

# BAD DAY BLUES

Gregger Botting

Cut my neck shaving, but I think I'll be fine  
Have a couple exes hope I do a better job next time  
I cut my neck, but I think I'll be alright  
I don't see clearly in the mornin' and have the same problem at night

And I'm out of cigarettes, why, it's only half a pack a day  
On top of two others I should probably quit anyway  
It says in big and bold, they're gonna be the death of me  
I watch and read the news man, with everything else what does that mean

Feeling like a gypsy, moving on it don't last long  
Landlady grew tired of the singer and the songs  
They're all I have these days, the business and the blues  
I make up all the lies and pretend to know the truth

Worse than love gone wrong, is have it up and disappear  
So much left unanswered I drink whiskey mixed with tears  
It's so watered down, how do I get a buzz at all  
The band don't know the shape I'm in, or that she won't return my calls

I can take the move, the nervous twitch and bleeding wound  
But the silly little woman leaves me frustrated and confused  
Does it have to be this way, is she crazy or plain cruel  
Took me to a house of mirrors all around me stare the fools

Cut my neck shaving but I think I'll be fine  
Add one more to the number hope I do a better job next time  
I cut my neck, a bad day another sign  
I don't see clearly in the mornin'  
I don't see clearly in the mornin' oh-no  
I don't see clearly in the mornin'  
And have the same problem at night