

Tom Waits, Metropolitan Glide

Are you ready!?
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Knocky Parker told Bowlegged Sal
They all know how to kick it in Cal
They're playing this dope and this-a money tune
Dancing baby with a 7 mile broom
Things are bulging out the rafters like hell
Down there at the Hush Hotel
They're jumping right out of their seats,
dancing to the bran' new beat

Dothe Metropolitan Glide
Dothe Metropolitan Glide

The floor is polished and your momma's gone
You can quake and roll and moan
29 gypsies in a Cadillac stoned
Turn off the ringer on your cellular phone
Whip the air like a Rainbow Trout
Drag your tail pipe till you bottom out

Dothe Metropolitan Glide
Dothe Metropolitan Glide

Hey! Hey!

Dothe Metropolitan Glide

The low bottom of the China moon
The black swan and the way too soon
Ace pocket and the dog bone gone
The peacock and the mean black swan
The rain shower and high heeled shoe
Bombay money and I know I can do it
The sink hole and the victory dance
It's in the pocket in the real tight pants

Do.... the Metropolitan Glide
Do.... the Metropolitan Glide

Hey!

The Metropolitan!
The Metropolitan!

Show your teeth, bray like a calf
You kill me with your machine gun laugh
You make me trouble with the floor that's creaking
I've been ready to ka-boom for a week
Put on your stockings and your powder and blush
Keep it all on the hush, hush, hush

Do..... the Metropolitan Glide
Do..... the Metropolitan Glide
Do..... the Metropolitan Glide
Do..... the Metropolitan Glide
The Metropolitan!

Do..... the Metropolitan Glide
Do..... the Metropolitan Glide