

It's all so simple in this world of ours,
It's just like child's play which god allows;
But in times of strife we forget about a child's fun,
All of his birthday parties and the world as one.

I put pen to paper to create some kind of rhyme,
When life's in stages and it's like the child's playing time;
It can get so complicated with electronics and that,
Instead of a jack in the box or a birds new hat.

And as we grow up and I'm sure most of us do,
We wonder what life has for us and what we're to do;
When really it's just child's play in the kingdom of God,
Nothing outlandish or anything really that odd.

So in this world created so perfectly kind,
It's all just like child's play in a grown child's mind;
And when we all crumble and our earth falls apart,
All we need to do is just go back to the start.

Like a park with some swings or seat here to sit,
The love of the people is to see a child as it;
To some Jesus was the very best that is,
As in the eyes of the child, the play was his.

And when in love the kingdom is coming in the sky,
And all the children of all nations look up there with their eye;
They'll see his mighty glory of the world yet best to come,
That God the mighty author was really not that dumb.

Signed,

He proved his love to me