

Things Could Be Worse

Abney Park

Things could be worse
I'm not a fretter
But then there's the curse
Things could be better!

My knuckles bruised
And my shoulder's cut
I stand accused
Chained in this hut

(Pay the piper)
(I want my money paid today)
Now my payment's due
I've kept my point of view

(Made a wrong step)
(Took a spill and he will pay)
I can smell the brew
And I hope I don't end up in someone's stew

My hair is thick
With matted blood
A painful trick
(In a hellish hut)

I should have known
To keep secrets hid
My cover's blown
Lord save this kid

(Pay the piper)
(I want my money paid today)
Now my payment's due
I've kept my point of view

(Made a wrong step)
(Took a spill and he will pay)
I can smell the brew
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But then there's the curse
My knuckles bruised
I stand accused