

I'm almost there sailing away to heaven above,

Sometimes I'm lost for words and in need of God's love;

When I'm almost there with you on top of the mountain,

You, God are there first waiting for me to do the accounting.

I'm almost there sitting next to you but in my place an empty chair,

When I'm hopelessly lost in all despair, I'm almost there with you in prayer;

I'm almost there when it's all said and done, ignoring myself being bored,

Until I turn and look and I'm almost there, with peace in mind restored.

I'm almost there when I'm all along and you are there to guide me,

And it's you alone I know who understands, why I'm almost free;

Because I'm almost there in paradise when there's money to burn or entice,

And when I'm almost there in my death bed, I have to do it twice.

I'm almost there from hell on earth, breathing life from physical fitness,

I'm flying high up in the sky and I'm almost without bitterness;

I'm working hard to self ensure, I'm almost there forever,

When the good of God is a gift of free grace to heaven from paradise.

I'm almost there when I hit rock bottom and hell in an open door.

When all the pain of work and strife, hurts me all a bit more;

And when I'm almost there from the sins dark hole of soul,

I'm digging hard and looking up to where I'm almost there and whole.

I'm almost there when things get better and life a smooth road to travel,

When the bitumen runs out and you car must run on gravel;

When you've seeked and searched the narrow path that leads to external life,

Then I'm almost there with a woman to love and God to bless my wife.

Signed,

For me to do for God