

Stop It

Adrian Belew

Well I wrestle with my toothbrush each morning at noon
I stumble into the bathroom and have my shampoo
I'm livin' in a suitcase; lookin' for a call
Leerin' at the telephone and laughin' to the wall
Now I got me a sweet thing she keeps me insane
She lays on my chest in the morning if it rains
I'm livin' in a suitcase; lookin' for a call
Leerin' at the telephone and laughin' to the wall

I'm a road dog at the Motel Holiday
I often wonder what I wanna say
Give me stage lights on a hot night
And the bottom line is a real good time

While the waitress is waiting for the waiter to wink
She checks on her checks and she drinks on her drink
I'm livin' in a suitcase; lookin' for a call
Leerin' at the telephone and laughin' to the wall
Now the nights go quickly when you're asleep
But I'm out shufflin' for someplace to eat
Like a breakfast at the Egg House, a waffle on the griddle
I'm burnt around the edges but I'm tender in the middle