

Glen Campbell, Friends

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 lift away like a smoke
And the warmth of their caring will vanish into the chill of the endless nights
Most of my friends are unknowns they probably won't even rate an obituary
Unless they live and die in a small town
Somewhere where nothing much ever happens
But a few of my friends are big people
They'd made the word ring with laughter down to this string of court
They're famous sensitive talented and their names are household words
And 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 an unspoken word in hard times when you're hurting beyond words
Who is your friend he's someone who holds you to her breast
And sighs softly into your hair when no other medicine could possibly stop the pain
A friend is someone who clings 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're not really lost at all
Friends come in both sexes in all shapes and sizes
The most important thing they have in common is their ability
To share with you your most sky splitting joys
Or your deepest most spelling ol' some sorrows for they're all your friends