

Nothing matter more or less than this or that,  
And nothings worth worrying about things that don't matter;  
And really nothing matter really to anyone else at all,  
But what you are doing yourself and the books on the wall.

Something is always nice to get and to have and to keep,  
To say that have earned something when getting in a bit deep,  
To hole you're head high and say that I have some sort of price,  
With the treasures in heave and the love of your heavenly bride.

The beauty keeps coming around and lasts all through the year,  
Of what we hold deeply and value as something very dear;  
When nothing else matters but what you are worth at the end of the say,  
The blessings are few and come with many fears in their own way.

So when it all seems so pointless and nothing else matters,  
When things don't go your way but want individual statistics;  
Then open your eyes and look up above the high sky,  
Where the blue is beyond you and flowers blooming all day.

God only know sometimes how nearly all things worked,  
With trouble on your mind for the faith you constantly doubt;  
And money is a big negative to a poet who has plenty of time,  
As these words go down on paper and ink thinks this rhyme.

So if nothing matters really to yourself or somebody else,  
It probably was not very important and you think of yourself;  
But when you look outwards and upward towards the bright light,  
Things become positive and something matters when you try and write.

Signed,

Something Right