

Misery Is the River of the World

Tom Waits

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The higher that the monkey can climb
The more he shows his tail
Call no man happy 'til he dies
There's no milk at the bottom of the pail

God builds a church
The devil builds a chapel
Like the thistles that are growing
'round the thrunk of a tree
All the good in the world
You can put inside a thimble
And still have room for you and me

If there's one thing you can say
About Mankind
There's nothing kind about man
You can drive out nature with a pitch fork
But it always comes roaring back again

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For want of a bird
The sky was last
For want of a nail
A shoe was last
For want of a life
The knife was last
For want of a toy
A child was last

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Everybody Row! Everybody Row!
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