

So what of today and who cares about tomorrow
What are the signs that we all will have to borrow;
Look through your windows and see up to the sky
For these signs through your windows answer us why.

Driving down the highway feeling like a fool,
I look through my window and see another school;
The signs all point in the direction I'm going,
But the trouble is obeying them and staying still knowing.

Don't turn around or you will miss out on what's best,
For the futures in front of you and the past was your rest;
So take a stride further and peep at a sign,
For out in the street you can peep at the design,

I don't really care if I win or I lose,
Because with windows and signs you can choose or amuse;
But think of them often because nearly are,
That symbol and answer to being a star.

I don't think this is good but I know I have time,
And I'll be making some money out of this rhyme.

So windows and signs are what all try to recognise,
As something to see through and aim with your eyes;
It's tragic when people don't stick to the rules,
But it's all fixed and restored when you know the right tool.

No this window and sign which come to my mind,
Is the soul and the God that's so hard to find;
But if you look carefully and hear every word,
Then you'll see out the window and the sign is a bird.

Signed,

If I was you