

Worry Out

Ten Feet Deep

I'm going out
I don't care to part my hair on weekends.
I'll hit the town
And look for my peeps under the street-side lights
Carry off each other's frown
Look you'll see me upside-down
With some poor old dressing gown
Tryin' to wash the worry out
We've got no gold
You just stare as I declare the evenings come
Shake the sun's weight from us
So we can sing 'Shamona!' all night!
Carry off each other's frown
Look you'll see me upside-down
With some poor old dressing gown
Tryin' to wash the worry out
We're underneath
All the things you'd need
To commandeer us
Looking through your feet
There's a chance you'll see
Just how my home-boys ride
Carry off each other's frown
Look you'll see me upside-down
With some poor old dressing gown
Tryin' to wash the worry out

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