

Tom Waits, Misery Is The River Of The World

Misery's the river of the world
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The higher that the monkey can climb
the more he shows his tail
Call no man happy 'til he dies
There's no milk at the bottom of the pail

God builds a church
The devil builds a chapel
Like the thistles that are growing
'round the trunk of a tree
All the good in the world
You can put inside a thimble
And you still have room for you and me

If there's one thing you can say
About Mankind
There's nothing kind about man
You can drive out nature with a pitch fork
But it always comes roaring back again

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For want of a bird
The sky was lost
For want of a nail
A shoe was lost
For want of a life
A knife was lost
For want of a toy
A child was lost

Misery's the river of the world
Misery's the river of the world
Everybody row! Everybody row!
Misery's the river of the world
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Everybody row! Everybody row!
Everybody row!