

Högni Egilsson:

# TOUCHED BY LIFE

*A MUSICAL REFLECTION*

# 24

P. 62 - 63 **MAYDAY**

**Gateway** to the song:

The world is crazy, we say. But the world is never crazy, only we are.  
We have the uncanny power to make the world look crazy,  
but still, - the crazy ones, that's us.

(24) *MAYDAY*

My children starve;  
what a day, what a day,  
they were dying certainly - anyway.  
Who am I to fret?  
Why should I be low?  
The world is a wonderful place.

My brother's shot;  
what a sight, what a sight,  
it served the pacifist - very right.  
Who am I to cry?  
Why should I be cross?  
The world is a wonderful place.

My sister's raped;  
what a day, what a day,  
they did it thoroughly - anyway.  
Who am I to judge?  
Why should I be mad?  
The world is a wonderful place.

Oh, my aching tooth;  
what a time, what a time,  
the torture's ripening – it's a crime.  
Who are you to smile?  
Go to hell you heel.  
The world is a woebegone place.

# Mayday

Arr.:  
Eðvarð Lárusson

Words and music:  
Högni Egilsson

E B B/D# E

My child - ren starve; what a day, what a day, they were  
My broth - er's shot; what a sight, what a sight, it\_\_\_\_

5 A E F#m B E

dy - ing cer - tain - ly an - y way. Who am  
served the pac - i - fist - ver - y right. Who am

9 A F#m E C#m

I to fret? Why should I be low? The  
I to cry? Why should I be cross? The

13 E B E

world is a won - der - ful place.  
world is a won - der - ful place.

# 24

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### P. 62 - 63 **MAYDAY**

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*Send actual requests  
for music and/or lyric examples to  
Iceland Music Information Centre  
www.mic.is \* itm@mic.is*

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