

WHY CAN'T I

PAINT LIKE

VAN GOGH



WHY CAN'T I SING

LIKE

RIDE THE WIND

KISS THE SKY

KNOW THE SECRET

WITH NO NOT OF

ONE'S VOICE KNOWS

THE TOUCH OF CLOUDS

LET'S BLIND TO THE GIFT,
OF BEFORE

LIFE'S ROAD

STILL RECIENS &

CALLS

NO WEALTH OF KNOWS

KNOWS THE

GIFT OF

THE POOR

JOY AT THE

KISS OF THE NOW

THANKS FOR IT ALL

WANT ONE SLIP

JUST BECAUSE