

The underground of sorts and kinds,
Of passengers that distant our minds;
From different places and different times,
I find good reason for these lines in rhymes.

The meaning of it all is this,
That beneath the ground lies what is his;
The train lines that link station true,
Of crisscross tracks all by computer through.

And integrated system of tracks and signals,
That lead and carry all kinds of people;
And some who get lost along the way,
For their own sweet cause at the end of the day.

It's a sunny world here in which we live,
Where what comes out is only what you give;
And when we all meet in heaven one day,
It's what goes in and comes out each way.

There's many meaning in this world of ours,
Where mistakes take a bunch of flowers endowed;
That through it all both thick and thin,
There is a way in which we all can win.

So whether it's London or Paris or New York,
Or here in Australia with the Sydney talk;
The underground is part of our nation all,
Like the bloodstream of life to Christ's new call.

Signed,

Go ahead God