

JUST POEMS

THE GOOD, THE BAD AND THE UGLY

JANUARY 2021

WRITTEN BY BILL RENFRO



DEDICATION



**THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED TO THE
LOVE OF MY LIFE**

WILMA L. (BABE POOL) RENFRO
1932 - 2018

THIS BOOK

This book is made up of poems that are new, and ones that have been in other books that I have written. Most of them were written at a time in my life that has been very painful for me following the loss of my wife of 70 years. This grief is evident in those writings. You may find them too sad to read, but remember, you may be in this position one day.



REMEMBER

I remember when our lips first met
The time and place where we were at

I thought that to kiss was just for fun
But it told me that this was the one

It was the kiss felt round my world
And it all came from this little country girl

It entered the lips and went straight to the heart
Right to the place where love gets its start

It consumed my life both night and day
With a love that would never go away

It has surely passed the test of time
For it still lingers in this old heart of mine

But I had only one heart to give
And I promised it to her “ **as long as we both
shall live**”

BILL RENFRO



I MISS YOU LOVE

BY BILL RENFRO

THE SUN DIDN' T SHINE, AT MY HOUSE TODAY
ALL HAS BEEN DARK, SINCE YOU WENT AWAY

YOUR SMILE, YOUR LAUGHTER, YOUR LOVING
TOUCH
THESE ARE THE THINGS, THAT I MISS SO MUCH

YOU STOLE MY HEART , WITH ONE SINGLE KISS
THESE ARE MORE OF THE THINGS THAT I WILL
MISS

YOU OWNED MY HEART FOR MOST OF MY LIFE
GOD RICHLY BLESSED ME BY MAKING YOU MY
WIFE

YOU FILLED MY LIFE AS NO ONE ELSE COULD
YOU RAN OUT THE BAD AND BROUGHT IN THE
GOOD

WE WILL SOON BE TOGETHER IN A PLACE FAR
AWAY
I AM LOOKING FORWARD TO THAT GLORIOUS
DAY

WHERE WE WILL LIVE TOGETHER WITH PEOPLE OF
OLD
AND WALK TOGETHER DOWN STREETS MADE OF
GOLD

WE WILL TALK TO THE FATHER, AND TALK TO THE
SON
WHEN WE HAVE BEEN THERE FOREVER, IT WILL
HAVE JUST BEGUN

LOVE

*Love is an old disease that infects ones heart
But we do know how it gets it start*

*It can affect the young and also the old
And it can spread quickly if not under control*

*It starts in the mind and spreads to the heart
Sometimes we never know how it ever got it's start*

*When the heart gets infected and not under control
It can work its way down into the soul*

*If caught early, there can be a small cure
While some seek help, others choose to endure*

*His disease can be spread to others you know
So be on guard wherever you go*

*You can catch this affliction in many ways it seems
It has been known to destroy lives and end all your
dreams*

*Sometimes it affects a husband and wife
It can last for years or for some it can be for life*

*It can be contracted in the many ways that exist
But I know that mine was started with one simple
kiss*

