

## Throw Back the Little Ones

Steely Dan

Lost in the barrio, I walk like an injun  
So Carlo won't suspect that something's wrong here  
I dance in place and paint my face  
And act like I belong here

Throw back the little ones  
And pan fry the big ones  
Use tact, poise and reason  
And gently squeeze them

Hot licks and rhetoric don't count much for nothing  
Be glad if you can use what you borrow  
So I pawn my crown for a ride uptown  
And buy it back tomorrow

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Done like a matador, I pray for the weekend  
And hope the little girls still throw roses  
Else I'll change my bait and move upstate  
Before the season closes

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And gently squeeze them