

Birthday Boy

Loudon Wainwright III

I am the birthday boy
Today's my day, mine to enjoy
I am the birthday king
Today of me I sing

Today love ones all me more
A truce is called on our cold war
Today I wear the birthday crown
The toast of this damn town

I'm excused, I'm off the hook
I just was born - that's all it took
Though I fuck up, hurt, and annoy
I'm still the birthday boy

I was born upon this day
Happiness is wished my way
Christmas is good but not this
There's handshakes, hugs and kisses

Fred Mercury is dead and gone
Raquel Welch continues on
Verner Herzog's doing fine
It's their birthdays and mine

It's the same day every year
Those something else is getting nearer
My birthday will come and go
One day and I won't know it

But I am the birthday boy
Today's my day, mine to enjoy
I'm the king, I wear the crown
The toast of this damn town
Yeah!