

When a Fellow is Out of a Job

When a Fellow is Out of a Job
(Grant Rogers and John Barnes)

All nature is sick from her heels to her hair,
When a fellow is out of a job.
She's all out of kilter, beyond all repair
When a fellow is out of a job.
There's no juice in the earth,
No salt in the sea,
No ginger in life in this land of the free.
And the universe ain't what it's cracked up to be,
When a fellow is out of a job.

What's the good of blue skies and blossoming trees?
When a fellow is out of a job.
And your kids have big patches all over their knees,
When a fellow is out of a job.
Those patches, you see, look as big as the sky
They blot out the landscape and cover your eye
And the sun can't shine through the best it may try
When a fellow is out of a job.

Every man that's a man wants to help push the world
But he can't, if he's out of a job.
He's left out behind, on a shelf he is curled
When a fellow is out of a job.
He feels he's no part in the whole of the plan,
An obsolete cog, only half of a man
And the world isn't what he's had it to plan
When a fellow is out of a job.

(repeat first chorus:)
There's no juice in the earth,
No salt in the sea,
No ginger in life in this land of the free.
And the universe ain't what it's cracked up to be,
When a fellow is out of a job.

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