

The Other Fellow

Whose luck is better far than ours?

The other fellow's.

Whose road seems always lined with flowers?

The other fellow's.

Who is the man who seems to get

Most joy in life, with least regret,

Who always seems to win his bet?

The other fellow.

Who fills the place we think we'd like?

The other fellow.

Whom does good fortune always strike?

The other fellow.

Whom do we envy, day by day?

Who has more time than we to play?

Who is it, when we mourn, seems gay?

The other fellow.

Who seems to miss the thorns we find?

The other fellow.

Who seems to leave us all behind?

The other fellow.

Who never seems to feel the woe,

The anguish and the pain we know?

Who gets the best seats at the show?

The other fellow.

And yet, my friend, who envies you?

The other fellow.

Who thinks he gathers only rue?

The other fellow.

Who sighs because he thinks that he

Would infinitely happier he,

If he could be like you or me?

The other fellow.

Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)