

Misery Goats

Pere Ubu

Don't fret now.
Don't be so tired.
No mope, mope, mope-a-dope!
No, it's not as bad as all of that.
Don't be no misery goat!

"How are ya?"
"How are ya?"
"How are ya?"
I could cry.
I could just cry.
Oh, the tears fall down.
(I've got one bright hope.)
(I've got one ride home.)

I sang three songs and marched around,
marched around,
marched around.
I sang three songs and marched around.

Looka here.
Here comes the poetry!
"I'm a cave with the wind inside."
"I'm a shell with the sound of the surf inside!"
What?!
What's the point, hunh?
Don't be no misery goat!
(I've got one bright hope.)
(I've got one ride home.)