



Toes

I think I used to know my toes, but now I'm not so sure
I used to be quite close to them, even though they are on the floor
I used to be able to flex and bend, get my leg up by my nose
And then I could, I'm sure I could, touch my face and lick my toes.

That was I guess so long ago, the things you could do in youth and jest
But as the years they roll on by the bendability gets less and less
The toes now seem so far away, out of shape and feeling odd
With aches and pains and dodgy nails, the toes on a sad old sod.

For all their problems they still do their job, and get me from A to B
I think I know they are looking ok, because if I move my belly I can see
They let me walk; they help my balance, kick a ball and dance in style
If I treat them right I'm sure they'll last for many more a mile.