

Where do we go from here,  
A long way away or somewhere near;  
To get married or find the meaning of life,  
To travel around with your new found wife.

Perhaps over rainbows there's a place fortold  
Of beauty and riches and things made of gold;  
Perhaps even better life's answered in death,  
That the resources of life are worth every breath.

Then there's the chance of luck in the draw,  
Just going along to a place you're not sure;  
But better is life if you don't learn to stray,  
But listen to people that go along you way.

So the best place to end up is heaven of course,  
The best of the best, the paradise resource;  
And many a time, the bests left to come,  
To see a place unavailable, till you've enough sun.

But for me and my time when I put my pen down,  
Will be to turn the light off and sleep in this town;  
And when in the morning I walk and go along to church,  
I hope the minister will enlighten me to fullfill my search.

So now I finish off with the world at my feet,  
Just wondering where I will go and the people I'll meet;  
For when you follow the Lord with a heart full of faith,  
Does it really matter when or where, but just what best to sayeth.

Signed,

To a place called love