

I put my face on covering the lines
Just part of my day now, wrestling with time
They tell me that I'm aging like a fine wine
I think I'm on the back-end looking at my prime

I was never a supermodel
But you, you made me feel that way
Will you still love me, when I'm gray?
When I'm gray?
Can you tell me you'll be there
Running fingers through my hair
When it's gray?
When I'm gray?
When there's wrinkles on my face
Will you look at me the same?
When I'm gray?

I said

"Put a couple pound on
Shirts a little tight
I say that I don't notice
But it's always on my mind

And I could probably fix it, if I really tried
I'm working twice as hard and looking half a nice."

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