




If you found yourself in my shoes, you would choose to walk barefoot
A lot on my plate isn't actually nutritious
I'm not balanced 'cos I ain't *die* yet
You'd ask how I became this? I've learned from my indecision making decisions for me.
I'm a cross between strong morals and I have to survive
These soiled hands can flaunt a good heart
You may say it doesn't count
But I tried, repeatedly, more than I can keep count.
When I go 6 ft,
I seldom ignore Bible passages
And pray heaven reasons my plight real deep
And grant me passage still.
I know I haven't had the worst, but I've had my share,
Lots of rooms in the mansion up there, so Jesus said,
For a sinner,
I'm hoping,
one,
they spare. Or, maybe share.

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