

People want only one thing life,  
Its things to bring happiness but peace not strife;  
There are so many possessions available in this world,  
Things that break and must be returned.

For me it's magic to find what I want,  
Like coffee in a French bakery and a buttered croissant;  
Things come in many a shape and form,  
When the sun beats down and weathers storm.

Things you see are not meant to be had,  
Owned by us all not giving to dad;  
I know as a boy I learnt to enjoy,  
The thing that I had to have in a toy.

Now as I grow old things are as gold,  
When thinking aloud and knowing I'm bold;  
So now must satisfy the things I do well,  
As things that you know seem hard to tell.