

It Ain't Easy Being Green

Shannon McNally

Well, I know a guy, he's from far far away
He's a songwriter, he got something to say
He says, "People in this city are too busy to hang out
This town's so spread out, no one would hear you if you shout"

Everyone's got a script to sell and someplace else they want to
be
There's always a lock that would open if you could just find the
key
But I know the patron saint of desperate causes
Doesn't ring his fingers with diamonds and ruby roses

Some say there's no solution to all this disillusion
What am I to say to you who simply doesn't care?

There's a lonely girl riding the bus in the middle of the night
She calls herself up to hear a friendly voice
And she says, "Hi, this is Casandra, leave your name and your number
And I'll call you back if I have the time or if I remember"

Patty cake, patty cake, barkeep man
Pour me a beer as fast as you can
What to do with all this sadness that I see
Lord knows it ain't easy being green

Some say there's no solution to all this disillusion
What am I to say to you who simply doesn't care? Oh yeah

Oh some say, there's no solution to all this disillusion
What am I to say to you who simply doesn't care? Oh yeah

Some say there's no solution to all this disillusion
What am I to say to you who simply doesn't care?
Who simply doesn't care, oh yeah, yeah