



Your Compassionate Friend by Steve Channing

I can tell from that look, friend, that you need to talk
So come, take my hand and let's go for a walk.
See, I'm not like the others, I won't shy away,
Because I want to hear what you've got to say.
Your child has died and you need to be heard
But they don't want to hear a single word.
They tell you your child's "with God" and "be strong"..
They say all the "right" things that somehow sound wrong.
They're just hurting for you and trying to say
They'd give anything to help take your pain away,
But they're struggling with feelings they don't understand
So forgive them for not offering a helping hand.
I'll walk in your shoes for more than a mile..
I'll wait while you cry and be glad if you smile.
I won't criticize you or judge you or scorn
I'll just stay and listen 'till your night turns to morn.
Yes, the journey is hard and unbearably long
And I know that you think that you're not quite that strong
So just take my hand, 'cause I've got time to spare..
And I know how it hurts friend...for I have been there.
See, I owe a debt you can help me repay,
For not long ago, I was helped the same way
As I stumbled and fell, thru a world so unreal..
So believe when I say that I know how you feel.
I don't look for praise or financial gain,
And I'm sure not the kind who gets joy out of pain,
I'm just a strong shoulder who'll be here till the end
I'll be your Compassionate Friend

