

With everything in the world all so very perfect,
Who would want to die and live on or instead reflect;
For love faith and hope are still in the truth of God,
Where greatness is great and not greater or not odd.

Why would I come back to something that is wrong,
When all is said and done and fixed to be in a song;
With the world turning around and things going on,
Who would stop and consider life of salvation of St John.

If there's plenty of money and always plenty of everything else,
Who would think of someone else and not concentrate on themself;
Surely this gift of life is not free to waste or lose,
But must be spent wisely in any place you go and choose.

But silly as it sounds one day we all will end up dead,
Where there's no place to live and always must be lend;
Dor surely this has meaning and life is not sure a fuss,
But more like a train trip or air flight or traveling on a bus.

You know now there's nothing ever better than building up wealth,
As long as you have a sense of humour and hold onto your health;
For finding time to do things and make things of yourself,
Leads you and guides you to be bigger than life myself.

So now understand there's no way on earth I'm coming back,
Not after doing everything twice and as walked along each track;
Repeating and reliving lifetimes and making money all along,
Know that it's better to listen to music and read and live long.

Signed,

Why be an idiot watching television when there's an internet you can be on and read