I'm Doing Fine

Albert King

I can remember the times
When I used to cry
And then I saw a man one day
And he didn't have no eyesYou see I'm doing fine
Lord, I'm doing fine, fine, fine
After all, yes I haveThe police gave me a ticket
It made me mad as hell
When I went to pay my fine
A man got six months in jailI'm doing fine
Lord, I'm doing fine, fine, fine
After all, yeah, yeahJust because you couldn't buy me a steak
It put me in a bad mood
I read the paper this morning
I see, while people was eating dog foodYou see I'm doing fine
I'm doing fine, fine, fine
After all, yes I am

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