

Kind of life, kind of death and things to see,

Kind of birds and kinds of words all the same to me;

Different things and different rules all mean kind of life,

To me it's just trouble when you're in different kinds of strife.

Well the money and the species and the dark and food to eat,

Are all a kind of fashion in what to wear and who to meet and greet;

And the kind of life we seem to want, is to be rich and famous,

As others struggle to grasp that there's more to fame than the family.

It's the kind of life to be well, do seek with mind and heart to win,

That what's best of all and beaten is the packet in the bin;

So it's a kind of life with time for each different set of ways,

As we all grow old and age and mature going all throughout the days.

But the beauty of it all is the love we know and kind of life we seek,

For when millions are meaning money we should turn and kiss the other cheek;

For I'm not blind to things that we all tend to want to greed,

There's good and bad in others, so you just have to time to heed.

Now my head is spared and in a kind of despair and have to read,

To learn that in the right kind of life we really need to lead;

For what's new and earns and turns around comes back the other way,

That the year is past and ending now and tomorrows just another day.

I'm startled at the thought I think in an intelligent way to do,

That the challenge is simply how tall you are when you're small too;

Now the kind of life to know and grow is vegetable or animal,

With the water to drink and think, in the ink I'm kindly unavailable.

Signed,

A decade to decide.