

# Head Hurts

Eskimo Joe

You wake up somedays and your head hurts  
Like none of the lights in your house work  
Youve been up all night spending other peoples money  
Its time to slow down from the speed that your running

Its hard sometimes being yourself  
Like discarded rags on your top shelf  
You put on your clothes that you wore just once  
And your out of fashion and shes out of class

Everyones always asking "When were going away?"  
Nobodys ever saying "When are we here to stay?"  
Theres a hole in my pocket and a presure in my head  
Who are these people getting me out of bed

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(Hey now holy cow, i dont know what we were doing)  
You wake up somedays and your head hurts  
(Oh wee look at me, we dont know what we were doing)  
Its hard sometimes being yourself  
(Thats alright)  
Youve been up all night spending other peoples money  
Its time to slow down from the speed that your running  
You put on your clothes that you wore just once  
And your out of fashion and shes out of class