

# Jimi Hendrix, Taking Care Of No Business

Get out you bum, we don't want your kind in here anymore!

Laying in the alleyway  
Maybe some rich fool will come my way  
And throw me a dime  
That's all I need to give me more wine  
All I got is to my name  
Is a beat up guitar with three broken strings  
And I sure know I'm just ain't taking care of no business  
Lookie here

Hey kitty cat! Where you going?  
This part of the alley is my home  
Walking all over outside my wall  
Boy you sure got a whole lotta dogs  
I had a sandwich in a paper bag  
But a rat stole it, ain't that some drag?  
Lord, I know, I know I sure ain't taking care of no business  
Play the horn

Now try to give me a job  
Feeding chickens and washing down hogs  
But that meant standing up all the time  
And standing up to me is just like dying  
I'm so lazy that I, I could cry  
But tears are just too lazy to fall out my eyes  
Lord, lord, lord, lord, I'm so messed up, can't even take care of no business  
Play it one more time

Yeah!  
Oh, woe is me  
I sure wish I had me a sandwich  
Anything  
I'm so broke I can't even pay attention  
Uh, I'm so poor I couldn't even give you the time