

Home At Last

The trees were blowing in the gentle breeze
the sun was shining; through the leaves on the trees.
The meadows are green; and the grass grows tall
off in the distance; you can see a waterfall.

Over the falls; down through the creek
the water flows gently; as a rabbit sneaks a peek.
Far up above; in the deep blue sky
the birds soar high; as they fly by.

The animals play; at the bridge by the waterfall
chasing each other; and just having a ball.
They play all day; from morning to night
there's no more rain; just warm sunlight.

Off in the distance; the trumpets would blow
all would look up; and notice a bright glow.
The harps would play; and the angels would sing
as another pet has come home; who had earned his wings.