

I took a mile and the sweat poured down,
From my forehead and brow onto the ground;
Every drop dripped like liquid gold,
I was tired and warm and feeling old.

People sweat on a lot of things you see,
Sometimes a kiss sometimes to be free;
God asks us to sweat a bit too,
On a hope that He might only help us improve.

Hard work at the office or digging a ditch,
To drive a hundred miles and stopping from it.
Thinking about the day in one hours time,
Perhaps even your marriage or any other crime.

Maybe a plane flight across a plain,
Could be a dinner speech out of suffering or pain;
Then again there's something you win as a prize,
Possibly for waiting for the sun to rise.

Don't forget the oven, with the dinner cooking,
Or slaving over the hot stove while you stand there looking;
As well as the fireplace to keep things warm,
Or maybe you're one of those people, that sweaters warn.

Well that just about sums up all the things I've been sweating on,
Not to mention the sun pouring down on everyone;
But last but not least don't forget what it is,
If it be that it's money or eternity all his.

Signed

Cool Breeze