

# 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