

It will taken twelve dozen years to live out this life,

Through trouble and turmoil and all of the toil and strife;

It's a gross idea but well what the hell does it mean,

With time on your hands and all the money being green.

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Now in the truth of my pen I can't not tell a lie,

Lest I venture and dare and not having to try;

To die before time would be a different kind of dye,

And the material worn to live out this passionate cry.

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So I try to lead life right and around the world I fly,

With no time to take out and no time for bye and bye;

As I go along I accumulate and know what I have to buy,

That when the time runs out, by the words I can abide.

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Twelve men make money and a dozen women to match,

The problem of seeing sin is not a thing you can catch;

The sheer will to win leaves you out on high and dry,

Because the losing is giving love and just getting a big sigh.

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Twelve dozen things and all the price of the people,

Better doing it in pairs and all the prayers in the steeple;

For thousands upon thousands all go right up to God,

So Heavens full of Saints, hells full of the down, out and odd.

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But the right time to leave is left up to achievement,

Where opposites oppose and what remains is the believers;

For thinking it is all right might mean a good kind of life,

But what's really left is the struggle for a long time in strife.

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Signed,

Three fifties.