

I walk down the road with pleasure and time,

Hoping forgiveness will grant me a full peace of mind;

If you want do it all again you must relive or repeat,

That the second time around you're still on your feet.

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God leads the way and knows exactly what we do,

For all the alternatives and possibilities to come true;

If you race them all, then one must always win,

The tracking is a measure and not a pleasure of sin.

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Trains stay on track and they sound out their horn,

In danger and troubled times that are all forewarned;

You can go to the track to see the horses and dogs,

But the race of the nations is a world of what's Gods.

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The first time around is really the very best one,

So invest in life so that when you win you've won;

Tracking is like a memory and paying to find out,

The second time around with proof and not doubt,

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If you understand the way your smarter than me,

But must follow wholeheartedly and listen to thee;

When it's perfectly kind you might be a millionaire,

When the memory is money, if enough a billionaire.

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So don't have a bet on all the things at the races,

But sleep well in bed and remember all the faces;

People come and go but names go on fames backing,

And the country loves the races and all the tracking.

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**Signed,**

**Two bites of the cherry.**