

Tom Waits, Reaperbahn

Round the curve of the Parrot Bar
A broken-down old movie star
Hustling and Easterner
Bringing out the beast in her
A high dive in a swimming pool
Filled with needles and with fools
The memories are short but the tales are long
When you're in the Reaperbahn

They called her Rosie when she was a girl
For her bright red cheeks and her strawberry curls
When she would laugh the river would run
Said she'd become a comedian
Oh what a pity, oh what a shame
When she said come calling, nobody came
Now her bright red cheeks are painted on
And she's laughing her head off in the Reaperbahn

Now little Hans was always strange
Wearing women's underthings
His father beat him but he wouldn't change
He ran off with a man one day
Now his lingerie is all the rage
In the black on every page
His father proudly calls his name
Down there in the Reaperbahn

Now if you've lost your inheritance
And all you've left is common sense
And you're not too picky about the crowd you keep
Or the mattress where you sleep
Behind every window, behind every door
The apple is gone but there's always the core
The seeds will sprout up right through the floor
Down there in the Reaperbahn

Down there in the Reaperbahn