

Reg'lar Times

by John W. Herm

I got onta thinkin' jist yesterday
What makes my life so often gay,
'N on my list it clearly show'd
Why it's those darn good neighbors down the road.

Our times seem hurried 'n fill'd w' 'biz
'N folks don't know what neighbor is
But if wife 'n I want ta stretch the day,
We call on the neighbors straight away.

It's pure good fun us gittin' t'gether
'N the food we share seems 'lil better.
We relish the times like sugar'd candy
Sides all that, they're doggone handy.

Now we both got brothers 'n both got sisters,
'N both of us know some misses 'n misters,
But fer reg'lar times ('r needin' favors),
We git that look 'n ring up the neighbors.

Y'see, git-a-long neighbors are a godly gift;
They soothe the soul in a world 'o rift.
'N as the years pass 'n they're tried 'n true,
They're jist the right spice fer me 'n you.

'Cause we all kin have a lotta things
'N fill our days from spring to spring,
But mostly we should learn ta savor
Those gifts 'o time from darn good neighbors.

So when you're needin' a reg'lar time
'R if'n you feel tha' sun don't shine,
Stretch yer days. Make 'em slower
Jist call t'the neighbors... 'n have 'em over.