BILL RENFRO

A BROKEN HEART

I SAID TO MY DOCTOR, SIR, IF YOU WILL
TELL ME HOW LONG IT TAKES FOR A BROKEN
HEART TO HEAL

HE SAID, SIR I WISH THAT I KNEW
FOR I HAVE SEEN MANY OTHERS JUST LIKE YOU

I HAVE READ MY BOOKS, BUT THEY DO
NOT TELL
HOW LONG IT SHOULD FOR YOU TO GET WELL

I DON'T THINK IT IS A MATTER OF TIME OR EVEN
COST
I THINK IT DEPENDES ON THE DEPTH OF YOUR
LOSS

SOME HEAL QUICKLY, WITH SOME IT IS LONG
JUST STAY BUSY AND TRY TO STAY STRONG

SOME TIMES OTHERS CAN HELP YOU TO HEAL
BUT SOMTIMES THE WOUND IS SO DEEP IT
NEVER WILL

WHEN YOUR HEART IS SO BROKEN AND NO HELP
YOU SEE
YOU WANT TO BE WITH HER, NOT HERE WITH ME

BILL RENFRO



I NEVER KNEW

I KNEVER KNEW
JUST HOW MUCH I LOVED YOU

UNTIL THAT DAY
WHEN YOU WERE TAKEN AWAY

NOW MY SUN DOESN'T SHINE, AND MY SKY IS
NOT BLUE
EVERY DAY SINCE I LOST YOU

BUT THE LOVE THAT YOU LEFT HAS STAYED
TO REMIND ME OF THE LIFE THAT WE MADE

IT WILL FOREVER REMAIN
IN A HEART NOT THE SAME

AND A HEART THAT IS STILL TRUE
WILL FOREVER LOVE YOU

WHEN I LOOK AT YOUR PICTURES, I STILL SEE
THE LOVE IN YOUR HEART LOOKING BACK AT
ME

AND NOW TIME CAN'T ERASE
THAT BEAUTIFUL SMILE ON YOUR FACE

ONE MAN, ONE WOMAN FOR ALL OF YOUR
LIFE
BECAME TRUE THE DAY I MADE YOU MY WIFE

BILL RENFRO



A PROMISE MADE, A PROMISE KEPT

I STOOD BEFORE A PASTOR IN A SMALL COUNTRY
TOWN
WITH A TREASURE OF LIFE THAT I HAD FOUND

SHE STOOD BESIDE ME, AS PRETTY AS COULD BE
THE ONE AND ONLY THAT GOD HAD SAVED FOR ME

I PROMISED TO LOVE AND TAKE CARE OF HER FOR
ALL OF MY LIFE
THE PASTOR THEN PRONOUNCED US HUSBAND AND
WIFE

I KNEW BEFORE THE SERVICE HAD BEGUN
THAT WE HAD COME THERE AS TWO, BUT HAD LEFT
THERE AS ONE

WHILE LIFE WAS FULL OF OFFERS TO ROAM
I NEVER FORGOT WHAT I HAD WAITING AT HOME

WE WEATHERED THE STORMS FOR 70 PLUS YEARS
THE THOUGHT OF WHICH STILL BRINGS BACK A FEW
TEARS

HER LIGHT NOW SHINES FROM CLOSE TO THE MOON
IT LASTED SO LONG, BUT IT ENDED TOO SOON

BILL RENFRO



HER CHAIR

BY BILL RENFRO

HER CHAIR IS NOW EMPTY, AND IT IS HARD TO SEE
THAT NOW SHE NO LONGER SITS THERE BY ME

WHERE WE ONCE SAT THROUGH MOST OF THE DAY
NOW SITS EMPTY SINCE SHE WENT AWAY

AND WHEN WE GO TO PLACES WHERE WE USED TO EAT
I WANT TO TELL PEOPLE, YOU ARE IN BABES SEAT

HER PLACE ON THE COUCH, NEAR MY EASY CHAIR
IS NOW EMPTY WHEN I LOOK OVER THERE

BUT I STILL LOOK, MAYBE HOPPING TO SEE
AN IMAGE OF THE ONE WHO MEANT SO MUCH TO ME

WE ALWAYS SAT AS CLOSE TO EACH OTHER
AS WE COULD BE
ENOUGH FOR ME TO TOUCH HER , AND SHE TOUCH ME

SOME TIMES I SIT THERE JUST TO FEEL CLOSE
TO THE ONE IN MY LIFE THAT I MISS THE MOST

HER PLACE AT THE TABLE, ALWAYS CLOSE TO MINE
IS FILLED WITH THE MEMORIES
THAT SHE LEFT BEHIND

GOD SAID THAT A MAN WHO FINDS A WIFE, FINDS A
GOOD THING
