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Them Old Songwritin' Blues

Well it's three in the mornin' should be sleepin' in my bedroom
Not sittin' in this cellar like some silly damn mushroom
My brain is hurtin', I think it just blew a fuse
I've smoked enough cigarettes to kill a camel
Drunk enough black coffee to fill the English Channel
And oh mama, got them old songwritin' blues

I've been writin' this song for what seems like forever
Doin' bad things to my lungs and worse things to my liver
I ain't got many organs left I can abuse
I gonna try to stop writin' songs I swear
Do somethin' easy like wrestlin' grizzly bears
And oh Mama ,got them old songwritin' blues

Chorus:

Oh Mama why didn't I listen to yo when you told me not to be a
musician
Oh Mama at least I didn't shame you completely and become a
politician

Havin' trouble with my meter, and trouble with my rhymin'
I wish to God that I was Paul Simon
That little smartass has more talent than he can use
I try to write my songs deep and esoteric
But they just come out the same old Eric
And oh Mama got them old songwritin' blues

And if I finish this song, who'll appreciate it?
I know the critics are gonna hate it
They'll roast me like a lamb chop at a bar-b-que
They'll all say "He's a one-hit wonder
Written nothin' since 'The Band Played Waltzin' Matilda"
And oh Mama got them old songwritin' blues

Chorus:

And why do I write all my songs in the key of G?
Be easier usin' another one like -umm-err-umm
I think my mind's beginnin' to go
I just found myself wishin' I was Barry Manilow
Oh Mama got them old songwritin' blues

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Chorus (after instrumental)

And why do I torture myself the way that I do?
Be easier bashin' my skull in with a lump of four -by-two

I've tried to sing this song in an American accent
I'm told my Scottish burr is too much of a distractment
At least that's what they say in their reviews
And D.J.'s dishin' out their music valium
Will say "It's too long son, it ain't got any drums
And oh Mama got them old songwritin' blues

So I sit here like a dummy nearly cryin' with frustration
Songwritin's just an exercise in mental masturbation
Deserted by that fickle jade the call the Muse
She's out there somewhere laughin' at me
Sayin' "Son, go back to accountancy!"
And oh Mama got them old songwritin' blues