

295-1000  
Work and live and love

These three things, which comes first  
Some say live, could be worse  
Some say love, without which not  
Some say work, with money bought  
I would say the three are one  
Inseparable, can't be undone  
For Living without love is death  
my words of love in every breath  
And through my work my love is shown  
For all the children i have known  
And so i work and love and live  
All my heart i have to give  
You may not with me quite agree  
But i am empty without all three