

Borderline Crazy

Kevin Fowler

All these sixty hour weeks without a vacation
I'm all mixed up, and my body's achin'
Talked to the doctor at the bar down the street
Oh, but all he could offer me was sympathy

I finished my drink, and got up to go
Everybody said "goodbye", but I said "adios"

Got these blue collar blues, and I can't sleep
Been countin' margarita instead of sheep
I close my eyes, and all I see
Is a clod of senoritas dancin' around me
I don't think I'm losin' my mind, but I'm thinkin' maybe
I might be borderline crazy

Well, I drove past my exit goin' into work today
And my mind once again went to Monterey
I hear mariachi bands playin' in my head
The less that I listen, the louder it gets

Been goin' to bed with my flip-flops on
I just might be too far gone

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Yeah, I'm all twisted up like a big pinata
What I need right now is a whole lot of nada

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Yeah, I might just be borderline crazy