NO JOKE

I would like a situation; I have hunted for it long,
Till my boots are all in ribbons, and the trousers that belong
To my coat and vest are seatless, and my pocket's full of holes
Caused by feeling for the sheckles that would buy a ton of coals.
I have been in every building that adorns this lovely town,
I have tried within the cider mug my sorrow deep to drown;
I have called upon each friend I own, and told my story brief,
But all I've ever gotten is a pile of woe and grief.
This one says "I will remember you, you are a trusty slob,
And if I have a chance, old man, I'll offer you a job."
And that one says "Oh, yes, I see, well leave your name on fyle
And I will surely think of you then every little while."
But still I have no income, and I'm still without a berth,
There doesn't seem to be a soul who understands my worth;
The world is out of kilter—and this country's out of plumb,
And the whole dinged universe it seems, is nothing now but scum.
There is no demand for labour, no respect for willing hands,
Hence the fellows who are job-less are as countless as the sands;
But I s'pose that things will brighten, tho I really have my fears
That the outlook won't be cheerful for about a thousand years.
My creditors are howling, and they daily send their bills,
But I can't pay 30 dollars when I haven't 30 mills;
I owe large accounts for butter, bread, some cheese and even silk,
For pickles, wood, tomatoes and a quart of butter-milk.
Still, it's well to keep on smiling and to treat it as a joke
When the cellar's cold and empty, 'stead of warm and full of coke;
When the pantry shelf is empty, and you've neither bread nor beans
And not a single copper in your only pair of jeans.
Should I ever find a fellow with a little job to spare,
I will seize him by the collar, I will grab him by the hair;
And I'll squat upon his stomach, till with pen and ink, he'll sign
A paper that transfers the job and makes it really mine.
And so I go on praying that some sunny smiling day
I may find a situation—or I'm sure to pass away.