

# Tom Waits, Medley: Jack And Neil/California, Here I Come

Jack was sittin' poker faced with bullets backed with bitches  
Neal hunched at the wheel, puttin' everyone in stitches  
Braggin' 'bout some nurse he screwed while drivin' through Nebraska  
And when she came she honked the horn  
and Neal just barely missed a truck  
And then he asked her if she'd like to come like that to Californy  
You see, a red head in a uniform will always get you horny  
Yeah, and with her hairnet and those white shoes and a name tag and a hat  
She drove like Andy Granatelli and knew how to fix a flat  
And Jack was almost at the bottom of his MD 2020  
Neal was yellin' out the window, tryin' to buy some bennies  
From a Lincoln full of Mexicans, and the left rear tire blewed  
And the sons of bitches pretty near almost ran us off the road  
And while the nurse had spilled the Maneshewitz all up and down her dress  
And then she lit the map on fire, Neal just had to guess  
Should we try and find a bootleg route or a fillin' station open  
The nurse was dumpin' out her purse and lookin' for an envelope  
And Jack was out of cigarettes, and as we crossed the yellow line  
The gas pumps looked like tombstones from here  
And it felt lonelier than a parkin' lot when the last car pulls away  
And the moonlight dressed the double breasted foothills in the mirror  
Weaving out a negligee and a black brassiere  
And the Mercury was runnin' hot and we were almost out of gas  
Just then Florence Nightingale she dropped her drawers and  
Stuck her fat ass half way out of the window to a Wilson Pickett tune  
And shouted 'Get a load of this' and gave the finger to the moon

Countin' one eyed Jacks and whistlin' Dixie in the car  
Neal was doin' least a hundred when we saw a fallin' star  
And Florence wished that Neal would hold her 'stead of chewin' on his cigar  
Jack was noddin' out and wishin' he was in a bar  
With Charlie Parker on the bandstand, and not a worry in the world  
And a glass of beer in one hand and his arms around a girl  
Neal was singin' to the nurse, 'Underneath the Harlem Moon'  
And somehow you could just tell we'd be in California soon...

Open up your golden gates  
California, here I come  
I said: California, here I come  
Look out: California, here I come