

ROLL WITH THE PUNCHES

2-18-16
(#21)

1. Weather foul and rainy, snapshot dark and grainy;
the picture of your life, as you wear out your last endeavor.
No shelter from the cold, your best possessions lost and sold,
nothing left to bid and can't fold, but it never stays this way forever —
never stays this way forever, ever, ever, ever, ever.

REFRAIN/

HOOK: When logic proves to be no better than your hunches
and calamity comes barrelin' down on you in bunches:
you've got to roll with the punches,
you've gotta roll with the punches.
Sometimes it's just the way, the way the cookie crunches — *
you've gotta roll with the punches.

2. Thought it couldn't worsen, brought you right to cursin'
boxer on the ropes, too many blows punched out your hopes.
Nothin' seems to work, but it's all guaranteed to irk,
the world has gone berserk, your whole life has been a hoax —
your whole life has been a hoax, a hoax, a hoax, a hoax, a hoax.

[REPEAT REFRAIN/HOOK]

BRIDGE: It comes in heaping helpings, usually more than your share,
you've got to face the fact: life isn't fair !

3. Drowned in stupid sayings, like mindless donkeys' brayings
repeated dumb clichés, banged around inside a maze.
When you finally awaken, from your nightmare shocked and shaken,
only to find the light, presents a worse dream than the night —
a worse dream than the night, the night, the night, the night, the night.

[INSTRUMENTAL]

[REPEAT REFRAIN/HOOK]

4. Patterns on the ceiling, don't have any feeling,
you assign the meaning of what you find among them;
horn of endless songs, will sing a trillion rights or wrongs,
pouring out into creation, whatever way you've sung them —
whatever way you've sung them, sing them, sing them, sing them, sing them . . .

[REPEAT REFRAIN/HOOK INTO FADEOUT]

[END]

Written: February 11 to 18, 2016 [G, M, C]

* Final 2 lines of hook, only here and at end;
it's omitted following verses 3 and 4