

# Ferocious Morning

Little Feat

I was a real live wire on a very loose wig  
Not a good combination in the best of times  
I had no real plans, no trouble in mind  
Just a real fat wallet my modus operandi

Then I woke up - seatin' and lost  
Ya know I sear that it's true  
The sun was shining in my eyes  
Reflectin' off a gold tooth  
I said oh man... it was a ferocious morning

Well I remember the money quintessential moans  
Yesterday's perfume tells me I ain't alone  
Then I hear that fool's bellow pounding at the door  
I had my heart in my mouth when my feet hit the floor

Taste of cotton - and gasoline  
All down in my thirty two  
No time for stoppin' - I gotta beat the scen  
I think this window will do  
I said oh man... what a ferocious morning

The heat was oppressive, ninety nine in the shade  
I hit the bricks runnin', hip-hoppin' away  
I needed some magic so I turned into a bar  
Was the misery minute down at the happy hour

My head screamed for a cough syrup cocktail  
But I settled on a deep well gin  
Don't recall it all... I think it was fun  
But I don't wanna go there again  
Oh man... what a ferocious morning