

What lovely weather it is and whether it's lovely,
Skies are full Of clouds and the rain is sprinkling gently;
Heaven is up above and money is really on the move,
Gods up there telling people, you have got to get it right and improve.

The heavy heavens are like money in the sky and looking down,
So we have lovely weather with trains and planes leaving town;
They leave the city regularly and fly out over the seas,
While trains head for the desert, with sparsely thinner trees.

God is in control and it is his hear that leads the way,
The centre and the core and the apples growing more all day;
It's time to sit back and down and listen to the win,
As the rain drops down occasionally to ascertain the mind.

It is a saturated surface but the hot dry out hereto,
And the wet and dampned moisture is to depend to be tree;
For lovely weather is whether living and money in the bank,
And God has to hold all creation and to him that we must thank.

Don't flood the dams and rivers or put the deserts under water,
But remember what has past and the thing you have to of taught her;
The daughter is drinking water and her beauty is in her heart,
Things are becoming perfect with plenty of people being smart.

God is now in heaven leading and designed and delegating weather,
The lovely weather is the whether the weather is whether;
And things cost money daily with the price and cost to pay,
And at the end of nearly everything is the end of every day.

Signed,

Decision Made