

Tom Waits, Union Square

Well time is always money for the boys on Union Square
Go on and bust your ass 'til doomsday, don't forget to say your prayers
Someone's riding down the backstreet, said papa got a brand new slack
And your baby is handcuffed on the front seat
Sit right there, boy and you relax, c'mon honey

We're all going down down down downtown, down downtown
We're going down downtown, We're going down downtown

Well you spill out of the Cinema Fourteen
To that drag bar there on the block
Whizzin' on down in front of the East Coast
Bank rolled up on your sock
She stand right there for your pleasure, half Puerto Rican Chinese
You got to find your baby somebody to measure
I'm going to get me some of these, baby
C'mon honey, do you hear what I'm doing now?

Down down down, down down down downtown
Down downtown, I'm going down downtown

'Bout four in the morning on a Sunday
Sacco drinking whiskey in church
Half pint of Festival brandy
That boy 'bout to fall right off his perch
Well that guy in the sweater's off duty
Well he's out in front of that welfare hotel
The guy in the dress is a beauty
Go all the way, I swear you never can tell
C'mon honey, and pull up your socks

Down down down, I'm going down down down downtown
Down downtown, down down down
Down down down, c'mon down downtown
Going down downtown, I'm going down downtown