

# Tim Minchin, Some People Have It Worse Than Me

Well I wake up in the morning at 11:47  
and I can't believe I have to face  
the horror of another fucking 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-fucking-way

My life is pretty sad  
But I know that I should be glad.  
I could be 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 nonexistence 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  
one dot put some pants on  
two dot go to the shop  
buy some prunes and Panadol

My life is pretty shit  
But I know I shouldnt 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  
Something in my eye!

At 12:30 I realise Im feeling so dejected  
that Ive 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 junior lifesaver  
on a Bande Arche beach

Or I could be a Collingwood 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  
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 Paul Pops mother  
Or Shane Warnes 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  
and 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