



**If I were ol' Santa, you know what I'd do?
I'd dump silly gifts that are given to you,
and deliver some things just inside your front door,
things you have lost, but treasured before.**



**I'd give you back all your maidenly vigor,
and to go along with it, a neat tiny figure.
Then restore the old colour that once graced your hair,
before rinses and bleaches took residence there.**



**I'd bring back the shape with which you were gifted,
so things now suspended need not be uplifted.
I'd draw in your tummy and smooth down your back
until you'd be a dream in those tight fitting slacks.**



**I'd remove all your wrinkles and leave only one chin,
so you wouldn't spend hours rubbing grease on your skin.
You'd never have flashes or queer dizzy spells
and you wouldn't hear noises like ringing of bells.**



No sore aching feet and no corns on your toes;
no searching for spectacles when they're right on your nose.
Not a shot would you take in your arm, hip or fanny
from a doctor who thinks you're a nervous old granny.



You'd never have a headache, so no pills would you take
and no heating pad needed since your muscles won't ache.
Yes, if I were Santa, you'd never look stupid.
You'd be a cute little chick with the romance of cupid.



I'd give a lift to your heart when those wolves start to whistle
and the joys of your heart would be light as a thistle.
But alas! I'm not Santa. I'm simply just me;
the matronliest of matrons you ever did see.



**I wish I could tell you all the symptoms I've got,
But I'm due at my doc's for an estrogen shot.
Even though we've grown older this wish is sincere;**



Merry Christmas to you, girlfriend and a Happy New Year.

