

Jimi Hendrix, Taking Care Of No Business

Get out you bum, we don't want your kind in here anymore!

Laying in the alleyway
Maybe some rich fool will come my way
And throw me a dime
That's all I need to give me more wine
All I got is to my name
Is a beat up guitar with three broken strings
And I sure know I'm just ain't taking care of no business
Lookie here

Hey kitty cat! Where you going?
This part of the alley is my home
Walking all over outside my wall
Boy you sure got a whole lotta dogs
I had a sandwich in a paper bag
But a rat stole it, ain't that some drag?
Lord, I know, I know I sure ain't taking care of no business
Play the horn

Now try to give me a job
Feeding chickens and washing down hogs
But that meant standing up all the time
And standing up to me is just like dying
I'm so lazy that I, I could cry
But tears are just too lazy to fall out my eyes
Lord, lord, lord, lord, I'm so messed up, can't even take care of no business
Play it one more time

Yeah!
Oh, woe is me
I sure wish I had me a sandwich
Anything
I'm so broke I can't even pay attention
Uh, I'm so poor I couldn't even give you the time