

## Geoff Berner

### "The Traveller's Curse"

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I have been libelled as a wanderer, This is not the case.  
I have home, its just that it's an Inconvenient place  
(right now).

"None is too many of that kind." I overhear you say,  
You make some markings on the page And stamp and  
seal my fate.

I regret now to inform you Who refuse to aid my plight,  
Bad luck will come to those who deny The travellers  
their rights.

All of my pity upon you, All of my pity upon you,  
My luck can only get better, Yours is bound to be worse,  
Now I see it upon you: The Traveller's Curse.

Who can deny your moral right To prosperity and  
order?

You fell out of your mother's cunt

On the correct side of the border.

And your cuntfall gives you all of this

And power over me today, But there are forces in this  
world

That can take all of that away (in a second).

All of my pity upon you, All of my pity upon you,  
My luck can only get better, Yours is bound to be worse,  
Now I see it upon you: The Traveller's Curse.

Don't be misled and think this curse Is mine to make  
or lift,

You put it on yourself, It's not my place to bend and  
sift

Your conscience or your character, Your luck is all your  
own.

Good luck with that, I leave you now, But you'll never  
be alone.

All of my pity upon you, All of my pity upon you,  
My luck can only get better, Yours is bound to be worse,  
Now I see it upon you: The Traveller's Curse.

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