

Well who wants a grey dummy,
Are you dumber than I think;
That the great God could be a dummy,
While all dummies are blue and pink.

But as stupid as all this must sound,
There's a very clever kind of grey;
To look into the future to see found,
Past clouds that hide and cloud my way.

There's always been a dummy,
Within this lifetime of mine;
Even though as a boy it was a blue,
There was a girl who had a pink I never knew.

So now this great big grey dummy,
Is cleaning through the clouds of life;
To see if I've left my mummy's tummy,
And still I wonder whether he'll ever come again

That God that created heaven and this tiny world called earth,
Would come back and judge the nations and see what's been worth;
And that he would no longer call me a dummy,
And things wouldn't be so grey but instead be right and true.

So now this great big dummy so grey and grey in mind,
As learnt to wonder whether God's word has been kind;
To lead and guide the nations and trouble seek and find.
That one day until forever a grey dummy will be inclined.

Signed,

If God would come as one