**Flying over Bethleham**

*March 21, 2013*

Flying over Bethleham.

Trying to keep on.

Trying to find out who I am.

Trying to get home.

Never sure where from I came.

Not sure where I'm going.

Never can remember their names.

Or all the Seeds I'm sowing.

Life's a kick on the road.

Each day a brand new start.

You may have busted but you showed.

At least you played your part.

Let me buy another round.

Let me pull my freight.

Let me hold you. Lye you down.

You won't have to wait.

I don't have much stuff or money.

Things you see are as things are.

But I can sing and feed you milk and honey.

Play my old guitar.

Never can promise jewels or gold.

Fast Cars Cadillac’s or Furs.

But Lye with me and be so bold.

You will see stars and purr.