

The wind in the trees,  
The sun and the bees;  
The roses so sweet,  
Like something to eat.

A drive around the town,  
Something to look down;  
The Sunday church air,  
The people all so fair.

The clouds in the sky,  
Just like heaven they lie;  
To heal ones sore heart,  
St. Helens help smart.

St. Helens I think man,  
But I doubt if I can;  
The meaning of everything,  
God's one final plan.

Deep in the heart,  
Where the soul doesn't beat;  
The people around,  
And the people you meet.

A miracle waiting,  
Of god beyond compare;  
Heaven and hell,  
St. Helen's fair share.

Signed,

The Lamb and the Future