

Andrew Combs

"Worried Man"

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I'm a worried man, I got a worried mind,
Two shaky hands, two beady eyes.
I see my baby, she been gone so long,
I'm gonna keep on worrying until my baby comes
home.

See me smoking like a *freight* train,
They see me sweating like a *hog*.
In the minute getting mean, mean, *meaner*
than a junkyard dog*.
It's just *one thought*, I *can't* hardly stand
And that's the vision of my baby holding another
man.

Somebody said *they saw her* shaking
Down in New Orleand,
Doing a little boogie-woogie
Like some *cajun* queen.
She can run, but she cannot hide,
I'm gonna find my baby, I'm gonna make things right.

I'm a worried man, I got a worried mind,
Two shaky hands, two beady eyes.
I see my baby, she been gone so long,
I'm gonna keep on worrying until my baby comes
home.

I'm gonna buy me a shotgun,
I'm gonna buy me some *shells*,
I'm gonna fill *each one with salt and nails*.
And when I find my baby
I'm gonna aim real low,
I'm gonna shoot out her ankles,
She won't be dancing no more.

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