Head Hurts

Eskimo Joe

You wake up somedays and your head hurts
Like none of the lights in your house work
Youve been up all night spending other peoples money
Its time to slow down from the speed that your running
Its hard sometimes being yourself
Like discarded rags on your top shelf
You put on your clothes that you wore just once
And your out of fashion and shes out of class
Everyones always asking "When were going away?"
Nobodys ever saying "When are we here to stay?"
Theres a hole in my pocket and a presure in my head
Who are these people getting me out of bed
You wake up somedays and your head hurts
Like none of the lights in your house work
Youve been up all night spending other peoples money

Its time to slow down from the speed that your running
Everyones always asking "When were going away?"
Nobodys ever saying "When are we here to stay?"
Theres a hole in my pocket and a presure in my head
Who are these people getting me out of bed
(Hey now holy cow, i dont know what we were doing)
You wake up somedays and your head hurts
(Oh wee look at me, we dont know what we were doing)
Its hard sometimes being yourself
(Thats alright)
Youve been up all night spending other peoples money
Its time to slow down from the speed that your running
You put on your clothes that you wore just once
And your out of fashion and shes out of class

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