

Well I'm getting tired of all that I've done,
I'm looking for something new to get on;
I've done all I can and tried not to look back,
So now it's time for home after winding down this track.

Hone is a place where you find peace of mind,
Watching and waiting for things that are kind;
Time is a gauge we use as we grow old,
Which is both infinite and valuable and even gold.

So it depends now on what direction we take,
And the earth spinning around and the money we make;
But what a precious and coming resource,
Best saved for people who have time for home ofcourse.

Time for home is something eternally great,
When were dead in our grave and arriving at it late;
It's a place where you live and count it as worth,
That you return to each night since its beginning and birth.

I know it was so hard to look for all along,
This place of my being and place I belong;
It's like a space in our heaven where you get a big high,
It's bigger than life and almost as big as the sky.

So where do you go to now you've come to an end,
Away from the trouble and the people you befriend;
The worlds a big place so it's here now I find,
Time for home in this poem I have reclined.

Signed,

It's good to be there