

I'm with Jesus and I count it as lucky,

God's youngest son who's Faith was quite clucky;

The thing of the truth is the thing of the past,

Which point to the future so the truth will all last,.

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Who am I with as I seem to be all alone,

No one to love me and no one to own;

When I am out I remember who I am with,

But when I go home it is just me who I live.

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Who am I with? Do you remember being with me,

Are you someone I know or just someone I see;

The joy of the world is a relationship with God,

And I love having that when things are not odd.

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Who am I with do you want to be with me,

To keep me company and talk about life and be free;

What is going on in this world here on my own,

I think friendship and companionship is something you owe.

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Who am I with is there something wrong with me,

Are you here with me or are you reading to see;

Well if I think that is right there's something left to write,

So now all that we need is to meet and read right.

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Who am I with? Is that in us or disbelief?

Are you trying to be my boss or just be the chief?

Who am I with? Well really God only knows,

So I hope you know who you are with and all that it shows.

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**Signed,**

**I'm with you**