

I'm broke and I spoke and I wrote for a joke,

And money matters more than all the things going u p in smoke;

And the books with a looks as I write all the poems from home,

For I've been around the world to find and to cover and comb.

So what really matters now is money and how much time it takes,

For all of the earth and the millions and billions God makes;

I'm a bit like that as the family tree runs down the line,

For I want to buy nice things and food for children that's fine.

So what's fair and reasonable and how much should I ask

If everyone just paid the price of the book I'm taken to task;

And the cost is the pain and the hurt and solving the problem,

Of what we all create and how each one of us can have a property.

Money matters more to most people and what's in heaven or hell,

As I take a look at my watch to see how all things are well;

As the priorities arise as I think to myself how much can I write,

For the time is supplied but the rhyme in the line for right.

Money matters for everyone and I know it is not just me,

But always for everyone to look and go to venture and see;

And then rain comes down and all the seas and oceans are full.

And the things that matter most cost money time and food.

So if everything really requires money it matters very much,

As we sit down and eat three meals a day to suffice hunger as such;

So in the end it matters how much each of us can earn and have,

But remember that life is more important and money can't really save.

Signed,

Social Security