

MY DRUTHERS

by Joyce Johnson Rouse

I'd rather light a candle than stand and curse the darkness
I'd rather count my blessings than count the things I lack
Nobody leads a charmed life, we all have our problems
That's where we find our lessons in life, when we look back

I'd rather stake a loser than back a lousy winner
I'd rather go the distance with integrity intact
You'll find it in the Bible and every source of wisdom
To mind your words and promises — they can't be taken back

I'd rather be forgotten than be ill remembered
I'd rather leave 'em laughing than crying any day

We all get the same minutes in twenty-four hours
And it's seven days to Sunday in anybody's week
We all get a crack at dyin' somewhere in the livin'
When my words are forgotten, I pray my actions speak

I'd rather say I love you a couple times too many
Than wish that I'd 'a said it after its too late

REPEAT VERSE ONE

When my words are forgotten, I pray my actions speak