

Jones Howard

"Human's Lib"

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There was a time when there was nothing at all
Nothing at all, just a distant hum
There was a being and he lived on his own
He had no one to talk to, and nothing to do
He drew up the plans, learnt to work with his hands
A million years passed by and his work was done
And his words were these...
Hope you find it in everything, everything that you see
Hope you find it in everything, everything that you see
Hope you find it, hope you find it
Hope you find me in you
So she had built her elaborate home
With it's ups and it's downs, its rains and its sun
She decided that her work was done, time to have fun
and she found a game to play
Then as part of the game
She completely forgot where she'd hidden herself
And she spent the rest of her time
Trying to find the parts
Hope you find it in everything, everything that you see
Hope you find it in everything, everything that you see
Hope you find it, hope you find it
Hope you find me in you
There was a time when there was nothing at all,
nothing at all
Just a distant hum

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