

Tom Waits, Pasties And A G-String

Smelling like a brewery,
looking like a tramp
I ain't got a quarter
got a postage stamp
Been five o'clock shadow boxing
all around the town
Talking with the old men
sleeping on the ground
Bazanti bootin
al zootin al hoot
and Al Cohn
sharin this apartment
with a telephone pole
and it's a fish-net stockings
spike-heel shoes
Strip tease, prick tease
car kease blues
and the porno floor show
live nude girls
dreamy and creamy
and the brunette curls
Chesty Morgan and a
Watermelon Rose
raise my rent and take off
all your clothes
with the trench coats
magazines bottle full of rum
she's so good, it make
a dead man cum, with
pasties and a g-string
beer and a shot
Portland through a shot glass
and a Buffalo squeeze
wrinkles and cherry
and twinkly and pinky
and FeFe live from Gay Paree
fanfares rim shots
back stage who cares
all this hot burlesque for me

cleavage, cleavage thighs and hips
from the nape of her neck
to the lip stick lips
chopped and channeled
and lowered and louvered
and a cheater slicks
and baby moons
she's hot and ready
and creamy and sugared
and the band is awful
and so are the tunes

crawlin on her belly shakin like jelly
and I'm getting harder than
Chinese algebraizers and cheers

hey sweet heart they're yellin for more
squashing out your cigarette butts
on the floor
and I like Shelly
you like Jane
what was the girl with the snake skins name

getcha little sompin

that cha can't get at home
getcha little sompin
that cha can't get at home
pasties and a g-string
beer and a shot
Portland through a shot glass
and a Buffalo squeeze
popcorn, front row
higher than a kite
and I'll be back tomorrow night
and I'll be back tomorrow night