

There Are Bad Times Just Around the Corner

Noel Coward

They're out of sorts in Sunderland
And terribly cross in Kent,
They're dull in Hull
And the Isle of Mull
Is seething with discontent,
They're nervous in Northumberland
And Devon is down the drain,
They're filled with wrath
On the firth of Forth
And sullen on Salisbury Plain,
In Dublin they're depressed, lads,
Maybe because they're Celts
For Drake is going West, lads,
And so is everyone else.
Hurray, hurray, hurray!
Misery's here to stay. There are bad times just around the corner,
There are dark clouds hurtling through the sky
And it's no good whining
About a silver lining
For we know from experience that they won't roll by,
With a scowl and a frown
We'll keep our peckers down
And prepare for depression and doom and dread,
We're going to unpack our troubles from our old kit bag
And wait until we drop down dead. From Portland Bill to Scarborough
They're querulous and subdued
And Shropshire lads
Have behaved like cads
From Berwick-on-Tweed to Bude,
They're mad at Market Harborough
And livid at Leigh-on-Sea,
In Tunbridge Wells
You can hear the yells
Of woe-begone bourgeoisie.
We all get bitched about, lads,
Whoever our vote elects,
We know we're up the spout, lads.
And that's what England expects.
Hurray, hurray, hurray!

Trouble is on the way. There are bad times just around the corner,
The horizon's gloomy as can be,
There are black birds over
The grayish cliffs of Dover
And the rats are preparing to leave the BBC
We're an unhappy breed
And very bored indeed
When reminded of something that Nelson said.
While the press and the politicians nag nag nag
We'll wait until we drop down dead. From Colwyn Bay to Kettering
They're sobbing themselves to sleep,
The shrieks and wails
In the Yorkshire dales
Have even depressed the sheep.
In rather vulgar lettering
A very disgruntled group
Have posted bills
On the Cotswold Hills
To prove that we're in the soup.
While begging Kipling's pardon
There's one thing we know for sure
If England is a garden
We ought to have more manure.
Hurray, hurray, hurray!
Suffering and dismay. There are bad times just around the corner
And the outlook's absolutely vile,
There are Home Fires smoking
From Windermere to Woking
And we're not going to tighten our belts and smile, smile, smile,
At the sound of a shot
We'd just as soon as not
Take a hot water bottle and go to bed,
We're going to un-tense our muscles till they sag sag sag
And wait until we drop down dead. There are bad times just around the corner,
We can all look forward to despair,
It's as clear as crystal
From Bridlington to Bristol
That we can't save democracy and we don't much care
If the Reds and the Pinks
Believe that England stinks
And that world revolution is bound to spread,
We'd better all learn the lyrics of the old 'Red Flag'
And wait until we drop down dead.
A likely story
Land of Hope and Glory,

Wait until we drop down dead.[When Noel later used this number in his Las Vegas cabaret act, he adapted it to the American milieu, as he did with many of the topical numbers]There Are Bad Times Just Around The Corner

[American Lyric]They're nervous in Nigeria

And terribly cross in Crete,

In Bucharest

They are so depressed

They're frightened to cross the street,

They're sullen in Siberia

And timid in Turkestan,

They're sick with fright

In the Isle of Wight

And jittery in Japan,

The Irish groan and shout, lads,

Maybe because they're Celts,

They know they're up the spout, lads,

And so is everyone else.

Hurray, hurray, hurray!

Trouble is on the way. There are bad times just around the corner,

There are dark clouds hurtling through the sky

And it's no use whining

About a silver lining

For we know from experience that they won't roll by,

With a scowl and a frown

We'll keep our spirits down

And prepare for depression and doom and dread,

We're going to unpack our troubles from our old kit bag

And wait until we drop down dead. There are bad times just around the corner,

The horizon's gloomy as can be,

There are black birds over

They grayish cliffs of Dover

And the vultures are hovering round the Christmas tree

We're an unhappy breed

And ready to stampede

When we're asked to remember what Lincoln said,

We're going to un-tense our muscles till they sag sag sag

And wait until we drop down dead. They're morbid in Mongolia

And querulous in Quebec,

There's not a man

In Baluchistan

Who isn't a nervous wreck,

In Maine the melancholia

Is deeper than tongue can tell,

In Monaco

All the croupiers know

They haven't a hope in Hell.

In far away Australia
Each wallaby's well aware
The world's a total failure
Without any time to spare.
Hurray, hurray, hurray!
Suffering and dismay. There are bad times just around the corner,
We can all look forward to despair,
It's as clear as crystal
From Brooklyn Bridge to Bristol
That we can't save Democracy
And we don't much care.
At the sound of a shot
We'd just as soon as not
Take a hot-water bad and retire to bed
And while the press and the politicians nag nag nag
We'll wait until we drop down dead. There are bad times just around the corner
And the outlook's absolutely vile,
You can take this from us
That when they Atom-bomb us
We are not going to tighten our belts and smile smile smile,
We are in such a mess
It couldn't matter less
If a world revolution is just ahead,
We'd better all learn the lyrics of the old 'Red Flag'
And wait until we drop down dead.
A likely story
Land of Hope and Glory,
Wait until we drop down dead.

Songwriters

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