

Remember the bit, you played as a kid a long time ago,

Now it's a bit too hard to do as the world, around she goes;

The memories are hard to get and each one a special kind,

As the days go by in the mirror with the memory on my mind,

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It takes a millions minutes for money to make memories stick,

And each person wants a million seconds which is very hard to pick;

But he is back now in the hearts of many who followed and loved him clear,

So the beauty of the suffering savior to me has become so clear.

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Now a million seconds of money have brought him down to earth,

From the world of f towards heaven where life was sweet since birth;

The two and three was hard twice, a bit too much for time,

As a hundred years to me are found between us in this rhyme.

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And days are a billion in currency as the books begin to sell,

The Bible the double trouble and now God is still ringing the bell;

As ships go around the world on the water to the corners of the earth,

They discovered and built the nations so everybody is worth.

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As the people read what they wanted and have many a thing to ask,

It's too hard to be bothered with all of us being taken to task;

And I loved him and sought him dearly but sadly unlucky was I to he,

Because between God and Dad who sought him and the woman had the eye.

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So mum had faith to follow and faith would show and lead the way,

To hold back the tears of tomorrow to live to find another day;

And the beauty is beginning to blossom as the grey is really grey,

As the pain is a pleasure to suffer in order to reap the pay.

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Signed,

Hot and Cold.