

# Real Wealth

The wealth of a man seems to be measured today  
By the amount of real money that he's tucked away.

It seems to me wrong that the value is there,  
If we count all our blessings, each day that we share.

I figure my wealth by the friends that I have,  
My wife, sons and daughters, and children they have.

Their love and affection no money can buy;  
You can't place a value, it's worthless to try.  
Our love just grows stronger; it's sweeter each day.

And I will enjoy it 'til I pass away.

So this is the wealth I proudly still hold

And would not give it up

For a chestful of gold!

JAY W. GERRIE

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