

What's right is right and what's wrong is wrong,

And you have to write what is wrong to make it right;

So at the end of the day when you're left to go your own way,

Everything is right and what has gone to everyone else I should say.

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What's right is right and what I have is my own to own,

To keep what I've got and in the end to see how its grown;

I can have and I can hold and I can touch, reason and listen,

But what I keep to myself must be clean, clear and glisten.

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What's right is right and what I say is what I must mean,

For that's fair and logical and can be heard clear and clean;

It's reasonable to say that the truth is the best thing to know,

And that will depend on what God said will go with the flow.

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What's right is right and what day is to night, black is to white,

And the meaning of truth is what is clear, plain and in light;

For the sun shines on everyone and you can't hide in the dark,

As what is done wrong must come out and be seen for the remark.

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What's right is right and the best is the hardest to know,

Like the smartest the test to see what is better to grow;

So what you pass will be met and what you beat can't be told,

For the best thing in life is to become and be very old.

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What's right is right and all the money can be left on the shelf,

Instead of spending it on indulgences or just thinking of yourself;

For the greatest is gratitude and that leaves in the mind with the attitude,

That the highest of the high is higher than the longitude or latitude.

Signed,

A clear blue sky