Friends

Glen Campbell

Friends are never earned
They're a gift from the loving God
And they're precious beyond human evaluation
But you dare not take them for granted
Or they'll drift away like a smoke
And the warmth of their caring will vanish
Like the chill of the endless nights
Most of my friends are unknowns
And they probably won't rate an obituary
Unless they live and die in small towns
Where nothing much ever happens
But a few of my friends are big people
They'd made the world ring with laughter
Down to it's gaseous burning core
They're famous, sensitive, talented
And their names are household words
Yet they're no more precious in God's eyes or in mine
Than those wonderful nobodys who live and die in small towns

Who is your friend?
He's someone who warms you with a nod
Or with the unspoken word in hard times
When you're hurting beyond words
Who is your friend?
She's someone who holds you to her breast
And sighs softly into your hair
When no other medicine can stop the pain
A friend is someone who clinks his glass against yours
Or answers the phone
At three in the morning when you're lost
And with a few words of encouragement and concern
Makes you realize that you aren't really lost at all
Friends come in both sexes and in all shapes and sizes
The most important thing they have in common
Is the ability to share with you, your most sky splitting joys
Or your deepest, most awesome sorrows
For they are your friends

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