

# The Panic Is On

Loudon Wainwright III

What this country is comin' to  
Some would like to know  
If they don't do something by and by  
The rich will live and the poor will die  
Doggone I mean the panic is on  
Can't get no work can't draw no pay  
Things are gettin' worser each and every day  
Nothin' to eat no place to sleep  
All night long folks are walkin' the street  
Doggone I mean the panic is on  
Saw a man this morning walking down the street  
No shoes on his feet  
You oughta seen the women in their flats  
You could hear 'em sayin' "what kind of man is that?"  
Doggone I mean the panic is on  
All them landlords done raised the rent  
Folks are gettin' broken and they're badly bent  
Where they get the dough from goodness knows  
But if they don't produce it in the street they go  
Doggone I mean the panic is on  
Some play numbers some read your mind

Some got rackets of all kinds  
Some are trimmin' corns off of people's feet  
They got to do something just to make ends meet  
Doggone I mean the panic is on  
Some women sellin' apples some sellin' pie  
Sellin' gin whiskey and rye  
Some are sellin' socks to support their man  
In fact some sellin' everything they can  
Doggone I mean the panic is on  
I've pawned my clothes I've pawned my everything  
Pawned my jewlery my watch and ring  
Pawned my razor but not my gun  
If luck don't change they'll be some stealin' done  
Doggone I mean the panic is on  
Old prohibition's ruined everything  
That is why I must sing  
Here's one thing I want you all to hear  
If they don't bring back light wine gin and beer  
Doggone the panic will be on