Smiles Not For Sale

Cynthia Rabinovitz
NSU University School

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Cynthia Rabinovitz

One morning she work up desperate,  
Desperate for a smile.  
Went to her favorite store  
And tried to buy happiness with a new wardrobe.  
Silly girl.  
Doesn’t she know.  
That smiles are not for sale?

She woke up as empty  
As an empty cookie jar  
That only brings disappointment to those searching  
for a sweet escape.  
Put on her fancy clothes  
And bribed her way into some impressive job.  
What a shallow girl.  
She’ll find out soon enough.  
That smiles are not for sale.

She woke up lonely.  
Just wanted some company – someone to love her.  
Purchased some expensive gifts  
And bought herself a boyfriend.  
She doesn’t know it yet,  
But she’s still a lonely girl.  
Someone should really tell her  
That smiles are not for sale.

She woke up next to him.  
But his superficial smile made her sick.  
He was cold company.  
Didn’t love her – loved only what she could give him.
Poor girl.
She's starting to realize
That smiles are not for sale.

She woke up
But wished she hadn't.
Her clothes were out of style and her job was boring.
Her guy was gone.
Finally saw she'd been fooling herself.
It was all a big lie.
Now she knows
That smiles are not for sale.