Greg Brown "Help Me Make It Through This Funky Day"

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Well the coffee boiled and the sun fled Ah there's grime on the windows, and the streets are dead

It been Tuesday all week and it's Tuesday again Today is a Parisian, I am an American And I know it ain't, I know I ain't, I hope you ain't gonna go away

Ah will ya help me help me help me help me help me make it through this funky day Ah will ya help me help me help me baby will ya help me Ya gotta help me make it through this funky day

It look like February 19th and November 8th
They had an ugly little baby and they're gonna call it
Today Ah my face feel like clay every time I try to grin
And I think I might cry if I try to grin again
Oh but I know it ain't, I know I ain't, I hope you ain't
gonna go away

Ah will ya help me help me help me help me help me help me make it through this funky day
Ah will ya help me help me help me help me baby will ya help me
Ya gotta help me make it through this funky day

I don't want to go out because I'm tired of the door I'm tired of everybody actin like it's wierded out 1954 It's just the year of the barfly.

It's just the month of the roach
Hold on to my shoulders, baby,
I'm sinkin so low
And I know it ain't, I know I ain't, I hope you ain't gonna
go away

Ah will ya help me help me help me help me help me make it through this funky day Ah will ya help me help me help me help me help me help me make it through this Help me make it Ah will ya baby will ya help me
Oh will ya baby will ya help me make it through this Ya
gotta help me Help me help me help me make it
through this funky day It's just another, it's just another
It's just another, it's just another It's just another funky
funky funky funky day.
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