

# The Home Stretch

Loudon Wainwright III

If the day off doesn't get you  
Then the bad reviewer does  
At least you've been a has-been  
And not just a never-was

And you know it's not a mountain  
But no mole hill is this big  
And you promise to quit drinking  
As you light another cig

Once again you're in the home stretch  
But you're not sure where you live  
You recall a small apartment  
And a government you give  
Large amounts of money to  
So you're allowed to stay  
And rest until you're well enough  
To leave again and play

You are making human contact  
With the postcards that you send  
To the children of your ex-wives  
And a woman, your girlfriend  
Who is living in a city  
Thousands of miles away  
That is full of young male models  
Not all of whom are gay

In the meanwhile you've stopped writing songs

There's nothing left to say  
You'd like to get your old job back  
And mow lawns again one day  
But you keep lifting up your left leg  
Sticking out your tongue  
There's nothing else that you can do  
And you're too old to die young!

Too many beds, too many towns  
Not much to declare zones  
London broils and Tuna Melts on dirty microphones  
While the sound man's falling fast asleep  
The light man's been up for days  
The club owner and arithmetic  
Have long since parted ways

As for the lovely audience  
Tonight they're rather cold  
But they're prepared to listen  
All they have to be is told

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