

Fastball, Whatever Gets You On

Picked up the paper
flipped through the pages
reached for my coffee cup
yes, I'm still waking up
late in the day now
what can I say now
some folks are morning people
I never was one of those
all the same
I'll get in the game
give me muddy, muddy water
now I'm feeling better

you know whatever gets you on
and keeps you up right past the dawn
I'm feeling good now
I'm feeling great now
let's do the town now

vodka and tonic
a touch of the chronic
I trade my days for nights
I love the city lights
none of your business
who I might sleep with
some things are bad for me
and some things I just can't resist
all the same (I don't worry)
I'll get in the game (I don't worry)
give me muddy, muddy water
now I'm feeling better

you know, whatever gets you on
and keeps you up right past the dawn
I'm feeling good now
I'm feeling great now
let's do the town now

I'm feeling so free-wheelin'
and it's so hard to maintain
fascinate me
medicate me
'cause I can't get over the pain

picked up the paper
flipped through the pages
coffee and cigarettes
turn on the tv set
night time is falling
people are calling
I like to watch them run
round and round and round

you know, whatever gets you on
and keeps you up right past the dawn
I'm feeling good now
I'm feeling great now
let's do the town now