KNOW ALL THE JOY AND LOVE THAT ONLY SHE COULD
BRING



HER CLOCK

THERE IS A GRANDFATHER CLOCK THAT SITS ON
THE WALL
ITS BODY IS NARROW AND IT STANDS UP TALL

ITS SHINEY INSIDES ARE BEAUTIFUL TO SEE
IT WAS A GIFT TO BABE FROM ME

THE PENDELUM SWINGS, IT SOUNDS OFF ITS
CHIME
LETTING US ALL KNOW THAT IT IS JUST A MATTER
OF TIME

ITS PENDELUM STILL SWINGS AND THE CLOCK
STILL TELLS TIME
BUT NOW IT NO LONGER WILL CHIME

THE SOUND OF THE CHIMES WE NO LONGER
HEAR
I BELIEVE THEY STOPPED SOUNDING BECAUSE
SHE IS NO LONGER NEAR

I STILL SEE HER WIND IT WITH HER GENTLE
CARE
MAYBE SHE KNEW THAT TOMORROW MIGHT
NOT BE THERE

BY BILL RENFRO



HER THINGS

ALL HER THINGS ARE STILL IN THEIR PLACE
WHERE THEY WILL REMAIN UNTIL I END MY
RACE

THE DRAWERS STILL HOLD ALL THE THINGS
THAT SHE ONCE USED
THE CLOSETS ARE STILL FULL OF HER CLOTHES
AND HER SHOES

HER CLOTHES LINE THE SHELVES FROM
CEILING TO FLOOR
EACH ONE LOOKING SAD THAT IT WILL BE
USED NO MORE

EACH SORTED BY COLOR AND TYPE
THEY FILL THE ROOM FROM THE LEFT TO THE
RIGHT

THE DRAWERS ARE STILL FULL OF ALL HER
MAKE-UP AND THINGS
SOME ARE STILL FULL OF NECKLACES AND
RINGS

ALL THESE ARE THINGS THAT OTHERS MAY
SEE
ARE NOT THINGS, BUT ARE STILL HER TO ME

I STILL SEE HER EVERY WHERE I LOOK
HER LIFE WAS A VOLUME, NOT A ONE PAGE
BOOK

BILL RENFRO

YOU ARE EVERYWHERE

EVERYWHERE THAT I LOOK, EVERYTHING THAT
I SO
ONLY BRINGS BACK MEMORIES OF MY LOVING
YOU

I THOUGHT THAT I WAS DOING OK, BUT I WAS
WRONG
FOR I STILL CRY EVERY NIGHT SINCE YOU HAVE
BEEN GONE
I SEE YOU IN THE STORES AND ON THE
STREET
YOU ARE STILL WITH ME WHEN WE GO WHERE
WE USED TO EAT

EACH DAY I RELIVE THE LIFE THAT WE HAD
I REMEMBER THE GOOD, I REMEMBER THE
BAD

I REMEMBER ALL THE WORDS THAT WERE
SAID
THEY ARE FOREVER LOCKED INSIDE MY
HEAD

TIME HAS SLOWED MY STEP, AND DIMMED MY
SIGHT
AND EMPTIED YOUR PLACE BESIDE ME EACH
NIGHT

NO MATTER WHERE I GO, WHATEVER I DO
I KNOW THAT I WILL NEVER GET OVER LOVING
YOU

BILL RENFRO

BAD POEMS

I KNOW THE POEMS I WRITE ARE REALLY BAD
BUT I GAVE THEM EVERYTHING THAT I HAD

I KNOW THAT ALL THE WORDS DON'T RHYME
BUT THEY WERE ALL I HAD AT THAT TIME

I KNOW THE POEMS I WRITE ARE REALLY SAD
MAYBE THAT IS WHY THEY ARE ALL SO BAD

BUT I ONLY WRITE ABOUT WHAT I FEEL
SO I THINK BEING BAD IS NO BIG DEAL

MAYBE OVER TIME I WILL LEARN TO REALLY
WRITE
IF I REALLY STUDY BOTH DAY AND NIGHT

WHEN YOU MISS SOMEONE YOU LOVED LIKE I DO
YOU HAVE TO GET IT ALL OUT FROM INSIDE OF YOU

AND WHY THEY ALL MAY SEEM BAD TO YOU
THEY ALL HAVE ALSO GIVEN ME SOMTHING TO DO

BILL RENFRO



ONE MORE DAY

What would we do with one more day
Would we put it to use or throw it away

Would we visit a friend who was ill
Or would we help someone with an overdue bill

