

## **Brendan Benson**

### **"Unfortunate Guy"**

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This is the sound of the world's smallest violin  
I've seen worse than the worst trouble you've been in  
You're the greatest sufferer that almost never was born  
You've always been the object of ridicule and scorn  
You hold the title of champion stepchild  
Your father died in prison and your mother ran wild  
Maybe you should write a book on pieces of confetti  
Coz it makes even Shakespeare's plots seem  
meaningless and petty  
You've had it rough you've made it very clear  
That you don't give up you've persevered (no matter  
how severe)  
Please don't go on you're gonna make me cry  
You've got to be  
The most unfortunate guy  
Don't go on you're gonna make us cry  
The most unfortunate guy  
I've heard some sad luck stories, but yours tops the list  
And you lead the race for the world's unluckiest  
You wear that crown of thorns and sit upon that throne  
You rule a kingdom of despair and you do it all alone  
You have our sympathy our deepest regrets  
You hold the key, which unlocks misfortune's chest  
You're giving us the poor mouth what do you stand to  
gain  
You're soakin up the sun after selling us the rain  
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