Generic Blues

Weird Al Yankovic

I woke up this morning, then I went back to bed
Said I woke up this morning, then I went right back to bed
Got a funny kind of feelin' like I got broken glass in my underwear
And a herd of wild pigs is trying to chew off my head
You know what I'm sayin'
Well, I ain't got not money, I'm just walkin' down the road
Said I ain't got no money, honey
So I'm just walking down this lonely, old road
Well, I wish I could get me some money
But I forgot my automated teller code
I was born in a paper sack in the bottom of a sewer
I had to eat dirt clods for breakfast, my family was so poor
My daddy was a waitress, my mama sold bathroom tiles
My brothers and sisters all hated me 'cause I was an only child
I got the blues so bad, kinda wish I was dead
Maybe I'll blow my brains out, mama
Or maybe I'll, yeah, maybe I'll just go bowlin' instead
I'm just a no good, scum sucking, nose picking, boot licking
Sniveling, groveling, worthless hunk of slime
Nothing but a low down, beer bellied, bone headed, pigeon toed
Turkey necked, weasel faced, worthless hunk of slime
I guess I got a pretty low self image
Maybe it's a chemical imbalance or something
I should probably go and see a doctor about it when I've got the time
Make it talk
Oh, make it talk, son, make it talk
OK, now make it shut up
Plagues and famine and pestilence always seem to get me down
I always feel so miserable whenever I'm around
I wish somebody would come along, stick a pitchfork through my brain
I'd flush myself right down the toilet, but I'd just clog up the drain
I got the blues so bad, kinda wish I was dead
Maybe I'll blow my brains out, mama
Or maybe I'll go bowlin', or I just might go bowling
Maybe I'll just rent some shoes and go bowling
Maybe I'll join a league, enter a tournament
Put on a stupid looking shirt and go bowling instead, yeah

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