Would we make the most of the extra day
Or be inclined to sleep it away

Would we help that family just down the street
You know, the one with little to eat

Would we spend the day watching TV
Or would you spend the day like me

I would spend the time with the one I love
The one who now lives up above

I would tell her all the things that I miss
That loving touch, that tender kiss

I would let her know what she meant to me
I would show the world what a husband should be

That the one who stood by my side
Gave up her ambitions just to be my bride

BILL RENFRO



STAR LIGHT, STAR BRIGHT THE ONLY STAR, I SEE AT NIGHT

WHEN THE LIGHT OF YOUR SUN GOES DOWN
AND YOUR DAYS ALL TURN BLACK
AND YOU CAN'T LET GO OF WHAT YOU CAN NEVER
GET BACK

WHEN YOU FEEL THAT THE HOLE IN YOUR HEART
ONLY GROWS
AND ALL THE PRAYERS YOU SEND, GO NO FARTHER
THAN THE END OF YOUR NOSE

THE MOON COMES UP AND LIGHTS UP THE SKY
AND MILLIONS OF STARS ALL TAKE THEIR PLACES
NEARBY

YOU SEARCH THROUGH THE HEAVENS BOTH TO THE
LEFT AND TO THE RIGHT
TO FIND THE ONE STAR THAT HAD ALWAYS
BRIGHTENED YOUR NIGHT

I SUDDENLY FIND ONE THAT YOU KNOW COULD
ONLY BE MINE
IN A SPACE DETERMINED FROM THE BEGINNING
OF TIME

YOU KNOW THAT THIS IS HER BY THE SPARKLE
AND GLOW
SENDING KISSES TO SOMEONE STILL SHACKLED
BELOW

BUT SOON HE WILL JOIN HER IN HIS OWN SPECIAL
SPACE
PLACED THERE ONLY BY A SYSTEM OF GRACE

FOR SEVENTY PLUS YEARS THE LIGHT OF MY LIFE
CAME IN THE FORM OF A GOD GIVEN WIFE

MY STAR

BY BILL RENFRO

TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR
SHINE TO SHOW ME WHERE YOU ARE

YOU SHINE YOUR LIGHT FOR ALL THE WORLD TO SEE
BUT WE KNOW THAT YOU SHINE FOR ME

YOU WILL ALWAYS BE A STAR TO ME
I MOURN NOT FOR YOU, I NOW MOURN FOR ME

YOU WERE MY LOVER, MY WIFE, MY FRIEND
AND I LONG FOR THE TIME WHEN WE ARE TOGETHER
AGAIN

IF OUR DAYS ABE NUMBERED FROM THE BEGINNING
TIME
THEN WHY HAD'NT HER'S BEEN NUMBERED THE SAME
AS MINE

THE DAYS AND NIGHTS NOW SEEM LONGER THAN
YEARS
BUT THE LIGHT OF YOUR FACE WILL END ALL MY
TEARS



THE ROCKING CHAIR

*There seems to be some magic in a rocking chair I find
For when you rock it stops the clock and takes us back in
time*

*It takes you back to thoughts of battles lost and won
It brings back thoughts of the days of joy and fun*

*You are no longer locked inside your mind
But can soar to places not known before and have no time*

*You think of things you should have done
The time you missed when you could have helped someone*

*It brings back thoughts of the love ones that were so dear
You wonder why she was taken away, and you were left
here*

*The rocking back and fro, you will find, has taken away
The cares of the day*

*You move the chair in one last rock
You find, while it cleared away the thoughts of the day
it had not stopped the clock*

By Bill Renfro



THE DRIVE-THRU

The day was going fine, when I saw her in the line.
Her beauty I could see, the minute she looked at me.

Her voice was soft and sweet,
It made me glad she had to stop and eat.

But her order was so small,
I thought that she had little cash at all.

So love made me think, I'll just add her a drink.

When she got to the window where I was at,
I could hardly ask, "would you like fries with that."

She took my love that day,
As she slowly drove away.

From the drive-thru of my heart.

