

It's the time of the day and its money to burn,

It's romance and beaches and what you can earn;

It's night and it's light and it's something divine,

And it's knowing what's right and signing the line.

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It's magic and tragic and it's endless bliss,

It's sleeping outdoors and it's a subtle kiss;

It's like stars up in heaven and falling in love,

And it's the knowledge and truth of God above.

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It's the sun and the moon and it's what you do,

It's heaven and hell and what comes true;

It's rowing a boat and a picnic that you knew,

And it's old and meaningful and it's always new.

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It's picking up sticks for a warm fire light,

It's coffee and tea and it's near twilight;

It's sleeping in bed and keeping warm at night,

And it's lying awake when it's still and quite.

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It's the sun and the moon and what they bring,

It's peace and happiness and a very good thing;

It's life on earth and it's atmosphere,

And it's Christ new birth and it's what most fear.

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Signed,

Parsifal.