

A Good Day Is Hard To Find

Paul Heaton & Jacqui Abbott

On a Monday, I get up at 6
That's a.m. for you, drunks
In bed before 9:30
That's p.m. for you, punks

And all of us drink Trappist ale
But wish the life of monks
And a good day these days
Is hard to find

We're the crow on airport runway
Our fate already decided
As the marksman in the watchtower
Complains it's too one-sided

When Tuesday comes, us hopeless bums
Feel already derided
And a good day these day
Is hard to find

A good day these days
Full of 'alright's and 'okay's
Full of backhanded compliments
And the faintest of praise

The pubs will all re-open
And the streets will be all be lined
When one of us
A good day we may find

When Wednesday comes and middle week
Surrounded either side
Where optimism and pessimism
Every week collide

Halfway 'tween the paddle boat
And the wake of Golden Hind
And a good day these days
Is hard to find

And the optimist and pessimist
Are playing on the swings
The optimist swings high and says
'Let's see what Thursday brings'

The pessimist jumps off and says
'If God has meant us wings'
And a good day these days
Is hard to find

A good day these days
Full of 'Alright's and 'Okay's
Full of backhanded compliments
And the faintest of praise

The pubs will all re-open
And the streets will be all be lined

When one of us
A good day we may find

Fridays and Saturday
Are greeted like old friend
But every single minute
On a weekend that you spend

Staring at Old Father Time
Wondering when it will ever end
Down a long and winding road
That's badly signed

A good day these days
Is hard to find

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Full of 'alright's and 'okay's
Full of backhanded compliments
And the faintest of praise

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When one of us
A good day we may find