

We have ways of making you pay said the German to the prisoner,

I'll send you to the Russian Front if there is any more resistance;

Said the prisoner to the Gestapo there's no way you'll make me day,

I've got rights according to the Geneva Convention and it's going to take all day.

Now the thing sat on the shelf and you didn't really have to take,

But you wanted it so much you stole it and the money didn't make,

It was a book sitting for the begging and asking and the taking,

But you had to pay the price and pray to who God was making.

You want the money and you won't pay me, well you'd better go to hell,

For there's no way known of knowing what's inside and how to tell;

You had better ask for assistance as the staff might be able to help,

But if you won't pay the money you are like a dog with a yelp.

You want the money and you won't pay me because the contents are unsure,

And the thing you wanted costs you and the longer you leave it, it costs you more;

But take a stab in the dark and reach out and be hold and pay the price,

For the thing that you are getting is really something very nice.

Now what you have to pay me is the price you have to pay,

But it's cheap and worth a fortune and it takes you the whole day;

I'm not going to have to tell you like prisoner in the concentration camp,

Who really would have paid to save his skin to sit at night with a lamp.

For the darkness was so blinding just to see the light of day,

As the night was snow unfolding from the damp and most dismal way;

So I had to pay you the money and you for what I had instead,

And now your life's worth living and I'm not going to want you dead.

**Signed,**

**Share eternally**