

## **Jimi Hendrix**

### **"Taking Care Of No Business"**

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(mumbling)

Get out you bum, we don't want you here anymore!

Laying in the alleyway  
Maybe some rich fool will come my way  
And throw me a dime  
That's all I need to give me more wine  
All I got is to my names  
Beat up guitar with three broken strings  
And I sure know  
I'm just saying "Taking care of no business"  
Look it here  
Hey kitty cat!  
Where you going?  
This part of the alley is my home  
Walking all over outside my wall  
Boy you sure got a whole lotta dogs  
I had a sandwich in a paper bag  
But a rat stole it  
Ain't that some drag?  
Lord, I know, I know  
I sure ain't taking care of no business  
Break it home  
Now I'll try to get me a job  
Feeding chickens  
And washing down hogs  
But that meant standing up all the time  
And standing up to me is just like dying  
I'm so lazy that I could cry  
But tears are just too lazy to fall out my house  
Lord, lord, lord, I'm so messed up  
Can't even take care of no business  
Play it one more time  
Aww, it's always me  
Aww, I sure wish I had me a sandwich  
I'm so broke I can't even pay attention  
Uh, I'm so broke I can't even give you the time

