

Can't Complain

Stan Ridgway

"How you doin' bert?

"Well, not so good Charlie. My back's gone out and I cut my finger kinda

gnarly. The job's the same and so's the boss. He's still a big ass and my

wallet got lost. My wife's sick in bed she says she'll never get well and

all these kids today have gone to hell and all that government paperwork

caught up with me, had to hire a beancounter for an outrageous fee. And I

don't know if the chicken or the egg is to blame, but all things

considered, I guess I can't complain..."

"Cheer up," Charlie said, "things could be worse."

"Well, yeah, I know, but did I tell you that my landlord's a cop, my

neighbor's insane, but all things considered, I guess I can't complain..."

Out on the water

Where the sailing men all go

The water's high while all the fish swim low

"You know what Bert," Charlie said, "you got the wrong attitude. Sometimes

life's a big game and the paths you can choose. Things may go wrong, but

ya gotta stand tall."

"Well I know," Bert said, "but well...that ain't all. My hair's falling

out, the roof leaks when it rains, but all things considered, I guess I

can't complain..."

"You know what Bert," Charlie said, "you're a real loser, so I'll see you

next week if you live 'til then."

And a Bert walked out on the sidewalk, ten floors up, two men lost control

of a hoist at just the right time, and a big Steinway grand flattened

Bert like a dime. And as a crowd gathered 'round and asked, what was his

name? and could it be the chicken or the egg to blame/ Well, the only

thing heard was that all things considered, he really couldn't complain.

So if you're a loser in life and your gun's out of ammo, just r

emember
this story about Bert and the piano. 'Cause if you can't string
the bow
and you're clean out of resin, someone may have planned for you
a music
lesson. So keep your eyes to the sky, it could be a brand name,
and
remember all things considered, you really can't complain....