

## Troubles

Troubles? Sure I've lots of them,  
Got 'em heaped up by the score,  
Got 'em baled and bundled up,  
Got 'em hid behind the door.  
Got 'em young and got 'em old,  
Got 'em big and little, too.  
Don't care to discuss 'em now,  
Rather tell my joys to you.

Got the finest home there is,  
Got the finest pair o' boys,  
An' the sweetest little girl,  
Reg'lar livin', breathin' joys.  
Got the finest wife in town,  
Got a little garden, too.  
Troubles? Sure I've got 'em, but  
Rather tell my joys to you.

Got a bunch of friends I love,  
Friends I know are staunch and true;  
Visit 'em, they visit me,  
Jus' the way good friends should do;  
Got my health, an' got a job,  
That's enough to see me through.  
Troubles? Sure I've got 'em, but  
Rather tell my joys to you.

Edgar Guest (1881-1959)