

Is it fresh water or does it come from the sea?

It looks clean and clear but a bit blue to me;

When it rains from the sky do you go out to look and see,

Or just get a drink of it or put it in coffee or tea.

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It will shower and pour and drop from the sky,

Or flow from the dam to a tap and not run dry;

When it runs down the river it flows into a lake,

Or have a windmill for a well to fill a tank if you like.

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So what does it matter if it all goes down the drain?

When the oceans are full and it precipitates in rain;

When it evaporates and condenses you worry about the train,

And if it is heaven or hell it might look like alcohol insane.

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We know the farmers need it to water the land and the crops,

And you can buy it in bottles from nearly all of the shops,

And if it's salty and you're thirsty it is a bit hard to drink;

So consider where it comes from and whether God will think.

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So the thing of it is that the weather will decide the way,

And we all go along our own way in each every day;

If you doubt that the drought will end in the desert,

The next thing you know there is a flood and deserve it.

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Now if it's rationed and portioned and we each get our share,

We're clean and we're healthy and we've all learnt to care;

But the earth is so big and gets it's own way all the time,

So just where will it fall and is it he or she in this rhyme.

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Signed,

Coming back