

# Almost Fed Up With The Blues

John Hiatt

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

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

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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But somebody always bills me  
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