

Unfortunate Guy

Brendan Benson

This is the sound of the world's smallest violin
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I've seen worse than the worst trouble you've been in
You're the greatest sufferer that almost never was born
You've always been the object of ridicule and scorn
You hold the title of champion stepchild
Your father died in prison and your mother ran wild
Maybe you should write a book on pieces of confetti
Coz it makes even Shakespeare's plots seem meaningless and petty
You've had it rough you've made it very clear
That you don't give up you've persevered (no matter how severe)
Please don't go on you're gonna make me cry
You've got to be
The most unfortunate guy
Don't go on you're gonna make us cry
The most unfortunate guy
I've heard some sad luck stories, but yours tops the list
And you lead the race for the world's unluckiest
You wear that crown of thorns and sit upon that throne
You rule a kingdom of despair and you do it all alone
You have our sympathy our deepest regrets
You hold the key, which unlocks misfortune's chest
You're giving us the poor mouth what do you stand to gain
You're soakin up the sun after selling us the rain