

It was a sad moment when I couldn't try anymore,
After all of the trying and paining to count and keep score;
To beat and to win and to do and live without sin,
To suffer no loss and never miss a soul, under God's skin.

Life wasn't perfect and things didn't always go right,
But the world was worth the living and love was worth the light;
And Jesus was turning and living with space, time and men,
So now the life I'm loving is the resurrection of the write pen.

And when you see him coming down the street to me,
Remember that he loves you and that he dies for me;
And as the water rises and charms and guides the way,
I live life loving Jesus and God grants us a new day.

So I turn to him for comfort after suffering toil and strife,
That God may grant me wisdom and provide a wife within this life,
For all the turmoil and hurting of suffering my own sin,
Has taught me perseverance and enough patience to now win.

But in the world of wanting where nothing is truly right,
The truth is in the living with a prayer to God each night,
And as the world revolves and turns to other peoples care,
The earth resides in solitude and turns from loneliness to air.

And with uncertain matter of what new day has in store,
The world resounds its solemn guns like a bell that wants us more;
And if you stop and ask me why should I concern myself with this,
I'll give you back an answer that it's the woman that I miss.

Signed,

For one more kiss.