

Last Day of the Year

Loudon Wainwright III

Last day of the year
Feels like we've been here before
Full of resolve
Ready to revolve

Around that lucky sun
Once more on Jan. 1
New plots are freshly hatched
Alas to be scratched

We're still stuck in the past
For awhile keep writing last year
When dating checks but
Don't you let it vex you

You'll get in the swing
Of this new year's thing
In March it's wet and cold
The new thing will feel old

Hangovers and headaches
They're last year's mistakes
Tomorrow we go straight
Quit smoking and lose weight

If we get wrecked tonight
It's a wake, it's all right
Tomorrow will be fresh
As that kid in the creche

Throw out old diaries
Create new histories
When we begin again
Nothing has to end

Hallelujah, hooray
Remember the last day
March is cold and wet
And we tend to forget