

Ouch! The component and the couch I think I used to harp,

Watching telly nice and comfortable with the luxury of carpet;

I'd go out drinking every night thinking I'm in heaven making money,

Selling clothes and managing stores finding and looking for a honey.

Now the answers kind of sad because it's painful to pay the price,

When you think you're getting something and everything is very nice;

So the point I have to make is the needle and the harp,

That if you want to live a long time you must have it in the heart.

Now the doctor always knows best but you are build at the time,

Then you start to study and realize the words you need must rhyme;

You get a needle in the bum to teach you alcohols purely for medicine,

While the wife is home sewing or practicing the harp for the orchestra.

Pills are popped so regularly that you don't think that you'll get well,

When you're happy it makes you sad and when you're happy mums in hell;

So the sickness is really patience because you have to work and wait,

While everything has got to get done and you're patient and you hate.

So the meaning of the situation when you're parents and dead and buried,

And you spend your inheritance travelling around the world so varied;

You have to remember God if good and that he always gets his way,

No matter how hard it is or how very much pain you pay.

Now if you can't afford all that property so nice that you seek,

Remember there is ways and answers when a kiss on the cheek is bleek;

The needle and the harp is music in my ears and at my feet,

All within an arm's reach and my heart is headed and feeling sweet.

Signed,

Embroided Apparel