

Good morning blues  
(Blues for Diane)

I woke up this morning  
and the blues was all around my head.  
I woke up this morning  
and the blues was all around my head.  
Do I stay right here  
or get up and make my bed?

And yesterday was just the same  
there's nothing, nothing new.  
And yesterday was just the same  
so this just ain't nothing new.  
Good morning blues,  
blues how do you do.

Will it be absurdity, vanity,  
hysterics, or depression?  
Will it be absurdity, vanity,  
hysterics, or depression?  
Or will I make the best of  
a bad, bad situation?

The blues is like my medicine,  
it builds up my resistance.  
The blues is like my medicine,  
it builds up my resistance.  
I move beyond the painful facts  
by noting their existence.

Some things just happen,  
no reason, no one to blame.  
Some things just happen,  
there's no reason, no one's to blame.  
Accept that life is just,  
just a low down dirty shame.

Last-place takes no trophies,  
but first place too takes nothing.  
Last-place takes no trophies,  
but first place also takes nothing.  
It's not if you win or lose,  
But how many bars of music you swing.

Does life at up to nada,  
a farce, you just can't dance?  
Does life at up to nada,  
a farce, no music, no dance?  
You got to...  
surely confront this question with  
perseverance, humor, and mainly  
elegance!

© 1998 Dr. Monday

A poem based on the philosophy of Albert  
Murray from his essay, "Omni-American"  
published in *American Heritage*, 1996  
Volume 47, Issue 5.

[www.americanheritage.com/content/omni-american](http://www.americanheritage.com/content/omni-american)