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"Drive Dull Care Away"

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Drive Dull Care Away
(Joe Hickerson)

Why should we of our lot complain
Or grieve at our distress?
Some think if riches they could gain
T'would be true happiness
Alas in vain is all their strife
Life's cares will not allay,

So while we're here with our friends so dear
We'll drive dull care away.
Away, away, away away.
We will drive dull care away.
So while we're here with our friends so dear
We'll drive dull care away.

Why should the rich despise the poor?
Why should the poor repine?
While in a few short years we shall
In equal friendship bind.
They're both to blame, they're all the same
We are all made of one clay,

The only circumstance in life
That ever I could find,
To conquer care and temper strife
Was a contented mind.
With this in store we have much more
Than all things else convey,

So always make the best of life
Nor render it a curse,
But take it as you would a wife
For better or for worse.
Life at its best is but a jest,
Like a dreary winter's day,

@friends
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