

# Stoned

Orleans

Workin' all night and day  
Playin' the time away  
I just wanna go home put my feet up and get stoned

Back and forth to New York  
Somebody please pull the cork  
If I gotta be there I just know I got to be stoned

Who can depend on a life on the road  
Missin' your friends and havin' no home  
I'm not complainin' just let it be knowed  
That the best way to dig is to put on a load

Gettin' to sleep before dawn  
Ain't somethin' you can count on for long  
But when I gotta stay up I count on that cup to get stoned

Studio hours always leave you a mess  
They don't give you no peace  
They don't give you no rest  
Heaven knows I love that sweet music to death

And when I'm dyin' from the hundredth take  
I take out my very best bottle  
And pour me a round  
Things start to settle down  
If you can't beat'em  
Join 'em once and for all and get

Stoned, plowed, lord knows how  
It makes it easy to get through it all