

The Whiners

I don't mind the man with a red blooded kick
At a real or a fancied wrong;
I can stand for the chap with a grouch, if he's quick
To drop it when joy comes along;
I have praise for the fellow who says what he thinks,
Though his thoughts may not fit in with mine;
But spare me from having to mix with the ginks
Who go through this world with a whine.

I am willing to listen to sinner or saint
Who is willing to fight for his rights,
And there's something sometimes in an honest complaint
That the soul of me really delights.
For kickers are useful and grouches are wise,
For their purpose is frequently fine;
But spare me from having to mix with the folks
Who go through this world with a whine.

Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)