's got wrinkles from smiling, he feels lucky and free  
And he knows what it means to live here in the sunshine  
He's got wrinkles.....

He walks with Amelia down to the store  
With a little cane basket for the bread and the daily Sun  
Still hand in hand like babes in the meadows  
And young faces turn  
Love is so beautiful, it can be so deep  
And a man is a king when he has his own princess  
Bob wears no crown, no long flowing robe  
But there in his mind he still rides on his black stallion

Then a cold winter came, and Bob was alone  
His beautiful princess had flown with the angels  
He faded so quickly, the man became old  
And the wandering dew soon covered the roses  
First just a cane, then a strong stick for walking  
Then just a chair with a grey old man dying  
All that he lived for was always beside him  
So Bob left in peace, to join his lady

And you ask is he happy...and you ask is he happy...?  
He had wrinkles from smiling  
He felt lucky and free  
And he knew what it meant to live here in the sunshine  
He had wrinkles.....