

Through crashing waves and pounding sands,  
To run along and feel so grand;  
She waits for me with loving arms,  
Just longing to stop from loving charms.

Why try so hard to beat and win,  
When the wind is against and leads to sin;  
If only my might was used for right,  
To turn the God of love into truth and light.

Amusing it is this touch love of his,  
His beauty to win but a kiss;  
Losing my love may seem so dumb,  
But bright is the man that makes his sun.

Through twists and turns and knearls and burns,  
That of great fig with its gnarls to earn;  
You see when life's like that you need a hat,  
And sweep a bit of dirt right under the mat.

But when the paints deep down and you don't know what,  
Or understand the trouble you've caused quite a lot;  
And when the truth comes out of losing your love,  
All you're really doing is giving it to God above.

So when you stand to give a woman a seat,  
That extra effort it takes and feels like your incomplete;  
Remember that love is to be given not kept,  
For when Christ comes back it will be like a dream you slept.

Signed,

Winning words