WHERE HAS IT GONE?

Just remembering something that seems so long ago,
When we were just kids, things mom and pop pointed out.
Be honest and upright, tell the truth and you never need to lie.
That one lie begets another just to cover up.
And one's memory will play tricks on those
that stretch the truth.

Tis no sin to be poor and work for a living almost all people do.
To give an honest day's labor to those you are working for.
Clean clothes even with a patch to cover the wear,
Are always a good sign that somebody cared.
Have dreams of things you will do when you grow up.
Know where you are going, keep your eye on the ball.
That knowledge has quite a place in your life.
Use the noggin, common sense is a must and will bring it's rewards.
Don't be so proud that no one can stand the likes of you.
But pride has a place in each's life span.
Just use pride for the things that build character,
Not for bragging rights or your great escapades,
Not in how damn smart you are and how dumb are the rest.
Each was put on this earth with a part to play
in the scheme of things,
To reach out for the so-called for a greater calling
just spurs one on.

To do one's best is all anyone can do it's how hard you try.
There were some other things to be aware of and keep in mind.
You would never make it to heaven if you stole or cheated.
The thing others had belonged to them, shared only if they desired.
You simply did not take advantage of anyone just to get ahead.
My Mother always said the two greatest words were I CAN.
Things will happen for those with a desire to do good.
From my Father, I learned by his example.
Now this man from Poland had one of the greatest qualities,
I have ever observed.
One did not run one's neighbors down to anyone.
Just keep you nose clean, gossip had no virtues.
T'was far better to know nothing than to run down one's character.
T'was no virtue to bellyache and bitch about anything or anyone.
For where he came from his country was under
a foreign counties heel.
To be in America you should act like an American.
Now looking back, 'tis no wonder the Dear Old U.S. is great,
With the Poles, the Irish and all the rest.
All those foreigners that came ashore for the freedom
that was here.
Now I believe each of those people brought something with them.
Sure there were their customs and beliefs that all peoples have.
But, this country growing and building needs the people
of other lands.
One thing has bothered me a lot,
Where have all their good intentions gone?
For years a deal was a deal with the shake of a hand.
Just your word was your bond.
You did what you agreed to even if it took hair, hide and all.
Seems as though in our desire to be hot-shots,
too many corners have been cut in this great country of ours.
The fat cats want things quick and easy.
But, at whose expense keeps me wondering?
I guess it all boils down to nothing is simple anymore.
There just ain't anything stranger than people
And what the little dears can conjure up.
Times do change, though not very much.
There ain't much anyone can do about that.
Just because the other did it whatever it is
That's no excuse for those who should know better.
All have to answer for their action, just them, nobody else.