

Rosie and Pauly

Joshua Kadison

Rosie and Pauly in the back alley...
the funniest twosome that you ever did see.
Standing on a trash can, Pauly talks,
If he ain't too drunk and his words are clear
he gives the prettiest sermon you ever did hear
while Rosie wags her tail by the collection box.
When I'm low on inspiration
I go down and join the congregation.
Come on, Pauly, come and save my soul.
Everybody's tryin' but you never do know
and it sure feels good to say, "Amen."
Come on, Pauly, come and save my soul.
It's driving me crazy and I'm losing control
but you always help me get it back together again.
Neffertiti and the girls are there fanning themselves on Eddie's
back stair.
Pauly always sets their souls on fire,
Movin' and shakin' and wavin' their hands,
raisin' their voices to a far-away land,
they start in singing like a great big choir.
With harmonies that sound so sweet
you forget all about the trash beneath your feet.
Come on, Pauly, come and save my soul.
Everybody's tryin' but you never do know
and it sure feels good to say, "Amen."
Come on, Pauly, come and save my soul.
It's driving me crazy and I'm losing control
but you always help me get it back together again.
Call him a Messiah,
or just another clown,
but somethin' about that trash can prophet
always leads me to a higher ground.
Come on, Pauly, come and save my soul.
Everybody's tryin' but you never do know
and it sure feels good to say, "Amen."
Come on, Pauly, come and save my soul.
It's driving me crazy and I'm losing control
but you always help me get it back together again.