

Sorry I worry at the slightest little thing,

When the wind blows at night and you're in bed suffering;

Sorry I worry when everything's supposed to work out ok,

And things don't seem to go the way, when they should go your way.

Sorry I worry when I can't seem to get the time of day,

And once again when you work them out, they go someone else's way;

I can't understand why when everything is perfect , things go wrong,

Like when you want to sit down and write at night or read while there's a song.

Sorry I worry that it goes its own way, like the people meet every day,

And when the days all said and done the figure goes it's way to everyone;

Why should I bother and why should I care when all God wants is a prayer for air,

Of grace and beauty with sun shining bright to sit down and listen at night to care.

Sorry I worry when people pay homage to their humble selves,

And forget about me and all the books they leave to sit on the shelves,.

And why should I care or give a damn, when things go wrong I'll eat a lamb,

And rather wonder when in days gone by I did understand and give a damn.

Sorry I worry why there is not yet still peace on earth,

When I am dead and sun has risen and set from birth;

As if you are someone else in whom I should now and seem to care,

And show a bit of love to you, you take and borrow without a prayer.

Sorry I worry who in the world do you think I am,

When God was old filled with grace to show and shine his love again;

For he who should venture and try to do a bit not do or die,

But look to him who is above, A God and king who loved above I.

Signed,

It's no concern to you