

**After retiring, I went to the Social Security office to apply for Social Security.**

The woman behind the counter asked me for my driver's license to verify my age.

I looked in my pockets and realized I had left my wallet at home.

I told the woman that I was very sorry, but I would have to go home and come back later.

The woman said, "Unbutton your shirt"

So I opened my shirt revealing my curly silver hair.

She said, "That silver hair on your chest is proof enough for me", and she processed my Social Security application.

When I got home, I excitedly told my wife about my experience at the Social Security office.

She said, "You should have dropped your pants. You might have got disability too."

And then the fight started.