

Stealing someone brains is impossible but not for the criminally insane,

For all the thoughts of freedom are law to use money and time in vain;

So we need the police to police the mind of what it's like inside,

For it's really only me at home and that's where intelligence resides.

I know that sometimes all the things that go through my head,

Are dangerous and unkind, so I try to be humble when great not to be dead;

And the beauty of being on your own is you only have yourself to fight,

If you can understand that then when it's only me at home you're right.

For the problem with unnatural conception is head to be normal,

And when the hearth of God is in you, you are abnormal to be formal;

For only the very best in life make all the high way to the top,

Now it is only me at home and just completely happy to shut shop.

So I'll give you a call if there is a need for it to happen,

When life is more important than all the trimmings and the trappen;

For loneliness plays tricks on the thoughts of those who try to pick,

When you are only me at home and the love of God gets the tick.

Well I think it's kind of happy to be acting like king or queen,

When all you've seen and done is all you seem to want to mean;

And in the quiet still hours of the morning and someone's born and dies,

God celebrates the life with Christ coming through the tries in skies.

Now it's only me at home and God is all I had faith in that,

For the perfection and completion is being ended under my hat;

Yet the best is yet to come to go out and face another day,

When the weather worries whether I can return the very same way.

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**Signed,**

**In Him I trust**