

God saw you getting tired

When God saw you getting tired
And a cure was not to be
He put his arms around you
And whispered come to me
He didn't like what you went through
And he gave you rest
His garden must be beautiful
He only takes the best
And when we saw you sleeping
So peaceful and free from pain
We wouldn't wish you back
To suffer that again
Today we say goodbye
And as you take your final rest
That garden must be beautiful
Because you are one of the best.

Anonymous