

People want only one thing life,
Its things to bring happiness but peace not strife;
There are so many possessions available in this world,
Things that break and must be returned.

For me it's magic to find what I want,
Like coffee in a French bakery and a buttered croissant;
Things come in many a shape and form,
When the sun beats down and weathers storm.

Things you see are not meant to be had,
Owned by us all not giving to dad;
I know as a boy I learnt to enjoy,
The thing that I had to have in a toy.

Now as I grow old things are as gold,
When thinking aloud and knowing I'm bold;
So now must satisfy the things I do well,
As things that you know seem hard to tell.