But today I feel broke,
Because the boss charged me for one large coke.

BILL RENFRO



THE PLAY

When the curtain goes up and the show begins
Only one will know how the show will end

The curtain is up and the show made it's start
It's all about life and things of the heart

This is not about what we came here to see
It's too much about what has happened to me

When the curtain came up and the show began
We thought we would see something written by man

But it's about a free home made just for me
Complete with all the greatest things you will ever see

He says his home is big and lovely to see
And he said "I paid the price, so you can live with me"

It's where the sun always shines, and the sky is always blue
And there is someone who is waiting for you

When our play has ended, and the curtain has come down
We need to know just where we can be found

Bill Renfro



IF I SHOULD WRITE A BOOK

IF I SHOULD WRITE A BOOK, WHAT WOULD I SAY ?
WOULD I WRITE OF WHAT JUST HAPPENED,
OR WOULD I TELL OF YESTERDAY ?

IT SEEMS AT 90, MY LIFE IS ALMOST GONE,
IT'S ONLY THOUGHTS OF YESTERDAY, THAT MAKE
ME CARRY ON !

OF THE DAYS WHEN LIFE AND LOVE WERE NEW,
OF THE DAYS WHEN ONLY LOVE WAS THERE TO SEE
US THROUGH.

WHEN I LOST MY LOVE, I LOST THE WILL TO LIVE.
YOU BECOME A BEGGAR WITH NOTHING LEFT TO
GIVE.

ALL YOUR TOMORROWS ARE ONLY YESTERDAYS,
AND YOU LISTEN FOR THAT MOMENT WHEN THAT
FINAL MUSIC PLAYS.

BUT ALL IS NOT LOST, BECAUSE YOU SEE,
AT THAT FINAL DESTINATION, SOMEONE WAITS
FOR ME !

BILL RENFRO



DID I FAIL

Did I fail to do my best ? To show her the love she
needed most.

Or will these thoughts of guilt remain a ghost ?

A ghost that haunts me night and day,
ever since that time she went away.

Was I there when she needed me most ?
To show her love and support and to hold her close.

Was I the man that I needed to be,
At those times when she most needed me ?

Did I show her love when she felt none ?
Did I let her know that she was my sun ?

Was I the man that she could depend on ,
To make her feel like she sat on a throne ?

Or did I fail to let her know
Just how much I loved her so !

I wish that I could have been the man that
she needed me to have been.
Because I missed a chance that I will never have
again.

BILL RENFRO



TWILIGHT TIME

Each day I walk down memory lane
Looking for something that I might regain

I spend some time each day with you
Doing all the things we used to do

Across the room, as lovers do,
When our eyes met, they said I LOVE YOU

But while we are now apart
These things stay locked inside my heart

Each thing I say, each thing I do
Is still there to remind me of you

You fill my mind and thoughts each day
I still turn to you with things to say

You filled my life as you filled my heart
Now only time keeps us apart

But the light in these old eyes of mine
Are telling me that it is close to twilight time

BILL RENFRO



OLD FRIEND

I STARTED TO CALL AN OLD FRIEND TODAY
THEN I REMEMBERED, HE HAD JUST GONE AWAY

WE HAD GROWN UP TOGETHER, JUST A MILE AWAY
AND HAD GOTTEN TOGETHER EACH DAY TO PLAY

I KNEW HIM WELL, AND HE KNEW ME
WE HAD PLANNED TOGETHER, WHAT OUR LIVES
WOULD BE

WE HAD PLANNED EACH PHASE OF OUR LIVES
DOWN TO THE ONES WE WOULD CHOSE FOR
OUR WIVES

WE WOULD LIVE CLOSE TOGETHER, JUST DOWN THE
WAY
SO OUR KIDS COULD GET TOGETHER AND PLAY

THEN TIME CAME ALONG AND PULLED US APART
UNTIL THE ENDING LOOKED NOTHING LIKE THE
START

IT SEEMS AS IF WE NEVER KNEW EACH OTHER AT ALL
WHY DID I WAIT SO LONG TO CALL

BILL RENFRO



THE WATKINS MAN

What happened to the Watkins man ! He didn't come today !

