Richie Cole, Waitin' For Waits

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... "