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The Way That We Were Meant to Be

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THE WAY THAT WE WERE MEANT TO BE

Sunsets shine on golden leaves; the cool is in the air,
And people look with scorn.
Yet even though I bundle up and shiver in a breeze,
I know the wrongs of discontent
For this season's meant to be.

We often try to work against the ways of things we disapprove.
Against the cold we build our house or huddle under wool.
We work so hard at comforts while spirit overlook.
I know the wrongs of misconception;
The soul was meant to be.

And me, I want to know the cold of winter, the fall of leaves,
And in summer drench in hot, while spring will bring me green.
I want to meet the seasons and bear their tales of life.
I want to be a part of time
For this was meant to be.

Of God I need to ever learn;
He's given me sense to seek right from wrong.
I'll turn away from ways of life that God cannot accept
For I'm a part of Him, and He's a part of me.
That's the way that we were meant to be.

--Tom Harrison