

Build me a house and home said the Lord unto his subject,
That I may live a long, long, time enduring all the objects;
Houses and homes are the places we make to say that they are ours,
With many diligent labours of love and just as many hours.

Home sweet home is the place to be and say that this is mine,
Living, loving and enjoying life, where its fit to wine and dine;
Well the weather we do this or whether we do that, will depend upon the wife,
Who wipes the sink and sits down to eat at night and say if this is right.

As trees grow in freedom of effort to make timber for our houses,
So the nails make money for our home to live in and feed our mouths;
From the north unto the south and the east as to the west,
Life is worth the wait for our houses to be our homes for all that's best.

So the dwelling that we live in, whether home unit or house,
The counting of the cost was the price that paid the way;
For to pay for all the houses, you need suburbs rich and right,
For the rarities of owning all the good things you delight.

Now the kingdom is found in God's house where he one day calls us home.
A place with many rooms and a roof as high as Rome;
While until then He nourishes us and blesses us with all we do desire,
To feed the hungry and the starving and the poor who do enquire.

So from now until the end of time, eternity awaits,
For the truth of all the problems and all the earthly rates;
For when we finally get it right and pay for our requirements,
The lights from the universe send their light unto the properties real weights.

Signed,

We must get it right.