

In a Hurry

Loudon Wainwright III

I know you're in a hurry
You're probably late for work
That job must make you crazy
That ulcer's got to hurt

All those problems back at home
They're just killing you
The wife, the kids, the dog, the house
I see what you go through

I see you in the station
Come off the morning train
You're always in a hurry
You always look the same

Your briefcase seems so heavy
Your necktie's tied so tight
You always look so tired
Like you've been up all night

You never seem to see me
When I come up to you
And I ask you for money
Like I always do

You're always in a hurry
Why don't you slow down
We're both trying to make it
In this shitty town

I'm not in a hurry

Nothing to hurry for
I sleep in this station
I sleep on the floor

I hold out this coffee cup
There's no coffee in there
Just nickels, dimes and quarters
And pennies people spare

I know the way the world is
You have and I have not
I don't want to trade places
I don't want all you've got

But if you give me something
It might help you too
You're carrying a heavy load
I see what you go through

I know you're in a hurry
You're probably late for work
That job must make you crazy
That boss must be a jerk

All those problems back at home

They're just killing you
The wife, the kids, the dog, the house
I see what you go through