

Holy Moses, have you got a thorn in your paw,

Or are you lop sided with a dog's ear and saw;

I think I have a cup of tea and ended up poor,

As the wind blew through the trees, to make sport of me for sure.

Â

Birds, words and Bibles, she is gale and not me,

It's raining cats and dogs and Jesus is still on the tree;

In poetry it is meant to rhyme with alliteration for free,

When things take time in your cup of tea, it tastes like good tea.

Â

I'm writing it down how it fits and all works out after me,

When Birds, Words and Bible's mean rhyming what I'm writing thee;

The Bible is spelt like a bird as it is a word holy to thy,

That thou would have a taste of the tea and not let easily fly.

Â

God is good to those who are kind and nice and gentle to me,

But his awesome might is a picture you have to decide thy on thee;

I did it myself in a photo when the painting was still on the wall,

And the earth is the world really turning around like a big spinning ball.

Â

Now the birds are like bees that fly and words come easily to me,

But the bible is a big nasty book which has nice words to say;

Now I'm taking my time with my writing simply digesting my tea,

And there's no liable law that can take me, simply to be with thee.

Â

Signed

The Lords Work

Â

But words don't come cheap to the Bible, not like the birds and bees,

Because if Christ is really set on coming, God has to deal with me,

I'm not going to answer that back as God gets his way with me,

And I simply must write and question everything independently.

Â

Signed,

Â

I Heard and eye ball