

Small is Beautiful

There is a place that we can go,
Lay down and talk on the open floor,
To rearrange, voice our pains and sudden joys,
Pass up a life that just makes noise.

You ask.
Well, it starts with a sparkle and some soul;
you realize that small is beautiful
to change the waste you throw in haste, not being told.
A choice many face -- you're being bold.

Show me, how you want it to be
Growing, there's another way to see
Some holding in, or stuck in their means to live
Continue the suffering, when that's not theirs' to give

Adore your design, where less is more
Supporting your finds at the local store
Soft, warm face, you lead with grace, where others stall
The children will thank you when they grow tall

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(Bridge)

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