

YOU ARE MY BRA



Men talk about their Bros and their Bromance,
But you, one of my breast friends,
You are my Bra,
my main support in our bra-lationship.
You support me all the time.
You let me know when I need to hold it in,
 when I should let it all hang out, and
 when I need to push it all up and take the plunge.
You're always with me, whether others can see you or not, my cohort.
You're seamless.
You help me cleverly cover up the stretch marks I have earned through my life experiences.
You, my partner in crime, tell me the truth in your bra-dacious way.
You let me know when I am acting like a big ole boob, and
 you are still there uplifting me.
When I hit curves in my path,
 you are my seamless counsel and colla-BRA-rater.
You're my sidekick in the crazy events of our lives.
When my cup runneth over with joy, you're happy for me.
When my life is a bust, you are my best support.
It's apparel-lent that you know when to be a backside driver and
when to ride shotgun.
And you do it without bustin' my balls or bustin' my chops.
In the hustle and bustle of our lives,
You're my intimate, trusted partner in crime.
Of corset, you have chutz-bra,
Under it all, you're always there
My dear friend, you are my bra,
You support me through thick and thin,
My bosom buddy,
You're my chamisole-mate
You're my breastie.
My dear friend, you are my bra!!