

Jimmy Buffett, My Head Hurts, My Feet Stink, & I

By: jimmy buffett

1975

Chorus:

My head hurts, my feet stink, and I don't love jesus (oh my lordy it's that...)

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

Listen to the jukebox

Merle was comin' in clear

All of a sudden I wad'n alone

Pickin' country music with ol' joe bones

Duval street was rockin'

My eyes they starting poppin'

Because there she sat at the corner of the bar

As I broke another string on my ol' guitar

Someone call a cab

Lady won'tcha pay my tab

Chorus:

And now my head hurts, my feet stink, and I don't love jesus

(oh my lordy it's that...)

It's that kinda mornin'

Really was that kinda night

Tryin' to tell myself that my condition is improvin'

And if I don't die by thursday I'll be roarin' friday night

Gotta get a little orange juice

And a darvon for my head

I can't spend all day

Baby layin' in the bed

I'm goin' down to fausto's get some chocolate milk

Can't spend my life in yer sheets of silk

I've got to find my way

Crawl out and greet the day

Chorus:

But now my head hurts, my feet stink, and I don't love jesus

(oh my lordy it's that...)

It's that kinda mornin'

Really was that kinda night

Tryin' to tell myself that my condition is improvin'

And if I don't die by thursday I'll be roarin' friday night

Let me tell ya, I be roarin' friday night

I mean I'll be

Roarin'

Friday

Night