

He's crazy at home with so many places in which to live,

To go where he can get peace and be calm and silently have to give;

His mind is crossed on which way to go to lead and guide and greatly show,

For he loves his people but hates to have no knowledge got or gave to grow.

So where to now I ask my God to give me wisdom to which love,

For the way is true and narrow and I must find it braid and follow;

To where the road leads from path and tread to ancient trucks to be not dead,

And as I go and watch to them I'm crazy at home from which I read.

And where does he want to take his step from field are valley river,

Across the mountains far and wide and high up to the sky to let give her;

Each breath he takes he knows not why but hurled unto the ancient sky,

For as each person would venture and dare to follow him most anywhere.

I sit here writing poetry and think he's crazy at home to answer me,

But I will ask until forever where is thou in nearly any weather;

For I am he and he is I from where we came from God on high,

And she was one who bore the male as he's crazy a home unto the fail.

And worry not and weary why I'm taken home unto the sky,

From home and here from where I dwell I'm asked to come again to tell;

He's crazy at home but the world is wide and many men have often died,

But fragile heart in which is smart has written well and has tried.

So now where to if he's crazy at home will he stay there long,

Or wish to roam ad travel far across the land and sea not wrong,

And have himself and ancient song to go on caring and truly blessing,

In answer to the question told to be told again and keep them guessing.

Signed,

Lonely Out