

# Philosophy

I been t'inkin' 'bout de preachah; whut he said de othah night,  
'Bout hit bein' people's dooty, fu' to keep dey faces bright;  
How one ought to live so pleasant dat ouah tempah never riles,  
Meetin' evahbody roun' us wid ouah very nicest smiles.

Dat's all right, I ain't a-sputin' not a t'ing dat soun's lak fac',  
But you don't ketch folks a-grinnin' wid a misery in de back;  
An' you don't fin' dem a-smilin' w'en dey 's hongry ez kin be,  
Leastways, dat's how human natur' allus seems to 'pear to me.

We is mo' all putty likely fu' to have our little cares,  
An' I think we'se doin' fus' rate w'en we jes' go long and bears,  
Widout breakin' up ouah faces in a sickly so't o' grin,  
W'en we knows dat in ouah innards we is p'intly mad ez sin.

Oh dey's times fu' bein' pleasant an' fu' goin' smilin' roun',  
'Cause I don't believe in people allus totin' roun' a frown,

But it's easy 'nough to titter w'en de stew is smokin' hot,

But hit's mighty ha'd to giggle w'en dey's nuffin' in de pot.