

## Ten Feet Deep "Worry Out"

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I'm going out  
I don't care to part my hair on weekends.  
I'll hit the town  
And look for my peeps under the street-side lights

Carry off each other's frown  
Look you'll see me upside-down  
With some poor old dressing gown  
Tryin' to wash the worry out

We've got no gold  
You just stare as I declare the evenings come  
Shake the sun's weight from us  
So we can sing 'Shamona!' all night!

Carry off each other's frown  
Look you'll see me upside-down  
With some poor old dressing gown  
Tryin' to wash the worry out

We're underneath  
All the things you'd need  
To commandeer us  
Looking through your feet  
There's a chance you'll see  
Just how my home-boys ride

Carry off each other's frown  
Look you'll see me upside-down  
With some poor old dressing gown  
Tryin' to wash the worry out

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