

# Jimmy Buffett, My Head Hurts, My Feet Stink, An

[Chorus:]

My head hurts, my feet stink, and I don't love Jesus.  
It's that kind of mornin',  
really was that kind of night.  
Tryin' to tell myself that my  
condition is improvin' and if I don't  
die by Thursday I'll be roarin' Friday night.

Went down to the snake pit,  
to drink a little beer.  
Listened to the juke box,  
oh, it's comin' in clear.  
All of a sudden I wasn't alone  
pickin' country music with old Joe Bones.  
Duval Street was rockin',  
my eyes they started poppin'!  
Because there she sat at the corner of the bar,  
as I broke another string on my old guitar.  
Someone call a cab.  
Lady won't you pay my tab?

[Chorus]

Got to get a little orange juice,  
And a Darvon for my head.  
I can't spend all day,  
Baby, layin' in bed.  
I'm goin' down to Fausto's  
to get some chocolate milk.  
Can't spend my life in your sheets of silk  
I've got to find my way  
Crawl out and greet the day.

[Chorus]