

Jimmy Luxury "Stormy Weather"

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I gotta keep fighting no matter whatever shit happens,
keep a headlock on my game, I was born to entertain. I
been as sad as a hooker in the cold, afternoon rain. I
won't stop laughin and smiling for no one, cause I don't
know when it's gonna come again. I think you're lucky
in this world if you got two friends you can trust. I'd
pray to God but he's scared of us. I might stumble, but I
still got direction on my drunken compass. Get me
back to the studio so I can do a couple of new numbers.
Cause life can get weird like setting clocks back in the
middle of an Indian summer. Here's the journals of an
amature psychic, as the bottle pounds the shit out of
the typewriter, I get scared of myself when I'm not
around. At the bar downtown, music works like the
friggin teamsters. I mean this. I spin the wheel get the
thousand dollar deal. Down at the Sands singing for my
meals. Miss Adalay and her Debutants, my alcoholic
ghost haunts the sayance. Shaken ice in an empty
glass weaves in the creaks and cracks like the old
barnddoors in a thunderstorm. The sky lights blood red
and it gets strangely warm. The rain falls like change
from a slot machine. In such a crooked dirty world I feel
so squeaky clean.

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