

# NOBODY'S FRIEND

H. J. Andrews

I'm old man worry, and I'm nobody's friend,  
Though I'm called in many a home.  
When trouble comes, for me they will send,  
And it matters not where they roam.

The rich and the poor invite me in,  
And I go wherever they ask.  
But they should know how I hurt like sin,  
And unfit them for any task.

I rob them of friends as well as health,  
And things that are held most dear.  
And it matters not if they have wealth,  
They are not happy when I am near.

But there are two smart ones where I can't abide-  
They are faith and hope, I declare!  
Wherever they go I stay outside-  
Because there isn't room for me there.