

Loudon Wainwright Iii

"The Panic Is On"

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What this country is comin' to
Some would like to know
If they don't do something by and by
The rich will live and the poor will die
Doggone I mean the panic is on

Can't get no work can't draw no pay
Things are gettin' worser each and every day
Nothin' to eat no place to sleep
All night long folks are walkin' the street
Doggone I mean the panic is on

Saw a man this morning walking down the street
No shoes on his feet
You oughta seen the women in their flats
You could hear 'em sayin' "what kind of man is that?"
Doggone I mean the panic is on

All them landlords done raised the rent
Folks are gettin' broken and they're badly bent
Where they get the dough from goodness knows
But if they don't produce it in the street they go
Doggone I mean the panic is on

Some play numbers some read your mind
Some got rackets of all kinds
Some are trimmin' corns off of people's feet
They got to do something just to make ends meet
Doggone I mean the panic is on

Some women sellin' apples some sellin' pie
Sellin' gin whiskey and rye
Some are sellin' socks to support their man
In fact some sellin' everything they can
Doggone I mean the panic is on

I've pawned my clothes I've pawned my everything
Pawned my jewlery my watch and ring
Pawned my razor but not my gun
If luck don't change they'll be some stealin' done
Doggone I mean the panic is on

Old prohibition's ruined everything
That is why I must sing
Here's one thing I want you all to hear
If they don't bring back light wine gin and beer
Doggone the panic will be on

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