

# Something's Out to Get Me

Loudon Wainwright III

Something's out to get me, something's on my trail  
Something like that bird dog running down that quail  
Maybe it's that hellhound, begging for my soul  
Something's out to get me, and something's on a roll

Nothing used to get to me when I was young and strong  
My foolish ways were wicked, yet I could do no wrong  
I thought I was immortal, immunized from my own sin  
Nothing used to get to me, but now something's moving in

Life's like an elevator, least that's what I have found  
You push a lot of buttons, but what goes up comes down  
Getting old might make you wiser, like they say it should  
But getting old's just getting old, and old ain't much damn good

There's a natural order, least that's what I have found  
There's a limit on the time you get to stick around  
Book a table in a restaurant, but you can't sit there all night  
There's another party waiting, and the maitre d's uptight

Something is relentless, like an ocean wave  
You got to take it lying down, from the cradle to the grave  
But if there's one small comfort, one thing I know is true  
That something out to get me is out to get you too