

Is it and emerald or diamond ring,
What on earth us this precious thing;
Love seems to make the world go round,
But life's the most precious thing that I've found.

Money makes us fight, quarrel and worry,
And sex turns people to perversion in a hurry;
Now what makes life is something precious,
It's like a table of gold covered with food so delicious.

I know I'm not famous but I have a name,
And it's simply my job to believe and proclaim;
It might not be honest to see two sides of the coin,
But I do it in earnest and by simply enjoying.

Times but a factor in this realm of eternity,
Not for most people who venture through university;
For they know that in life you follow your nose,
Like the right given fact of God's son who rose.

So I suppose there's an answer to what seems like this dream,
Because something precious to some people is to only a dob of cream;
It's not what you've got but what's you like that counts,
So something precious is valued in all kinds of amounts.