

John Hiatt & The Goners

"Almost Fed Up With The Blues"

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I wake up with my head in hand
Wish I was another man
'Cause I'm almost fed up with the blues

I think about the kitchen sink
Then I just shudder to think
'Cause I'm almost fed up with the blues

If it don't let up, gonna get up
Get my life set up
'Cause I'm almost fed up with the blues

Have some coffee, 'fore I call it quits
Might even put jam on my biscuit
'Cause I'm almost fed up with the blues

There's a woman, a car, and a banknote due
But I'm gonna leave that up to you
'Cause I'm almost fed up with the blues

If I get up, they'll knock me down again
But what are you gonna do, my friend
When I'm almost fed up with the blues?

If it don't kill me, it thrills me
But somebody always bills me
And I'm almost fed up with the blues

It's a gut check, a train wreck
With all of the usual suspects
And I'm almost fed up with the blues

Hey, if these blues don't stop hurtin' me
It's curtains for my misery
'Cause I'm almost fed up with the blues

Might get a job, or join a club
'Cause buddy, I've whittled it down to the nub
And I'm almost fed up with the blues

If it don't kill me, it thrills me
Somebody always bills me

And I'm almost fed up with the blues

I'm gonna get up, don't let up

Get my life set up

'Cause I'm almost fed up with the blues

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