

Shame

Randy Newman

Shame
Pretty little baby,
'come you never come around?
Pretty little baby,
How come you never come around?
I send you all them pretty flowers,
Now you're nowhere to be found.
'call you up at midnight sometimes, I must admit,
when I find you're not at home.
My head heats up like a furnace,
My heart grows colder than a stone.
So what's the good of all this money I got, girl?
If every night, I'm left here all alone?
It's a gun that I need.

Shame, shame, shame, shame, shame.
I ain't shame of nothing.
Shame, shame, shame, shame, shame.
I don't know what you talking about.

All right, let's talk a little business.
You know what I'm saying?
A man of my experience of life,
don't expect a beautiful young woman like yourself
to come on over here everyday.
Have some old dude bangin' on her
like a gypsy on a tambourine.
That's not what I'm talkin' 'bout.
That's not what I'm talkin' 'bout.
That's not what I'm talkin' 'bout.
But I will say this.
I've been all over the world.
I've seen some wonderful things.
I haven't been well lately,
I have no one to share my plans,
my dreams, my hopes, my schemes, my