

# The French Inhaler

Warren Zevon

How're you going to make your way in the world  
When you weren't cut out for working  
When your fingers are slender and frail  
How're you going to get around  
In this sleazy bedroom town  
If you don't put yourself up for sale

Where will you go with your scarves and your miracles  
Who's gonna know who you are  
Drugs and wine and flattering light  
You must try it again till you get it right  
Maybe you'll end up with someone different every night

All these people with no home to go home to  
They'd all like to spend the night with you  
Maybe I would, too

But tell me  
How're you going to make your way in the world, woman  
When you weren't cut out for working  
And you just can't concentrate  
And you always show up late

You said you were an actress  
Yes, I believe you are  
I thought you'd be a star  
So I drank up all the money,  
Yes, I drank up all the money,  
With these phonies in this Hollywood bar,  
These friends of mine in this Hollywood bar

Loneliness and frustration  
We both came down with an acute case  
And when the lights came up at two  
I caught a glimpse of you  
And your face looked like something  
Death brought with him in his suitcase

Your pretty face  
It looked so wasted  
Another pretty face  
Devastated  
The French Inhaler  
He stamped and mailed her  
"So long, Norman"  
She said, "So long, Norman"