

## Doing The Best I Can

Luka Bloom

The phone rings, somebody sings  
'How the hell are you?'  
'It's just me and the four walls  
How the hell do you think I am?'

'Has anybody come to visit?'  
'They come if they come  
When they come or they don't come'

'Do you have everything you need?'  
'Yeah! I've got all the time in the world  
And more patience than a swallow's nest in February'

Doing the best I can in my solitude  
Coping the best I can with my blues  
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Coping the best I can with my blues

It's a game of poker  
I've got a tricky hand of cards  
I play the game everyday  
But it's sometimes hard  
But not to worry, we'll soldier on  
C'est la vie, etc. etc.  
A few pints, a couple of songs  
And none of your auld sympathy

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My body's a curtain  
And you can't see inside  
My spirit's enormous  
Those who know me  
Are those who have tried  
I laugh and I cry in this journey I'm on  
Try to hold no regrets for my situation

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