

NEVER LOOK BACK

John Barnett

The things of the world are like a false-hearted lover
Or the anchor that drowns the life of a fool
The things of the world, they entice us to tarry
Where everything rusts and will all fade away

So let us draw near to our God and our Maker
And let us hold fast to the Author of Life
And run like the wind to the arms of our Father
And never look back to the things of the world

The things of the world are like a dream that deceives us
Or a cloud without rain on a dry, barren land
The things of the world are but a moment of pleasure
And whispers that lie and are not what they seem

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