

I bought a pair of jeans when I was in my teens didn't quite fit for me displayed something I wished to be I bought a bright red hoodie thought it was my goodie, goodie looked in the mirror saw a noobie My high school sweetheart the one with the looks of an angel At the same minute it felt like my jeans shrunk my eyes blinked someone had a grip of my love handles another handful of my belly - Man, you're sick! I yelled to the mirror - No one could ever want you! Went for a several miles to loosen up my burden Once did and I may do it again someday Sweetheart - you'll be sorry