

50 is Hot!!!  
By Dawn Wilson Kibbey

Your 16 year old dances to rap,  
Thinking it's a hit from heaven.  
You yell, "Oh my God,  
Don't you know? That's a remake from '77!"

You go on, "***Dream Weaver***" & "***Knights in White Satin***",  
She snaps, "Ok mom relax!"  
You continue, "***Dust in the Wind... Ba, Ba, Ba, Bennie and the Jets,***"  
As her eyes roll, you sigh... " Now those were class acts."

You hum a little Steve Miller,  
As you try on the pants you will wear.  
***"Really Love Your Peaches*** "...you stop dead,  
When you realize your butt's shaped like a pear.

"Man, almost 50...my reunion!... I don't care,  
What's important is seeing a pal."  
She comes in the room and asks, "Mom,  
Not wearing *that* are ya, old gal?"

What she doesn't get is,  
Thirty years ago we were hip.  
They see us as old and dumpy,  
We once could have skinny dipped.

Wow, those guys thought we were hot,  
When we started our Freshman year.  
And we strutted all through the commons,  
Those days to my heart are so dear.

Back when at football and track meets we met.  
Dances and drinkin' were it.  
When we went to E L H S  
She doesn't know....*We* were the Shit!