



Belly in (October 2016)

Women, different to us blokes for sure,
In mind and thought and deed,
And often when I think of them,
They are the best of breed.

In many ways or so it seems,
They have us blokes sussed out,
They can get just what they need,
They have only just to pout.

The stronger sex it seems to me,
The trials of womanhood endure,
A Mother, wife and lover too,
And their thoughts are far from pure.

They scrub up very well I see,
Show thoughts of love and sin,
And often when they walk my way,
I pull my belly in.

They turn our heads and raise our hopes,
Of an encounter of the heart,
But too often so it's been for me,
I don't make it to the start.

