

Love Letters

Joe Walsh

Well, I worry about my present situation
My bookie says my odds are next to none
But I'd worry if my chances were improving
I got ulcers from the worrying I've done
And they worry too

Well, I'm worried I may find a four leaf clover
Lord knows I can't sleep if nothing's wrong
I'm worried that my troubles might be over
Takes a worried man to sing a worried song
Takes a worried man to sing a worried song
Come on and worry now

I worry about my tan, my skin's all white
I ought to go outside, but the sun's too damn bright
I worry about disease and worry about the flu
And if you got it me or if I got it from you
If I were you, I'd worry about that tooth

Well, I worry about big business and if they tell the truth
I worry about the Commies undermining all our youth
I worry about Afghanistan, I worry about the Poles
O if they drop the big one, will we all live in holes

Ah, wait a minute, wait a minute, wait a minute
Ah, nevermind, nevermind
I was worried that was gonna happen
You don't worry about it, I'll worry about it
I'll be up anyway, it's all right
What am I gonna do

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