

Tim Minchin

"Some People Have It Worse Than Me"

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Well I wake up in the morning at 11:47
And I can't believe I have to face the horror of another
fucking day
And the magnificent magnitude of my morning
erection
Merely mocks me like the sun in its optimistic greeting
of the day
Managing to manifest a modicum of motivation
I meander to the kitchen make a mission out of mixing
Nescafe
But the milk is going off and coffee by itself is bitter
And there's ants all through the sugar and the
supermarket's miles a-fucking-way

My life is pretty sad
But I know that I should be glad
I could be a starving Ethiope
Or a policeman in Baghdad
Policeman in Baghdad

At 11:53 I instigate the day's ablutions
In the hope my constitution can be altered by some
action on the bowl
But the total non-existence of colonic animation
Seems to me the perfect metaphor for the utter
constipation of my soul
By 11:59 I have decided that my life would be
immediately improved
By a carefully written list of short-term goals
But by 12.05 my list consists of one-dot put some pants
on
Two-dot go to the shop, buy some prunes and Panadol

My life is pretty shit
But I know I shouldn't whinge about it
I could be a Palestinian
Driving buses on the Gaza strip

Yeah how bad can it be?
Some people have it worse than me
I could be a child prostitute
Or Gary Glitter's family

I have no right to cry
Some people have it worse than I
I could be a thalidomide kid
With something in my eye
Something in my eye

At 12:30 I realise I'm feeling so dejected
That I've totally neglected the beginning of the Jerry
Springer show
So I settle on the sofa try to focus an iota of my motor-
neurons
On the brilliant insights for which Jerry is known
And although on any other day a show entitled
"Midgets, Midgets, Midgets"
Would excite me like a virgin at her year eleven ball
Today those little jelly-wresting fellas fail to free me of
my misery
Instead they simply serve to make me feel three foot
tall

But how bad can it be?
Some people have it worse than me
I could be a junior life safer
On a Banda Aceh beach

Or I could be a Collingwood fan
Or an orphan in Pakistan
Or the architect of the World Trade Centre
Or a bobcat driver in Bam Iran

I could be making an investigation
Of a backpack in an underground station
I could be a peace-loving speech-writer
In George W's administration

Yeah, I know that I don't have the right
To be unhappy with my life
I could be Pol Pot's mother
Or Shane Warne's wife

Yeah, I know that I shouldn't be bitchin'
I could be in a worse position
I could be a 3-nippled naturopath
In the days of the Spanish
Of the Spanish inquisition

I know I have no right, no right to cry
Some people have it much, much worse than I
I could have a serious nut allergy
And be shipwrecked on an island with a crate of

Snickers bars,
A jar of Nutella and a fresh baked pecan pie
Some people have it worse than I!

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