

# Misery Is the River of the World

Tom Waits

Misery's the River of the World  
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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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