

BR5-49, Im All Right

(For The Shape I'm In)

C. Mead

Well I woke up this morning and I looked outside
And all I had was gone
I started wondering "What else could go wrong?"
I got them weary violated blues
Broken hearted and nothin' to lose
But I'm all right for the shape I'm in

I don't know why I'm not over the edge
I done my duty, I took the pledge
Never want to live that way again
Now I can hear that tick of the clock
I take a lickin' but I don't stop
And I'm all right for the shape I'm in

Tired and torn and tattered
Holes in both my shoes
And it's rained on almost everything I use

Standing outside in the pouring rain
Getting my poor house rearranged
But I'm all right for the shape I'm in