

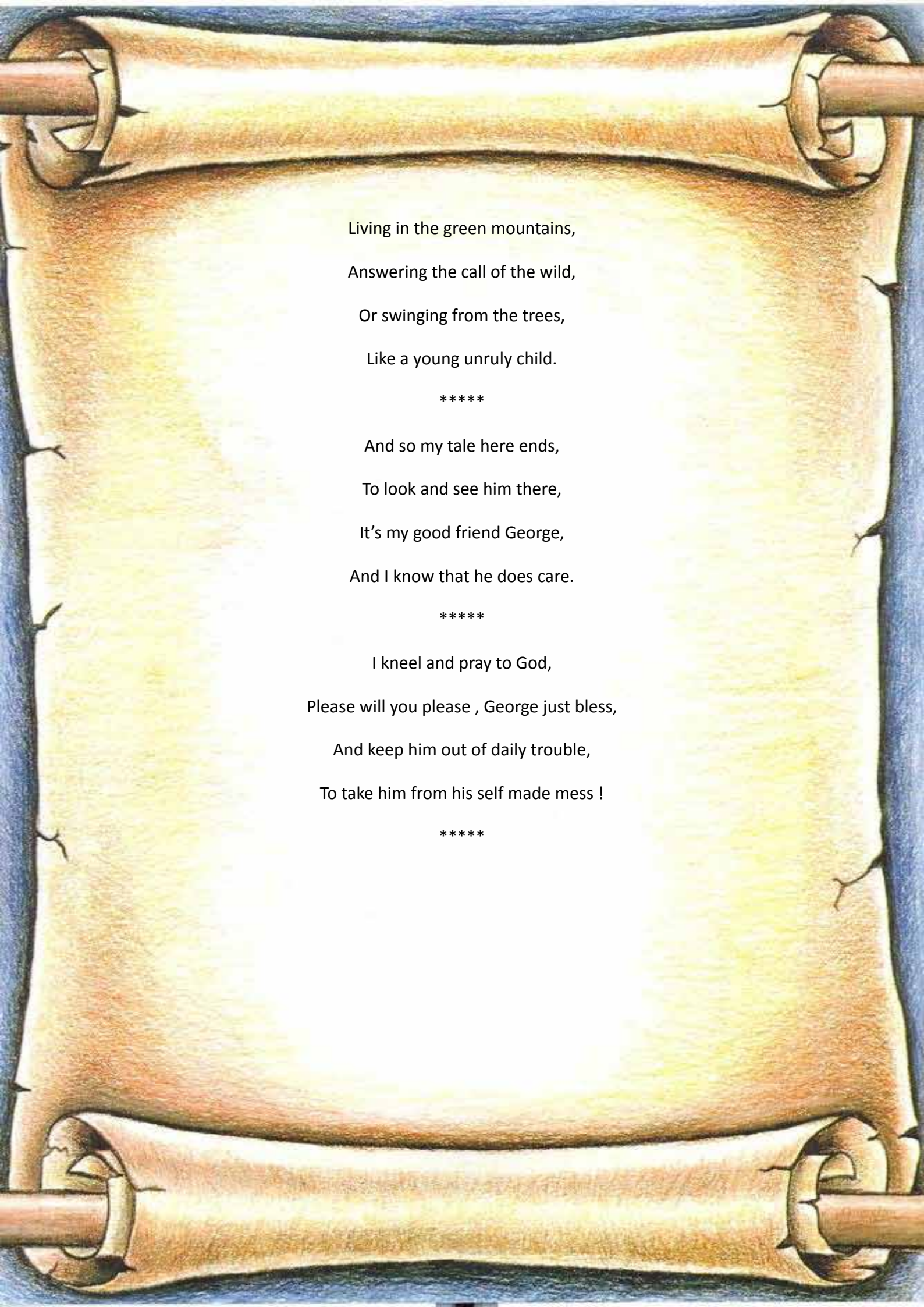
My Friend George

My dear good friend George,
On him I can depend,
Whenever I get a problem,
On George, I call, My Friend.

Up here , I can run out of things
to keep going is what I need,
I phone George and I tell him,
And he does another good deed.

Sometimes I get so lonely,
From grace, as I do fall,
When I need a friend to talk to,
I just give George a call.

So when I also get bored,
I just go for a healthy walk,
And I meet my friend George,
We just sit and quietly talk.



Living in the green mountains,
Answering the call of the wild,
Or swinging from the trees,
Like a young unruly child.

And so my tale here ends,
To look and see him there,
It's my good friend George,
And I know that he does care.

I kneel and pray to God,
Please will you please , George just bless,
And keep him out of daily trouble,
To take him from his self made mess !
