

Tom Waits, Red Shoes By The Drugstore

She wore red shoes by the newstand
As the rain splashed the nickle
Spilled like chablis all along the midway
There's a little bluejay
Red dress, sad night

One straw in a rootbeer
A compact with a cracked mirror
A bottle of evening in Paris perfume
What's this sad tune?

He told her to wait by the magazines
Take care of some business it seems
Bring a raincoat
Bring a suitcase
Bring your dark eyes
And wear those red shoes

There's a dark huddle at the bus stop
Unbrellas arranged in a sad bouquet
lil' Cesaer got caught
He has going down to second
He has cooled
Changing stations on the chamber
To steal a diamond ring
From a jewelry store for his baby
He loved the way she looked
In those red shoes

She waited by the drugstore
Cesaer had never been late before
Dogs bayed the moon
And rattled their chains
And the cold jingle of taps in a puddle
Was the burgler alarm
Snitchin' on Cesaer

The rain washes memories from the sidewalks
And the hounds splash down the nickle
Full of soldiers
Santa Claus is drunk in the ski room
It's christmas eve
In a sad cafe
When the moon gets this way
There's a little bluejay
By the newstand
Red shoes, red shoes

Meet me tonight by the drugstore
Meet me tonight by the drugstore
Meet me tonight by the drugstore
We're goin' out tonight
We're goin' out tonight
We're goin' out tonight

Wear your red shoes
Red shoes, red shoes, red shoes, red shoes