

## Danny's All-star Joint

Rickie Lee Jones

Downstairs at danny's all-star joint  
They got a juke box that goes doyt-doyt  
The vice is nice, they stay in the back all day  
But when the nighttime comes, hey-hey  
There's this cat down there that makes a bad kinda soup  
I come around struttin' my luck in my shoop coupe  
Cecil gives me coffee  
And he won't never take my coin  
I say, "I got thirty dollars in my pocket!  
Whatchoo doin'?"

I holler, "Come on, Cecil, take a dollar!  
Come on, Cecil, take a ten!  
I've finally geared up into a whole buncha big ones  
And you're actin' like I'm down-shiftin'"

He knows all the under-riders on the boulevard  
They got to barefoot cruise when it's forty-weight hard  
They look particularly dead-beat  
Permanently pale  
Cecil picks up his butcher knife  
Waves it at the jail  
The kid say, "I ain't got no dough, Joe, I just want some o.j."  
I said, "Don't look at me" (Cuz he was lookin' my way)  
Cecil wink upon him some juice and some green  
And the kid walks over and puts the quarter in the pinball machine  
And he says, "Come on, Cec, gimme a dollar  
Come on Cecil gimme five  
I'm in a half-way house on a one-way street  
And I'm a quarter past left alive"  
He can talk about your people in a wonderful way  
He can talk about your people 'til your hair turns grey