

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.....