

## THE GOOD OLD DAYS

Methuselah ate what he found on his plate  
And never, as people do now,  
Did he note the amount, or the calorie count;  
He ate it because it was chow.

He wasn't disturbed as at dinner he sat  
Devouring a roast or a pie  
To think it was lacking in granular fat  
Or a couple of vitamins shy.

He cheerfully chewed every species of food  
Unmindful of troubles or fears  
Lest his health might be hurt by some fancy  
dessert  
And he lived over 900 years!