

Smile

Quasi

Common as the cold
Up for sale, never sold
Getting older and it shows
Your disappointment only grows
And no one seems to care
That you never got your share
Who said life was fair?
So smile - it's not so bad
You lost your health
Never had no wealth
So tighten up your belt
As you gather dust upon some shelf
You lost by just a nose
But there's no prize for place or show
Now, at least, you know
So smile - it's not so bad
Tired out and broken down
You've played the field and made the rounds
Now you're stuck in this one-horse town
Your only solace is the sound of melody and verse
Though your bag's about to burst
Others have it worse
So smile - it's not so bad