

John Hiatt, Almost Fed Up With The Blues

i wake up with my head and hand
i wish i was another man
'Cause i almost fed up with the blues

i think about the kitchen sink
then i just shudder to think
'Cause I'm almost fed up with the Blues

CHORUS ONE:

if it don't let up, gonna get up
and get my life set up
'Cause I'm almost fed up with the Blues
have some coffee, 'fore i call it quits
might even put jam on my biscuit
'Cause i'm almost fed up with the Blues

there's a woman, a can, and an bank note due
but I'm gonna leave that up to you
'Cause i'm almost fed up with the Blues

if i get up they'll knock me down again
but what are you gonna do, my friend
When i'm almost fed up with the Blues

CHORUS TWO:

if it don't kill me, it thrills me
but somebody always bills me
and i'm almost fed up with the Blues
it's a gut check, a train wreck
with all of the usual suspects
and i'm almost fed up with the Blues

if these blues don't stop hurtin' me
its curtains for my misery
'Cause i'm almost fed up with the Blues
might get a job, or join a club
'Cause buddy i've whittled it down to the nub
and 'Cause i'm almost fed up with the Blues

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