

It's what's inside that counts lord,
A voice and soul and heart and word;
And a mind that thinks and lets us live,
With a beautiful heart that just wants to give.

A beautiful heart, well what else could I want,
Maybe a jam and cream and butter croissant;
No it's not like that really at all,
But what I can do on this ear spinning ball.

I can feel every beat as the blood rushes through,
Which reminds me and treats me to all that I knew;
Like the creation of a baby girl or boy,
A beautiful hearts fills us with rods of joy.

Now as I sit here and write out this poem,
I'm comforted by the luxuries and comforts of home;
Things that bring happiness are not of this earth,
But the life in a god and a new born birth.

So you might now wonder how you will find,
A hearts that more beautiful than all peace of mind;
For it's the eternal nature of what makes life tick,
Like a rose in the spring that you have to pick.

A beautiful hear well now makes love fills my head,
With this life everlasting going long after um dead;
Well I don't think that anything can beat what I care,
Except maybe a thought of a lost orphan prayer.

Signed,

It's how you find me