Did he sell his truck, and decide to move away ?

We need to see him coming down that country road.
It was joy to us, just to view the goods he showed.

We could hear the rattle of the goods, as the old car rumbled near.

What a welcome sight it was, to see him pull in here.

He had needles and threads for mom, and candy for all the kids

And lots of cans and jars, with exotic smells that seeped from beneath their lids

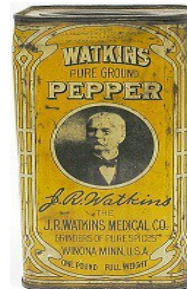
There were cans of salt and sugar, of spices of every kind

That old rebuilt Model A held more things than anyone had ever hoped to find.

The memory of the role he played in our simple country day.

Are only one of the many things, I wish had never gone away.

Bill Renfro



YESTERDAY

I planed a great tomorrow, but tomorrow never
came
And the things of today just never seemed the
same

So I squandered what could have been a great
today
And wasted time on things that only went
away

So when tomorrow never comes, and today
must slip away
We realize that our lives consist of only
yesterdays

And tho yesterday was not our plan,
We tell ourselves to do “the best we can”

But there is pain in the thoughts of what
could have been
What would we do different if we could
do it over again

For me, I would make a Queen of the one
who sat by my side
Who for 70 tears was my much loved bride

BILL RENFRO

THE BUTTERFLY



I wish I was a butterfly, flying bush to tree
with all the kingly colors painted all over me

Flying here and there, for all the world to see
Knowing each one would like to be as beautiful as me



But where do I go when day becomes night
And the wind and rain interfere with my flight

And where do I go when the wind blows cold
And the days go by and I grow old



And I have no place to lay my head
And I wish for a nice warm bed

I will think about the next butterfly I see
And I will think that he would wish to be me

BILL RENFRO



DAYS END

When the day has worked it's way to an end,
And night readies itself to begin

You turn yourself toward what used to be home,
But you now find yourself all alone.

The hug and the kiss are no longer there,
And the things of the day, you no longer share.

You realize that the light of your world was not
only the sun ,
But they who waited each day, was that one.

It's only been a few years since she went away,
But for me, it was only yesterday.

BILL RENRO



THE ROAD

THE ROAD IS LONG, IT'S NARROW, AND ALL UP
HILL

SOME WON'T MAKE IT , OTHERS WILL

THE RULES OF THE ROAD APPLY TO US ALL
SO IT'S BETTER TO TRAVEL WITH SOMEONE, IN
CASE YOU FALL

IF THAT PARTNER IS SOMEONE YOU LOVE
AND YOU ARE BOTH HEADED TO THAT HOME
ABOVE

THE JOURNEY MAY BE LONG OR MAYBE TOO
SHORT
BUT WE WON'T GET THERE AT ALL, IF WE NEVER
START

SO LET GOD PICK A TRAVEL PARTNER FOR
YOU
TO TRAVEL THAT ROAD AND HELP YOU GET
THROUGH

ONE WHO WILL PICK YOU UP WHEN YOU
FALL
ONE WHO WILL BE THERE WHENEVER YOU
CALL

YES, THE ROAD OF LIFE CAN BE HARD
BUT IT IS ALL WORTH IT WHEN WE RECEIVE
OUR REWARD

BILL RENFRO

WHEN SUMMER IS GONE

When summer is gone and winter is near
Did we use the time well while we were here

There is no tomorrow for it never comes
We only have today to be with our loved ones

Yesterday is just a history of what we did today
Like an old book that is only read when we have passed
away

Our lives are the total of decisions that we made
along the way
So be careful of things you do, and of things you say
Because there is no tomorrow, there is only today

When the birds fly south, you know winter is near
So make your life count while you are still here

So let your family and friends know that you love them
while you still have time
Don't be known as just a friend of mine

When the snow starts to fall in the winter of your life
And you look forward to seeing the one who was your
wife

Remember that today will soon be gone
So live something that your loved ones will want to
carry on

