

Cold + Dark + Wet

Greg Brown

I fell in love like a drunk in a pond.
That twisted gal of whom I was fond,
She found a new man on the internet.
Wham I'm spam and it's cold and dark and wet.

Tell me what is a fella supposed to do
When a car costs what a house used to
And a house is a pile of chipboard, paint, and debt.
I'm at the city limits and it's cold and dark and wet

Big rig rolling over me in a blizzard -
I'm living on beans and chicken gizzards.
One day I was young, the next day I was old.
Late November, it's wet and dark and cold.

Jobs, I guess they're like wild geese -
They all went flying overseas.
I'm standing in the rain smoking my last cigarette.
Morning in America is cold and dark and wet.

Christmas lights are going up,
I could use a little joy juice in my cup.
Life is not a walk across the park,
Not when it's wet and cold and dark.