

I've gone just about as far as I can go

(a song for the depression)

Lyrics and Music © Marcus Turner¹

I am fed up to the back teeth with the crap on television
And particularly Marvo, and his twelve performing penguins
And don't ask me why I'm watching it, 'cos I don't know the answer
But it makes about as much sense as does anything, this morning.

I've had all that I can take of being unemployed since April
And I'm sick of nagging wives and fighting kids and yapping dogs
And being months behind on payments for the car, and on the mortgage
And being told to squeeze the toothpaste from the end, and not the centre.

CHORUS:

I've had just about enough of all this never-ending pressure.
I'm not sure what I will do when I can't take it any longer
And I feel the hour of reckoning is just around the corner.
I've gone just about as far as I can go.

Every time I turn around, there's someone trying to sell me something.
"How about a new Encyclopaedia Britannica?"
All knowledge at my fingertips. I'll be the man with everything
Including more installments on a plan that lasts forever.

I've got mildew in the basement. I've got borer in the ceiling
And a nose that's always running, and a bathroom tap that doesn't.
What do I need something else for? I've got quite enough already.
I have everything I need to have the perfect nervous breakdown.

CHORUS

Everyone I meet has some philosophy to help me
Such as "Life is an illusion" and "Have I tried meditation?"
And there's always some new therapy, or massage, or religion
Though I note, with great regret, that so far, no-one's offered money.

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¹ Marcus Turner's CD **The Best is Yet to Come**

And my own view of existence is that life's a garbage sandwich
And the people who have lots of bread don't have to eat much garbage.
I am just a cigarette butt on the pavement of oblivion.
All filthy and unnoticed, and occasionally trod on.

CHORUS

And don't keep telling me life's not supposed to be a picnic.
I am perfectly aware, and have the insect bites to prove it.
And I just heard someone mutter that this isn't even rhyming.
They can take a great leap backwards up a gum tree, for all I care

'Cos I'm going to the park and, in the clearing by the duck pond,
With the key to my salvation down the barrel of a shotgun,
I will aim between my eyeballs and then gently squeeze the trigger
And, with my luck, likely miss and blow some other bastard's head off.

CHORUS

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I'm not sure what I will do when I can't take it any longer
And I feel the hour of reckoning is just around the corner.
I've gone just about as far as I can go.