

Don't Sweat The Big Stuff
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The toilet chain's broken
The sewer is backed up
You're out of toilet paper
In a stinking heap of luck
But it really doesn't matter
It's just a twist of fate
Cause you're clearly constipated
from the junkfood you ate

The phone bill's up
and the market's down
It's clear your wife's
been fooling around
Her naggin' and bitching
are driving you insane
Even if your right, you're wrong
And you always get the blame

Don't sweat the big stuff
Cause it's the small crap
that'll kill ya

Your shoelace snapped
while you were running late
That'll leave some space
for your ingrown nails
Your paycheck bounced
Behind on rent
Your spirit isn't broken
But you sure are badly bent

Don't sweat the big stuff
Cause it's the small crap
that'll kill ya

Any fool can face a crisis
If it's flood or death or war
Just keep on bottom feeding
in this barrel of manure
But the day to day abuse
to your intellect and sense

Will surely be the end of you
You'll never stand a chance

Don't sweat the big stuff
Cause it's the small crap
that'll kill ya