

Is the weather God? I ask the question now and wonder why,
Is the money heaven? Or do you have God looking down from the sky?
Are you complaining about things of old, or is the weather heaven now,
Is everything around you becoming new, as if you knew reality just how.

You can't worship God and money you know, and that is whether weather's heaven,
When the sky is the right kind of light you see and clouds are floating eternally;
You might be tempted to think the weathers God, as it changes again to be a bit odd,
Or if heaven is always the place you have in mind, the money's hard, that you seldom find.

So I ask you now again in pen, whether God is the weather or heaven and hell,
That you might answer me straight away as well and seem to want to answer tell;
If you take the chance to smell a rose, and sell the scent for cell to sell,
And wonder why it does not rain, when dew and ice or snow falls again.

Is the weather God? As if God has got nothing better to do with his time,
Then worry about you and me and problems that come about in words of rhyme;
That God would look down on us on earth below, from heavens perch with love to show,
That you and I might search the church to learn to understand just what to know.

And if the gates of hell impart a stormy night with lightning flashing bright,
Then life in heaven begins to reign and the rain comes down to ease the pain;
For each of us with greedy heart, would seek all our own so selfish gain,
So the weather might be whether to God, or moneys heaven and hell so odd.

Well then if the money is heaven to God we all shall bow and farce what's what,
Because if the weather indeed is God, God decides what's right and wrong;
That we should toe the line so long, when the weather crashes down into a song,
That he who lives and dwells of high, would answer us from up in the sky.

Signed,

The weather belongs to God