

# Hard Day On The Planet

Loudon Wainwright III

The dollar went down and the President said  
"Who's in charge, now?" I don't know, take your pick.  
A new disease every day and the old ones are coming back  
Things are looking kind of gray, like they're going to black

Don't turn on the TV, don't show me the paper  
(I) don't want to know he got kidnapped or why they all raped her  
I want to go on vacation till the pressure lets up  
But they keep hijacking airplanes and blowing them up

It's been a hard day on the planet  
How much is it all worth?  
It's getting harder to understand it  
Things are tough all over on earth.

It's hot in December and cold in July  
When it rains it pours out of a poisonous sky  
In California the body counts keep getting higher  
It's evil out there, man that state is always on fire.

Everyone has a system, but they can't seem to win  
Even Bob Geldof looks alarmingly thin  
I got to get on that shuttle get me out of this place  
But there's gonna be warfare up there in outer space

I've got clothes on my back and shoes on my feet  
A roof over my head and something to eat  
My kids are all healthy and my folks are alive  
You know, it's amazing but sometimes I think I'll survive

I've got all of my fingers and all of my toes  
I'm pretty well off I guess, I suppose  
So how come I feel bad so much of the time?  
A man ain't an island John Dunn wasn't lying

It's business as usual; some things never change  
It's unfair, it's tough, unkind and it's strange  
We don't seem to learn; we can't seem to stop  
Maybe some explosions would close up the shop

You know, maybe that would be fine: we would be off the hook  
We resolved all our problems, never mind what it took  
And it all would be over, finito, the end  
Until the survivors started up all over again