

Good Stuff

Donald Fagen

I walked into Lindey's, tired and tight
Me and my Julie, been a' fighting all night
Bankroll don't like it when I come in late
We got a big beef with a small concern we must liquidate.
We cab down to the St. Mark for a lookie-lou
They'ra all loungin' in the lobby, and we do what we come to do
.
Lotsy goes down easy, Moe takes it in the face
Weinburg brothers, run for cover, squirting metal all over the
place.

There's a special satisfaction
When a job comes off so right.
Better break out the good stuff,
The boss wants to party all night.

My Julie's in the chorus, on Mr. Ziegfield's stage,
My little canary, in a golden cage,
I'm goofy on the girlie, but she runs hot and cold,
It's a relief to get marching orders, and do just what I'm told
.
Tonight we 'jack the convoy, 200 barrel run,
Trucked in from a brewery in East Patterson,
Rolled in around midnight, delivered to the Speaks,
All that bubble, no trouble, whole crew gets to dip their beaks
.

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It's just about dawn, when I finally get home,
I find my twist with that punk, Johnny Rome.
So I popped the both, and I ankled downtown,
To a hop-
house in the Tenderloin, need to kick that gong around.

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