

## **Bill Anderson**

### **"Friends"**

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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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