

# Tom Waits, Telephone Call From Istanbul

All night long on the broken glass  
livin in a medicine chest  
mediteromanian hotel back  
sprawled across a roll top desk  
the old monkey rode the blade on an  
overhead fan  
they paint the donkey blue if you pay  
I got a telephone call from Istanbul  
my baby's coming home today  
will you sell me one of those if I shave my head  
get me out of town is what fireball said  
never trust a man in a blue trench coat  
never drop a call when you're dead  
Saturday's a festival  
Friday's a gem  
dye your hair yellow  
and raise your hem  
follow me to beulah's on  
dry creek road  
I got to wear the hat that my baby done sewed  
take me down to buy a tux  
on red rose bear  
got to cut a hole in the day  
I got a telephone call from Istanbul  
my baby's coming home today