

Glad to Be Unhappy

Eileen Farrell, Luther Henderson & Orchestra

Look at yourself, if you had a sense of humor
You would laugh to beat the band
An' look at yourself, do you still believe the rumor
That romance is simply grand? Since, you took it right on the chin
You have lost that bright toothpaste grin
My mental state is all a jumble, I sit around and sadly mumble
Fools rush in, so here I am, very glad to be
unhappy
I can't win, but here I am more than glad to be unhappy
Unrequited love's a bore and I've got it pretty bad
But for someone you adore it's a pleasure to be sad
Like a straying baby lamb with no mammy and no pappy
I'm so unhappy but oh, so glad

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