

In my third year of school I did a sum,  
That one day it would turn and be rewarded to sun;  
It was taught by my teacher who would be a great star,  
Who would sing and would travel by place or by car.

The words of his songs were written down in live,  
With the kind gentle beauty and a torch from above;  
It echoed with rhythm and rhyme and truth and meaning,  
And was sung from the heart with a light in the eyes gleaming.

Now this big rhythm start of country folk style,  
Performed and he sang with heart and with smile;  
Until he rested in peace but memory went on,  
He now lives in heaven where the sun has still shone.

And the meaning to this is a pure simple fact,  
Of what all the glory of fame and life can attract;  
That the still gentle quietness of what all must end,  
Is found in the laughter of being God's friend.

But the sweet music lingers in the music and song,  
Of what was so perfect yet so hard and so wrong;  
This man was John Denver who stole so many hearts,  
In the still silent dreamtime by his sweet melodious parts.

And now the bill is all paid through his death and his life,  
That the solitude of serenity gave its meaning and strife;  
And as I check the addition of the sum back in school,  
The answer is equal because Jesus made the rule.

Signed,

We'll meet again