

Luka Bloom

"Doing The Best I Can"

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The phone rings, somebody sings
'How the hell are you?'
'It's just me and the four walls
How the hell do you think I am?'

'Has anybody come to visit?'
'They come if they come
When they come or they don't come'

'Do you have everything you need?'
'Yeah! I've got all the time in the world
And more patience than a swallow's nest in February'

Doing the best I can in my solitude
Coping the best I can with my blues
Doing the best I can in my solitude
Coping the best I can with my blues

It's a game of poker
I've got a tricky hand of cards
I play the game everyday
But it's sometimes hard
But not to worry, we'll soldier on
C'est la vie, etc. etc.
A few pints, a couple of songs
And none of your auld sympathy

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My body's a curtain
And you can't see inside
My spirit's enormous
Those who know me
Are those who have tried
I laugh and I cry in this journey I'm on
Try to hold no regrets for my situation

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