

A new idea will cost me money,
I thought it was true but really it's funny;
But the reality is everything costs money,
Even these bees which are free but work hard for honey.

And the honey costs you money which is an ageless thing,
Like the price of the cross and the sum you think;
And when you go to bed and wake up in the morning,
The sun will come up and shine its light by dawning.

So when the people went to bed only to get up again,
They planned the night and prepared for their children then;
But thing that costs is a family full of love and freedom,
That each may know and each may know a good reason.

And if you write to save your life, you'd better run as well,
Because each pen and stroke to another folk will have to tell;
The reason for the crime that you have to explain in rhyme,
So that all will have plenty of money and save their time.

But if in case you lose the race and can't find God at all,
Remember the trace of the lace in space while you're on the ball;
Sao this idea might nearly appear to be new and cost you money,
But the price is right in the human light at midday when it's sunny.

Signed,

One More Stanza