

Depression Blues

Loudon Wainwright III

Lineman sings the blues, the Catholic goes to his confession
Tell me what you plan to do about all of your depression?
Oh, you tried old Sigmund's talking cure, you experiences it's
power
But that kinda talk ain't cheap, you know, at one eighty and ho
ur

You inhibited the re-uptake of your serotonin
You were whistlin' washing windows until you started moanin'
Then you biked up to the swimmin' hole to let the water cure yo
u
But the current at the bottom began it began to pull and lure y
ou

Blind Lemon sings the blues, the jew does his wailin' session
So tell what you plan to do about all of that depression?
Will you suck it up or ride it out or reread some old fan lette
r
Or head to the nearest barroom to stay drunk until it gets bett
er?

Sleep knits up the raveled sleeve, so go to bed and stay there
But before you get and kneel down on that killing floor and pra
y there
Maybe you can do a deal with your old buddy, Satan
And sell that soul that's no damn good, so why the hell you wai
tin'?

Oh, the Muslim bows to Mecca five times
Now let that be a lesson
Everybody's bowin' and scrapin'
Just to answer that big question

Sleepy John sings the blues, a comic can do an impression
Of someone who might seem like he don't suffer much from depres
sion
Yeah, get that audience to lovin' you, boy, be a clown and get
'em goin'
You'll have 'em right there in your sweaty palm almost before y
ou know it

Let it all out up there on stage, yeah, all the world just is o
ne
And it's fifteen minutes or fifty years - every fool gets his r
un
After the show, when they all go home, you're left with your pr
oblem
It's the depression blues, that's what you've got, boy, and tha

t's one big badass goblin