

We know the old story of God and his love,
Of the beauty that's in us and what comes from above;
But the heart wants more than what it rightfully should,
It requires lots of attention and all the good it could.

Love has a way of covering the bed,
And it's beauty is joyous yet incredibly sad;
It reaches out to touch us with a little bit of worth,
Like God's gift of life and the magic of birth.

Love is when you reach out and really touch someone,
With something you can do or something you've done;
It's not making fun of other people's mistakes,
But depends all on giving and that helps what it makes.

It's laying your life down for a deep in need,
And requires a bit of effort and is not meant to greet;
Love is a tool we use to explore,
God and his goodness to try and make sure.

Love is your strength when you down and you're out,
When the world's filled with trouble and you're full of doubt;
It keeps us going and fills us with hope,
That all us upon us we are able to cope.

It is simplicity asking to go that but more,
And it adds truth to meaning and helps to ensure;
It's like a decision of faith that leads to the end,
It's God in your heart and it's something to depend.

Signed,

When I make a mess of it all