What's more precious, a song or a story?
Can it be that it's the grace or the glory?
What's more precious is it love or your life?
Could it be that if we choose we're in strife?
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What's more precious, money or nice things,
If you decide, is there a change that life brings?
What's more precious, the sunshine or the rain?
Maybe it's pleasure instead of all that pain?
What's more precious is it gaining or giving?

It seems it's true that death is not the living;
What's more precious is it seven or eleven?
Perhaps another day is better than in heaven,
What's more precious is it silver or gold,
What if the treasure is growing very old?
What's more precious is it money or time,
Maybe those things are valued in this rhyme.
What's more precious is it life or the death,
Perhaps one day I will relive every breath;
What's more precious is it all of your clothes,

Maybe your house or your face or your nose.	
What's more precious is it right to say which,	
Maybe your treasure is becoming quite rich;	
But for me and my life is it the opposite sex,	
That truth in the marriage is what God detects.	
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Signed,	
It's a hard choice.	