

April Fool's Day Morn

Loudon Wainwright III

At twelve midnight I called my mom
On April Fool's Day morn
We two are close sometimes I think
Because I was breech-born
The doctor reached inside of her
He turned me 'round and pulled me out
I emerged her bloody babe
His slap produced my shout

At twelve midnight I telephoned
On April Fool's Day morn
I told mom I'd be home late
Then I hung up the horn
I went back to the party then
I got drunk with all the boys
Our florid faces shown so bright
We made a lot of noise

By 2am we all were drunk
On April Fool's Day morn
We had insulted many folk
Garnered plenty scorn
We boys, some girls and some hangers-on
Formed a jolly caravan
We headed for my canyon home
To make our fool's day stand

Tempers flared and tears were shed
On April Fool's Day morn
Tequila ripped and on a tear
My party shirt got torn
I tried to take a woman down

Right there on the bathroom floor
She refused, I threw her out
Screaming, "Bitch!" and "Whore!" I threatened one poor hanger-on
With a knife he was warned
By 5 a.m. just three were left
On April Fool's Day morn
An English fool, an Irish fool
And me, their foolish Yankee host
We kissed and cried and swore our love
And drank one final toast

By 6 a.m., those two passed out
On April Fool's Day morn
I drove to Santa Monica
A girl there got me warm
By 10 a.m., I drove back home
I rousted out my half-dead friends
We said goodbye with downcast eyes
So sheepish in the end

My mother came out of her room
On April Fool's Day morn
She spied her sorry breech-born
Hungover and forlorn

I am too old, too large, too close
To crawl up on my mother's knee
So eggs and bacon, coffee, toast
Were placed in front of me