

It hurt being too hard by a yard and a mile,

It felt good to be the best and to win with a smile;

But the trouble was pain in what I was trying to gain,

And the mind had a problem and the brain wasn't sane.

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It hurt being too hard because I simply didn't have a chance,

To win through the right means instead of giving a sinful glance;

And down through the ages as the earth advanced in years,

Pills and the beers took millions of people in different ways to appear.

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It hurt being too hard for the game of my faith and name,

When others were wanting and I kept for myself the soul same;

So for the idea of keeping and accumulating and building up worth,

I couldn't give enough to God and the ones who were starving on earth.

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It hurt being too hard and I ran and I ran and walked,

And said to myself I think I am better and that's how I talked;

But the stupidity of self was wrong to looked inside of me,

For it was better to look outward and upward and remain free.

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It hurt being too hard and I couldn't give an inch or two feet,

For I was pigheaded and selfish and had everything to eat;

Now I was stopped for a while and thought about everyone else,

And I was happy in God without the rotten knowledge of myself.

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It hurt being too hard as the rock that we love on was too big,

And the fingers and digits where like figures on an old fig;

But the love that I found in hurting was getting close to death,

Because the God of all the earth was best than me drowning without breath.

Signed,

Preferring Peace