

Stan Ridgway, Mr. Smith

Can I get a light from you, Mr. Smith?
And do you know where the party is?
I've been walking a blue streak all night long
And I'm tired of looking for a place to piss

Can you tell me about yourself, Mr. Smith?
Yeah, me, you can read like an open book
I don't hide myself like some other people do
When there's gristle in the meat, I just swallow and chew

Chorus:
Pleased to meet you, Mr. Smith,
(And) do you know where the party is?
Pleased to meet you, Mr. Smith,
(And) do you know where the party is?

Cast your eyes around, Mr. Smith
Do you see that dog lying in the road?
Coughin' up stuff from a pigeon that died
Hit an eighteen wheeler on the 405

Chorus repeat

Do you know this neighborhood, Mr. Smith?
Used to be someplace, sometime, somewhere
People built it up from the dirt and dust,
Loanin' out money from an Eastern trust

Chorus repeat x2