

# Tom Waits, Waitin' For Waits

RC:

Waiting for Waits  
I think his music's great  
His stories are true  
And pure as pure can be, I tell ya

Always in style  
He'll melt you with his smile  
I'm waitin' for Waits  
Waitin' for Waits  
Waitin' for Waits

The piano has been drinking  
I heard Tom Waits singing  
Yes, (?) the piano's drunk, not me  
He's a killer

Sure loves to swing  
The truth flows when he swings  
So don't hesitate  
Never be late  
Listen to Waits

Godfather, tell us how you feel  
[scat sings]  
Hey, Tom Waits  
Won't you come in and sing your song for me  
We'll find you  
Straight to the top of the piano, wait and see

Oh, Tom Waits  
You're just the thing, a boppin' cat like me

The piano has been drinking  
I heard Tom Waits singing  
Yeah, (?) the piano's drunk, not me  
He's a thriller

Sure loves to swing  
The truth flows when he'll sing  
So don't hesitate  
Listen to Waits  
Mister Tom Waits

So listen to Waits  
Listen to Tom  
Mister Tom Waits

You better come soon  
Eddie Jefferson's waited too long  
Where's Tom Waits, man?

TW:

"Oh, Eddie baby, I'm sorry, man,  
I'm deeply apologetic, man.  
I tried to make the gig, man,  
but I ended up on the corner of Heartattack and Vine, man,  
with this little bitch named Lola, see.  
We was drinkin' some green Chartreuse in a (?) little joint called Dupree's Paradise.  
Had a couple of Highballs, see man.  
Ended up at a little rib joint for some barbecue, man.  
I'm sorry, I lost track of time.  
I mean, I'm sorry I missed the gig, man... "