Am

A do gooder that I knew
All he did was sit and brew
About all the good that he could do
He was angry most the time
God he nearly lost his mind
About all the good that he could do
He asked a neighbor up the street
While I gotta move my feet
The neighbor sighed and scratched his beard
Said just what the do gooder feared
About all the good that he could do

He said:
Sweep the porch
Walk to the store
Say hello
That's all the good that you could do.

The do gooder was confused
It seemed he always had the blues
About all the good that he could do
~~Looking up the future too~~
He had a plan for 1982
About some poor people in Kalamazoo
All the good that he could do
How such righteousness can feel
Don't think he ought to be in hell
He wrote Dear Abby bout his plight
Her answer's in the paper tonight
She said (Oh)

His wife came up to him and asked
Of an last words thought
About all the good that
you could do?

About all the good that he could do

While he was agonizing late
He passed out into his plate
All the good that he could do
Now he's shriveled and
Whenever ever brushes his teeth
All the good that he could do
He got so freaked out he didn't see
A lady light on the street

The same truck that killed her in
Brought an end to my do gooder friend
All the good that he could do
As he lay there
Smashed to bits
~~He gathered up his wits~~
All the good that he could do
~~Just [illegible]~~