

November Birthday Blues

It's my birthday, so here I go,
November's cold, yet warmth I show.
Another year older—how can this be?
It feels like youth is just a breath away to me.

The candles stack up, but I won't count,
Let's keep it vague, no age to announce.
The cake's got frosting, piled up way high,
But where's my gift? Just a small piece of pie?

The years keep coming, but hey, who's mad?
I've still got moves, well, at least I had.
Aging's a real gift, or so they say,
So I'll just smile and eat all damn day.

So cheers to me, I'm still around,
Another trip, another lap, another round!
November birthdays may be chilly and gray,
But with cake and laughs, I'm still here to stay!