

Everything free is beautiful and a bit playful to me,
As something always costs something even making money to be free;
Making money for free on the other hand always buys something,
And when something is free then everything seems to cost money.

Like is a fair game or at least it is fair to say, that you came into the world for free;
And if you really want to live like that with everything free for me;
Then I will let you in on and tell you a little secret that it's very nice to be,
That is to be free for everything when anything means it is free to me.

Everything free, what can I possibly say, do birds sit in a tree,
Does everything revolve around nothing and all of you will pay for me;
Surely there is a cost for everything and everything that's free must be,
For everything that's free must cost somebody and anybody else but me.

Thank you God for everything and especially giving me for free,
I love you more than anything and you are really worth everything to me;
When God created everything free and gave it all so freely to me,
I said but God I did not do anything and you gave me everything free.

So I think about the birds in the trees and fish that swim in the seas,
And how the sky is so beautiful to see and oceans near mountains that rise to thee;
And I wonder how it all so awesome and majestically can be everything free,
When all I have to do, is prepay to thee and ask that you would give everything to me.

Well I guess it is not a matter of fact and necessity that everything's free,
But really surely very nicely it does seem all so very good to me;
And now I wonder how you paid the price God to give me everything free,
When I know how hard you worked and gave it all up and died for me.

Signed,

Eternal Life