

# Tom Waits, Picking Up After You

Here comes the bride  
And there goes the groom  
Looks like a hurricane  
Went thru this room  
Smells like a poolhall  
Where's my other shoe  
And I'm sick and tired of pickin' up after you

Looks like you spent the nite in a trench  
And tell me,  
How long have you been combing your hair with a wrench  
Blue roses are dead  
And the violets are too  
And I'm sick and tired of pickin' up after you

Well, I've told you before  
I won't tell you again  
You don't defrost the icebox  
With a ball point pen  
This railroad apartment  
Is held together with glue

And I'm sick and tired of pickin' up after you

Because I know  
I been swindled  
I never bargained for this  
Once more you never cared about me  
Why don't you get your own place  
So you can live like you do  
And I'm sick and tired of pickin' up after you

Take all your relatives  
And all of your shoes  
Believe me I'll really swing  
When you're gone  
I'll be living on chicken and wine  
After we're thru  
With someone I pick up after you  
With someone I'll pick up after you  
With someone I'll pick up after you  
With someone I'll pick up after you