

# Neighbors

*Charles Sandage*

**G** **C** **G**  
Choose your friends for their power, trade your love for their gold

**G** **D** **G**  
It seems like a sign of the times.

**G** **C** **G**  
But some folks remember what neighbors are for,

**G** **D** **G**  
And some of them are neighbors of mine.

**G** **G<sub>7</sub>** **C**  
*I have lived among some good and gentle people,*

**D** **G**  
*I have walked in a strong, growing land.*

**G** **G<sub>7</sub>** **C**  
*I have sung songs I hope I will hear once again*

**D** **G**  
*Being sung by some heavenly band.*

Building cities of steel, building highways of stone  
We've forgotten what this good earth is for.  
But somewhere there's land still held in God's hand  
And some of it lies near my door.

## *Chorus*

I hear talk every day of a world going wrong,  
I hear talk of the times left behind  
But a long summer's night full of fiddles and song  
Is the sound that I hold in my mind.

## *Chorus*