

What's life without the time of day,  
A different place or chance to stray;  
A little more would fix all that,  
Perhaps not enough to buy a new hat.

But you knowing heart all the love goes a long way,  
With people and travels and trouble you play;  
Like a million years was but one drop,  
Or a vacant mind like a mop in a shop.

But what in life turns the world around,  
On this our earth to keep our head above the ground;  
Is it all but just a little more love,  
A little bit more of the heart of wind burnt dove.

And in achievement there is a little bit more of this,  
The love of God may be only as sweet a kiss;  
That in the mind of Christ there is a paradise bliss,  
The perfect unity of being left for only his.

This little bit mine line in which we all do see,  
The humble heart providing strength to meek;  
The mystery of truth abounds in grace,  
A little bit of love lost in a lonely place.

And when we're dead and buried and go to heaven,  
Perhaps there's just enough left from twelve to seven;  
The hours of morn in which to reawaken if clever,  
To brighten the thought of being with the lord forever.

Signed,

Why Not Live