

Weiland Scott

"Generic Blues"

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I woke up this morning
Then I went back to bed
Said I woke up this morning
Then I went right back to bed
Got a funny kind of feelin' like I got broken glass in my underwear
And a herd of wild pigs is trying to chew off my head
You know what I'm sayin'

Well I ain't got not money
I'm just walkin' down the road
Said I ain't got no money, honey
So I'm just walking down this lonely old road
Well, I wish I could get me some money
But I forgot my automated teller code

I was born in a paper sack in the bottom of a sewer
I had to eat dirt clods for breakfast, my family was so poor
My daddy was a waitress, my mama sold bathroom tiles
My brothers and sisters all hated me 'cause I was an only child

I got the blues so bad, woo
Kinda wish I was dead
Maybe I'll blow my brains out mama
Or maybe I'll, yeah maybe I'll just go bowlin' instead

I'm just a no good, scum sucking, nose picking, boot licking, sniveling, groveling, worthless hunk of slime

Nothing but a low-down beer bellied, bone headed, pigeon toed, turkey necked, weasle faced, worthless hunk of slime

Guess I pretty low self image
Maybe it's a chemical imbalance or something -- I
I should probably go and see a doctor about it when I've got the time
Make it talk

Aw, make it talk, son, make it talk
OK, now make it shut up

Plagues and famine and pestilence always seem to get
me down
I always feel so miserable whenever I'm around
I wish somebody would come along, stick a pitchfork
through my brain
I'd flush myself right down the toilet, but I'd just clog up
the drain

I got the blues so bad
Kinda wish I was dead
Maybe I'll blow my brains out mama
Or maybe I'll go bowling
Or I just might go bowling
Maybe I'll just rent some shoes and go bowling
Maybe I'll join a league, enter a tournament, put on a
stupid looking
Shirt and go bowling instead
Yeah

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