

Happiness' Border

Youth Group

He was invited so he came to the wedding,
Even though he hadn't seen her
For two months or three,
And there over silver cutlery and bedding
She told him that she'd never felt so happy.

He lived his life out of order,
Stopped at happiness' border.
They read his crimes out aloud,
But he'll never know how
To make her so happy when there's a crowd.

Although she'd never agreed in theory
She felt, biologically, it was time.
Still, the whole rigmarole makes her uneasy,
That's why they were drinking this cask wine

She will be left lonely,
But she will be right.