

If he is with me

He doesn't dazzle if I have a great car or if I wear good clothes,
He approaches if it is raining or it is cold, although not everything
goes in good weather aft.

He is the one who walks barefoot and renews my strength and
with his heat removes my cold.

now I have hope, if he is with me.

Who I'm talking to doesn't look for likes, profiles, or even good
photos.

It does not make a difference if I wear my broken shoes.

He doesn't care about a mansion or a shack.

He is my father and in love he rejoices.

Now I understand that without being able to measure how much
he loves me, with his voice any storm in me calms, without
seeking any fame.

He walks barefoot through unwanted places, where unhappy
hearts feel.

But with his voice he renews my strength, and now where
hunger and cold strike, with his warmth the cold breaks in me
and love springs.

now I have hope, if he is with me.