

Some people say that I'm really stupid,
That is a bit true, because I believe in cupid;
The problem with me, is that I like being dumb,
When keeping to myself and clicking my thumb.

I'm not short of a word because I read a lot you see,
But it's finding the right time to talk to people close to me;
Sometimes I think that it's beautiful to be quiet,
And think what's going on in my mind by a soft light.

They say being dumb is for jerks on their knees,
With no one who cares but has God as the keys;
We must now compare the right from the wrong,
As the music plays on with a rhyme in a song.

Being dumb is not the worst thing that can happen on earth,
When your born with a tongue right from your birth;
As far as the sky reached north, east, west and south,
The words must come out and pas through your mouth.

To me as I write this I from inside my head,
That I might seem dumb, but I'll write till I'm dead;
I know no one can make me feel small for my love,
And sure I'll be read by those far above.

If money makes the world go round and I'm really dumb,
Waiting for Christ's return or some heavenly sum;
When I know there's more to life than worrying myself,
Like believing in the magic of the fairies or an elf.

It seems a bit funny to be writing like this,
When all seems so peaceful and nothing but bliss;

But my heart beats a while for one to accept
When they will not treat me so dumb as I've wept.

Signed

At least I'm happy