

Beautiful air going in and out of the human system,  
Along with all the refinement of oxygen to carbon dioxide;  
How I live the feel of the exhilaration of taking a breath,  
The deep inward fulfillment of living life well and not death.

Pretty obviously, but not so easily as time ticks on and on,  
When the job has to get done and work pays the bills sum;  
And you're breathing level rises while you're working on the run,  
Then life is like heaven with a natural high in the sky under the sun.

And the love that you make living on and out each day,  
Gives you the feeling of breathing the way to follow the way;  
When life deals you strife and trouble will torment and pay,  
Then you must sit down and relax and slow you're breathing to grey.

Things aren't always fair, but life is a challenge to see,  
The beauty of nature and the way flowers seem to breathe;  
As trees and the animals breathe in their own natural way,  
Human beings are people who must breathe ceaselessly always.

And when the days done and the world has gone on around,  
Like the earth's a big place and other people are to be found;  
You're not left here along to go you're won way at the end of the day  
As sleep comes through those who work hard and unconsciously pray.

Now that train of thought for those who are simplistically stupid,  
And need concentration or resuscitation for playing our cupid;  
Look to the atmosphere where the air is for breathing,  
That you will learn well that fresh air stops you seething.

Signed,

Another Walk