Bill Renfro

THE RIVERS OF MY MIND

AS I START EACH LONELY DAY
THE MUSIC THEN BEGINS TO PLAY

A SONG THAT WILL NEVER BE LEFT BEHIND
THE MELODY IS SOFT AND THE WORDS NOT MINE

IT TELLS OF A LOVE THAT ONCE WAS NEW
OF A LOVE ONLY KNOWN BY FEW

THE WORDS ARE THE STORY OF TWO IN LOVE
AND NOW SENT FROM THAT ONE ABOVE

IT TELLS THE STORY OF A LIFE ONCE SHARED
BY TWO YOUNG KIDS NOT YET PREPARED

A STORY OF A LOVE THAT WILL NEVER END
BY ONE WHO MARRIED HIS BEST FRIEND

THE SONG PLAYS ON, EACH DAY I FIND
IT FLOWS LIKE WATER THROUGH
THE RIVERS OF MY MIND

BILL RENFRO



LONELY

*LIFE CAN BE LONELY WITH PEOPLE AROUND
WHEN I LOOK FOR YOU AND YOU CAN'T BE
FOUND*

*NO MATTER WHAT LOVING THINGS PEOPLE SAY
OR DO*

IT ALL MEANS NOTHING WITHOUT YOU

*ALL YOUR THINGS ARE STILL IN THEIR
PLACE
BRINGING BACK THOUGHTS I WON'T EVER
ERASE*

*I STILL FIND MYSELF TALKING TO YOU
WHEREVER I GO , WHAT EVER I DO*

*THE WORST THING I HAVE EVER TRIED
IS GOING TO BED AT NIGHT WITHOUT YOU BY
MY SIDE*

*I STILL TOUCH THE SIDE WHERE YOU ONCE
LAY
AS WE TOUCHED EACH OTHER EVERY DAY*

*GOING TO BED WITHOUT YOUR GOOD NIGHT
KISS
IS JUST ONE OF MANY THINGS THAT I MISS*

*TRUE LOVE THEY SAY IS HARD TO FIND
IT MAKES ME SO GLAD THAT I FOUND MINE*

*YOU STILL SEEM CLOSE, BUT EVER SO FAR
I KNOW THAT SOON I WILL BE WHERE YOU
ARE*

BILL RENFRO

THE DO-OVER

The sea of life swamped my craft today
It flooded my soul, and took my heart away

It left me bare of the will to live
Thinking that I had nothing left to give

I know there are others, who, just like me
Whose life was not what they wanted it to be

You found someone to help you through the day
But all too soon, they were taken away

But I know that is not what she would want me to do
So I write these books and poems for you

To let you know that there is hope to come
In the form of GOD'S only SON

To let you know that we all have regrets in our lives
I guess that's why GOD gave us wives

BUT THERE WAS ONE, WHO GAVE HIS LIFE ON
A CROSS, SO THAT WE EACH COULD HAVE A
DO-OVER

BILL RENFRO

WHERE DID TIME GO

WHERE DID TIME GO WHEN WE LOOKED AWAY
DID WE THINK IT WOULD RETURN ANOTHER
DAY

DID WE KNOW THAT THE TIME THAT WE LOST
WOULD NOT RETURN AT ANY COST

DID WE KNOW THAT JOY WE COULD HAVE
BROUGHT
HAD WE GIVEN IT JUST ONE LITTLE THOUGHT

HAD WE MADE SOMEONE KNOW HOW MUCH
WE CARE
BEFORE THAT TIME WHEN THEY WERE NO
LONGER THERE

IF THE TIME WE LOST SHOULD COME BACK,
WOULD WE DO THE SAME
AND IF NOT, WHO WOULD WE BLAME

WE WILL NEVER KNOW , UNTIL THAT BRIDGE
WE CROSS
OF ALL THE LOVE AND HAPPINESS THAT WE
MAY HAVE LOST

BILL RENFRO



HEART SONG

Love is a song that is played from the heart,
And no one knows just when the music may
start.

Love is a song that is made for others to hear,
Less you miss the chance to let them know
that they are dear.

