

Moods

- you pop in and out of them
A good one, a bad, your happy then sad
In one day, like skiing your up on the
Mountain top, down at the bottom
In a second
Swinging in the breeze as the wind blows
Moods sweep across you, one never knows
How strange it seems that people can be changed,
Formed and shaped, like clay
It's all in the hands of nature
