

## Can't Complain

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What do you mean?

I'm not depressed,  
just wasted and weak  
so tired and stressed  
too frazzled to speak.

I'm not depressed,  
just so many tasks  
no time to get dressed  
except for my masks.

Besides...

Everyone feels this way.  
Or so they say.  
I can't complain  
at the end of the day.

I'm not depressed,  
cuz fasting's my dream  
except for my feels  
with pints of ice cream.

I'm not depressed,  
I simply can't sleep  
my tear-laden fears  
are scaring the sheep.

Besides...

Everyone feels this way.  
Or so they say.  
I can't complain  
at the end of the day.

I'm not depressed,  
it's just who I am  
my feelings get flat  
when I'm in a jam.

I'm not depressed,  
my life is so blessed  
these dark moods I fight  
are ungratefulness.

Besides...

Everyone feels this way.  
Or so they say.  
I can't complain  
at the end of the day.

I'm not depressed,  
it's just a rough patch  
I swallow my probs  
right down the ol' hatch.

I'm not depressed,  
I don't need your help  
When something comes up  
I'll manage myself.

Besides...

Everyone feels this way.  
Or so they say.  
I can't complain  
at the end of the day.

I mean...  
What do I have to be depressed about?  
It's true that I...

lost my dad  
got divorced

gained weight  
added debt  
ruined my health

And then the haters won the election.

Okay...  
I do have *that* to feel down about.  
But it's alright.

After all...

Everyone feels this way.  
Or so they say.  
I can't complain  
at the end of the day.

Cuz at the end of the day  
there's no one at home  
to hear me complain  
anyway.

Now *that's* depressing.

Good damn thing I'm an optimist.