

What a love, oh what a man,
His heart his love an eternal plan;
His lord his life was to follow thee,
So what could that possibly mean to me.

My god, my heart, my love, my joy,
I've known his love since still a boy;
A special kind of perfect touch,
Like a guarantee of life so much.

How could I possible talk to Peter,
I can imagine him an enormous eater;
At least I know just where my feet are,
Like on a highway in a car sitting on a seat so far.

It's funny how we think of it,
This long lost friend of mine;
Peter always perfect but only when the weathers fine,
Thank you Peter thank you God, I'm pleased that I can dine.

I know I shouldn't deny you lord,
There's something in your heart;
But I do tend to go on a bit,
And really I'm not all that smart.

The problem is I love you most,
And that's really not good enough for God;
The fact that fools are everywhere,
Means that there's something about honor you must .

Signed,

Pretty Personal