

# My Head Hurts, My Feet Stink and I Don't Love Jesus by - Jimmy Buffett

Chorus:-----

G A7 C G  
My head hurts, my feet stink, and I don't love Jesus

A7  
It's that kind of mornin'

C D  
Really was that kind of night

C G Em  
Tryin' to tell myself that my condition is improvin'

A7 C D G  
And if I don't die by Thursday I'll be roarin' Friday night

-----  
D G  
Went down to the snake pit To drink a little beer

D G  
Listen to the jukebox Merle was comin' in clear

Em  
All of a sudden I wasn't alone

A7  
Pickin' country music with ol' Joe Bones

D  
Duval Street was rockin' My eyes they starting poppin'

Em  
Because there she sat at the corner of the bar

A7  
As I broke another string on my ol' guitar

D  
Someone call a cab

D7  
Lady won'tcha pay my tab

## Chorus

D G  
Gotta get a little orange juice And a Darvon for my head

D G  
I can't spend all day Baby layin' in the bed

Em  
I'm goin' down to Fausto's get some chocolate milk

A7  
Can't spend my life in yer sheets of silk

D  
I've got to find my way Crawl out and greet the day

## Chorus

C D G  
Let me tell ya, I be roarin' Friday night

C D G  
I mean I'll be roarin' Friday night