

TO BE DESIRED

GIVE ME THE LOVE OF FRIENDS, AND I SHALL NOT
COMPLAIN OF CLOUDY SKY OR LITTLE DREAMS THAT FADE
AND DIE. GIVE ME THE CLASP OF ONE FIRM HAND, THE
LIPS THAT SAY, "I UNDERSTAND," AND I SHALL WALK ON
HOLY LAND. FOR FAME AND FORTUNE, BURDENS BRING,
AND WINTER TAKES THE ROSE OF SPRING;
BUT FRIENDSHIP IS A GOD LIKE THING.

TOO MANY PEOPLE KEEP LOOKING FORWARD
TO THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

EVEN IF YOU'RE ON THE RIGHT TRACK,
YOU'LL GET RUN OVER IF YOU JUST SIT THERE.
YOU GROW UP THE DAY YOU HAVE YOUR FIRST
REAL LAUGH----- AT YOURSELF.

WORK 'S FOR ME ALL THE TIME

JACK