

Look to Heaven and be Grateful

Words and music by Robert Fitt

When you're walkin' in the winter, and your feet are cold,
Or you're walkin' with a walker when you're frail and old,
If your walkin' is so wobbly you're afraid that you will fall,
Look to heaven and be grateful you can walk at all.

When you smell the pastry bakin' in the neighborhood,
Or if smells that you are smellin' just don't smell that good;
If the smells that you've been smellin' smell more like a barnyard stall,
Look to heaven and be grateful you can smell at all.

When you see the ocean surf as it comes washin' in,
Or you see the garbage strewn about where you've just been;
Though some things you see, frustratingly, will make you want to bawl,
Look to heaven and be grateful you can see at all.

When you hear the birds a warblin' in the early spring,
Or you're hearin' racous sounds that ruin everything;
When your neighbors off-tune singin' tends to drive you up the wall,
Look to heaven and be grateful you can hear at all.

When you're tastin' tasty pastries till your taste buds hurt
Or the tastes that you are tastin' taste a lot like dirt;
If your tastin' tastes like heaven, or your tastin' tastes like gall,
Look to heaven and be grateful you can taste at all.

When the life you're livin' isn't what it ought to be,
Or you're livin's ten feet short of livin' happily,
Grab the altar when you falter or your best intentions stall,
Look to heaven and be grateful you can walk, or talk,
Or see or hear at all!