

I've written all the words,
It's now become old hat!
It's twelve in the evening,
And it's going to go passed that.

I've been writing and rhyming,
For such a long long time;
The words and the phrases,
Are becoming a bit lime crime.

I think it's amazing,
How life can still go on;
It all it's so many stages,
As if one life's just gone.

Well when all is said and done,
And Jesus is finally home;
You can kiss the old fresh daisies,
For god will want life to roam.

I'll bet my bottom dollar,
There's not one suit left to wear;
They all have been misdirected,
And no hat left to match or compare.

So well I guess it's now all folded,
That's the many things on my mind;
That when the tale all for told,
Life well it's just old hate and kind.

Signed,

I take an 8 3/4