

Hell is a heavy and slimey pit where they make bricks out of clay,

And the mud is a sin and it hurts if you want to work on it all day;

But the reward is great if it all works out and turns and comes into glory,

For the years on coins we all suffer a bit is the glory of heavens story to pay.

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The work and the weight and the hate and the wait is simply for the lazy,

When we sit down all day and sleep through the night just appearing crazy;

And the sweat of the brow and the heat of the day after we go for a walk,

Is something we suffer a bit for heaven while telling and saying as we talk.

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Well the earth goes around and the rain takes it's turn with the sun,

And the watered ground is grateful as the pen writes down the one;

Like the lake and the dam that supply and get filled for us to use,

To take a shower and to wash and clean to drink and not to abuse.

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So a little bit of suffering for a lot of heaven is like breathing air,

When the prayer for the care is to know what gets into our hair;

As we hear when we're here to listen to the sounds going around,

And what passes by to my ear, I hear with my feet on the ground.

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Then as the plane flies over and the car goes past on the road,

And the chirp of the bird is heard when the sound is a load;

And my heart keeps beating and writing along to end this line,

Then a little bit of suffering is a sweet nice reward in time.

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And as the note at the end is near the bottom of the paper,

And the page is running out and the age is just the caper;

Then I'll put down my pen and see what is happening then,

For a little bit of suffering for a lot of heaven I knew when.

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Signed,

Now I've done it

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