

I said one day just me to you,  
What with things, what's new to you?  
"What's new" he said well haven't you heard?  
I counted every man, woman, animal and bird.

I said what for? Why didn't you know?  
I already knew and I would have told you so;  
Well my heart had dropped, my brain dismayed,  
To think of all the trouble and things wailed.

"What's new" was nothing you didn't already know,  
"What's new" was something we have both done though;  
Well I said again every man woman and bird;  
And all the animals and insects my word.

Hey just a minute you never said insects,  
Aren't they God's creation and life as part of instinct;  
You never would be able I said in a flash,  
That you could count everything living you being so rash.

Well next then I said you would count all the trees,  
And flowers and grass and even all the leaves;  
I bet if you tried you could even count the sticks,  
And even the stones but you'd have to be quick.

So well what's new about that they all been around for years,  
And even the rain drops we look upon as tears;  
I bet even you could not count all of that,  
Because that's really God's job and he calls it old hat.

Signed

Something old