The song can start with the young, or start
with the old,
But it still tells the story that your heart wants
to be told.

Love plays a song you didn't know that you
could write.
And it consumes your mind both day and
night.

If your song is heard by the one it was
written to,
Then she may write one just meant for
you.

If your song has been well written, it will
stand the test of time,
Just as the love story that came from this
heart of mine.

Bill Renfro

MAN ON THE ROAD

*I spoke with a man on the road today
We talked of life and things of the day*

*He was soft of voice and his speech was kind
I had the feeling that he was a friend of mine*

*I told him my problems as we went our way
I spoke of my sorrow since she went away*

*He said he had seen my sorrow and all my tears
But these things had been planned for thousand
of years*

*I asked if he came there often, he said, every day
Just waiting for you, as you went along your way*

*I hoped you would stop and we could talk a while
And I could say something to help you along that
last mile*

*So stop sometime and let's talk a minute or two
And I can tell you that she is well and waiting
for you*

*But there is something that you do not see,
I let you keep her a time, but she belonged to me*

BILL RENFRO



Should You Go First

*Should you go first and I remain
to walk the road alone,
I'll live in memory's garden dear,
with happy days we've known.*

*In spring I'll wait for roses red,
when faded, the lilacs blue.
In early fall when brown leaves fall,
I'll catch a glimpse of you.*

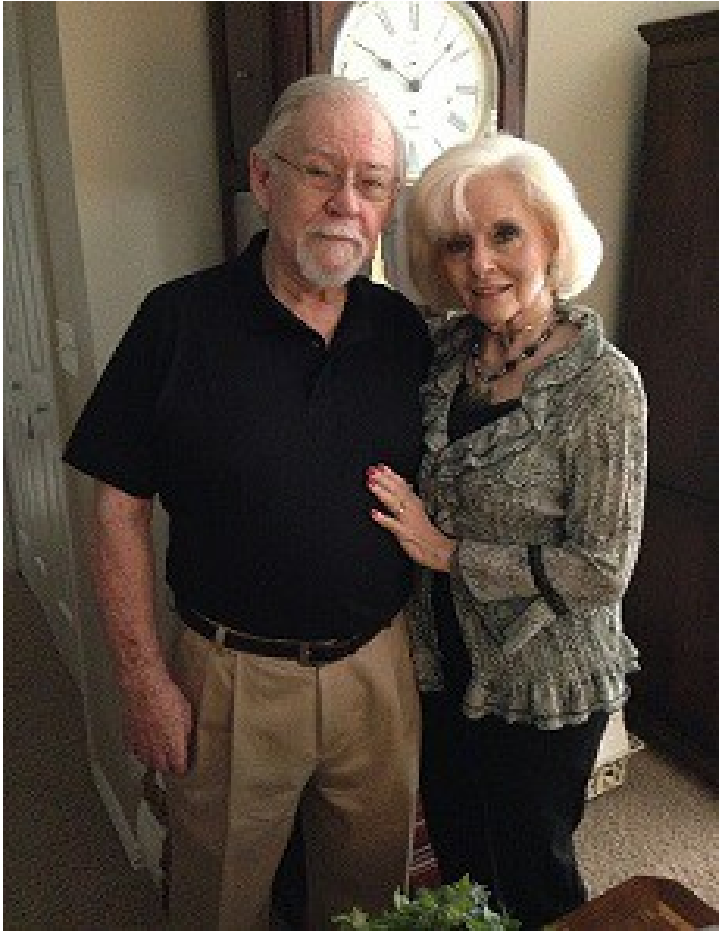
*Should you go first and I remain,
for battle to be fought.
Each thing you've touched along the way
will be a hallowed spot.*

*I'll hear your voice, I'll see your smile,
though blindly I may grope,
The memory of your helping hand
will buoy me on with hope.*

*Should you go first and I remain,
one thing I'll have you do:
Walk slowly down that long long path,
for soon I'll follow you.*

*I want to know each step you take,
so I may take the same.
For someday down that lonely road
you'll hear me call your name.*

~by Albert Kennedy "Rosey" Rowsell~



BILL AND BABE RENFRO

