

Some People Have It Worse Than I

Tim Minchin

Well I wake up in the morning at 11:47 and I can't believe I have to face the horror of another f*cking day

And the magnificent magnitude of my morning erection merely mocks me like the sun in its optimistic greeting of the day

Managing to manifest a modicum of motivation I meander to the kitchen make a mission out of mixing Nescafe

But the milk is going off and coffee by itself is bitter and there's ants all through the sugar and the supermarket's miles a-f*ckin'-way

My life is pretty sad
But I know that I should be glad.
At least I'm not a starving Ethiopie
Or a policeman in Bagdad

At 11:53 I instigate the day's ablutions in the hope my constitution can be altered by some action on the bowl

But the total non-existence of colonic animation seems to me the perfect metaphor for the utter constipation of my soul

By 11:59 I have decided that my life would be immediately improved by a carefully written list of short-term goals

But by 12.05 my list consists of 1-dot put some pants on, 2-dot go to the shop, buy some prunes and Panadol

My life is pretty shit
But I know I shouldn't whinge about it
I could be a Palestinian
Driving buses on the Gaza strip

Yeah how bad can it be?
Some people have it worse than me
I could be a child prostitute
Or Gary Glitter's family

I have no right to cry
Some people have it worse than I
I could be a thalidomide kid
With something in my eye

At 12:30 I realise I'm feeling so dejected that I've totally neglected the beginning of the Jerry Springer show

So I settle on the sofa try to focus an iota of my motor-neurones on the brilliant insights for which Jerry is known

And although on any other day a show entitled "Midgets
Midget Midgets" would excite me like a virgin at her
year eleven ball

Today those little jelly-wresting fellas fail to free
me of my misery instead they simply serve to make me
feel three foot tall

But how bad can it be?
Some people have it worse than me
I could be a Jewish stand up comedian
In Nazi Germany

Or I could be a Dockers fan
Or an orphan in Pakistan
Or the architect of the World Trade Centre
Or a bobcat driver in Bam Iran

I could be making an investigation
Of a backpack in an underground station
Or I could be a peace-loving speech-writer
In George W's administration

Yeah I know that I don't have the right
To be unhappy with my life
I could be Paris Hilton's mother
Or Shane Warne's wife

And I know that I shouldn't be bitchin'
I could be in a worse position
I could be a 3-nippled naturopath
In the days of the Spanish inquisition

I know I have no right to cry
Some people have it worse than I
I could have a serious nut allergy
And be shipwrecked on an island with a crate of
Snickers bars
A jar of Nutella and a fresh baked pecan pie
Some people have it worse than I