

Too many words spoken too many words said.
I need to slash through that thicket in my head.
In this life's there's sunshine mixed with rain.
On life's road another hill then plain.
After the storm and thunder she was above I was under.

Too many words spoken too many words said.
Bad weather has formed a cloud around my head.
In the cleft of the rock there's shelter my Tui.
To this our problem Ha Shem has the key.
Then come words that are gently spoken.
After sweet love that is mixed with motion.
Crane

Too many words spoken too many words said.
Ha Shem's timing perfect just entered my troubled head.
He can meet your lovely dry land with rain.
He has the real power release the crane.
You are my flower I will pollinate.
The child will arrive never early or late.