

This shirt is old and faded,
All the colors washed away, she says it has seen its better day –
Less than trash now, it should just be thrown away.

For her it always seems easier to say good-bye.
She says I should replace it – but I'm not about to try.
I'll keep this shirt close till the day I die!

Yes, it has a button missing and a sleeve torn,
But to me this shirt carries the memory of when love was born,
And beautiful dreams took on shape and form.

She says it is not in fashion anymore –
It seems just too easy for her to ignore,
All this old shirt stands for.

This shirt has seen every season of many a year,
Laughter, joy – doubt and fear,
The fabric more stained with every shed tear.

With the passing of time,
In every spot and creased line,
I now clearly find –

There's something safe and secure in what you know will always be around!
These things that please her eye will soon let her down –
But, shirts like this – they will always be around!

What the world sees as smart,
In due time will depart,
Leaving her, with only a broken heart.

So she and I will have to just disagree –
I'd say to her, "You can be you, but let me be me."
"This shirt is all that I am and all that I hope to be!"

There is one more truth to share,
Some find character in gray hair,
And safety in the strength found silently there.

Choices, I've learned, have consequences to bear,
She can take the world if she should dare,
I'll take the shirt Jesus would wear!

From within her house of lies, she can not see,
When she threw this shirt away - she threw away me!
It was her – not me - that created this reality.

I will no longer take the blame,
All I've done is to remain the same,
And in that; I find no shame!

Yes, this shirt is old and faded –All the colors washed away,
But, I know it still has more to give and a lot more to say,
And I thank God for it each and every day.