The birds are in the trees and the music is all free,

The music being played by various artists for me;

So the colour of the music is a rainbow like idea,

Kind of blending in together in a beautiful noise to my ear.

.

And the voices of the nation are when the train comes into station,

Or the place is over the plains and the people nonstop on vacation;

The plants are in the plan as the planets come round again,

Like he is coming back to water them by rain as sane to gain.

.

And it's the same thing that you want and need to pass the time,

As the voice sings to the music and the pen is colour in the rhyme;

And it basically continues meaning the more you tend to play and listen,

So that in the reason for the season as the melodies tent to glisten.

.

For it costs a lot to keep on playing in a continuing loud beat,

As the sound goes down the track when it's like men along the street;

For the rail drowns out the gale when the girl is on the trail,

The wind has it's sound in the music as it seems and tends to fail.

.

For the regular tick of the clock is like the beat of my heart,

A sweet and harmonious rhythm of the circulation of the smart;

And the colour of the music is like the clarity of the stone,

As your hip and swinging Ipod turns into your iPhone.

.

The beauty of the behavior is that it can happen anywhere,

And there it is resounding as clear as crystal nearly everywhere;

Like the drum and trumpet play all day within the grounds,

As if he turns up being she as the colour of music is in the sounds.

.

Signed,

Different Love