

I live and die for no given cause,
Than that I was born to use up my resource;
Of loving and giving and taking my turn,
To read all the pages and to live and to learn.

I have got time and I have got money,
To do anything as well as beat honey;
Because there is not much concern or cares in strife,
Than dying in time and losing your life.

So I sat down with a pen in my hand,
After I'd read all the Bible and all that I can;
To live and to think and cherish the idea,
Of all I could be until I return home one year.

And now as I move and seem to improve,
There's more time to think with a new kind of link;
To keep what I've got and establish a lot,
Of what the pains that is cost, to pay what I want.

But like in not cheap if you lose your sleep,
And can't afford to eat more than a land or the sheep;
For what I have done and what I can do,
Is more than enough for it all to come true.

And each little bit, that I do each new day,
Helps somebody else to learn and to pay;
That they too may do what I really knew,
And what could be better, the word or what I do to.

Signed,

The aye you read or do