

# FIFTY MILLION PEOPLE.

I was sitting by my lounge chair,  
feeling sorry for myself,  
Feeling like so many oldies,  
Like an old vase on a shelf,  
When I said, "Now little lady  
This will never do,

There are Fifty Million people in the world  
Worse off than you.

Just be glad you're not a Robber  
Caught breaking out of gaol,  
Not a Sailor in a life-boat  
In the fury of a gale

Nor a traveller with a flat tyre  
On a bush road way out back,  
Nor a drover with a lame horse  
On a hot, dry, dusty track

Nor a hungry man at dinner time  
With nothing on his plate,

Nor the guy who clipped the cliff sides  
And in pain awaits his fate.

Now the Baker has burnt his fingers  
And the Cook has burnt the stew

And of Unlucky People I have only named a few.

So, of past cares and sorrows

Oh, please don't make a fuss

There are Fifty Million People in the world.

WORSE OFF THAN US.