

MY HEAD HURTS, MY FEET STINK, AND I DON'T LOVE JESUS

Em, A7, D, G, Em, A7, D,G
G A7 C G
MY HEAD HURTS, MY FEET STINK, AND I DON'T LOVE JESUS,
G A7 C D
IT'S THAT KIND OF MORNIN', REALLY WAS THAT KIND OF NIGHT.
C C G - B7 - Em
TRY'N TO TELL MYSELF THAT MY CONDITION IS IMPROVIN'
Em7 A7 A7 C - D - G
AND IF I DON'T DIE BY THURSDAY I'LL BE ROARIN' FRIDAY NIGHT.
G D D G
WENT DOWN TO THE SNAKE PIT, TO DRINK A LITTLE BEER.
G D D G G
LISTENED TO THE JUKE BOX, OH, IT'S COMIN' IN CLEAR.
Em Em A7 A7
ALL OF A SUDDEN I WASN'T ALONE PICKIN' COUNTRY MUSIC WITH OLD JOE BONES
D D D D
DUVAL STREET WAS ROCKIN', MY EYES THEY STARTED POPPIN!
Em Em
BECAUSE THERE SHE SAT AT THE CORNER OF THE BAR
A7 A7
AS I BROKE ANOTHER STRING ON MY OLD GUITAR.
D D D7 D7
SOMEONE CALL A CAB. LADY, WON'T YOU PAY MY TAB?
G A7 C G
MY HEAD HURTS, MY FEET STINK, AND I DON'T LOVE JESUS,
G A7 C D
IT'S THAT KIND OF MORNIN', REALLY WAS THAT KIND OF NIGHT.
C C G - B7 - Em
TRY'N TO TELL MYSELF THAT MY CONDITION IS IMPROVIN'
Em7 A7 A7 C - D - G
AND IF I DON'T DIE BY THURSDAY I'LL BE ROARIN' FRIDAY NIGHT.
G D D G
GOT TO GET A LITTLE ORANGE JUICE, AND A DARVON FOR MY HEAD.
G D D G G
I CAN'T SPEND ALL DAY, BABY, LAYIN' IN THE BED.
Em Em A7 A7
I'M GOIN' DOWN TO BOUSTO'S TO GET SOME CHOCOLATE MILK.
D D D D
CAN'T SPEND MY LIFE IN YOUR SHEETS OF SILK.
Em Em A7 A7
I'VE GOT TO FIND MY WAY, CRAWL OUT AND GREET THE DAY.
D D D7 D7
SOMEONE CALL A CAB. LADY, WON'T YOU PAY MY TAB?
G A7 C G
MY HEAD HURTS, MY FEET STINK, AND I DON'T LOVE JESUS,
G A7 C D
IT'S THAT KIND OF MORNIN', REALLY WAS THAT KIND OF NIGHT.
C C G - B7 - Em
TRY'N TO TELL MYSELF THAT MY CONDITION IS IMPROVIN'
Em7 A7 A7 C - D - G
AND IF I DON'T DIE BY THURSDAY I'LL BE ROARIN' FRIDAY NIGHT.
C - D - G
LET ME TELL YA, BE ROARIN' FRIDAY NIGHT,
C D G6
I MEAN I'LL BE ROARIN' FRIDAY NIGHT.

