

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