

Santa Ana Woman

The Bobs

The next thing I knew, there was a pain in my head like
My sinuses were cracking. The Santa Ana winds had come
Back, and the whole city of L.A. was acting like it had
PMS. I heard high heels on the linoleum floor of the outer
Office. She came in wearing a pair of clam diggers that
Had obviously never been to a beach, and a halter top that
Had been in a dryer for three weeks on high. My contact
Lenses popped out and went looking for water. She said
She'd give me three hundred clams if I helped her find
Her uncle...

"Sure, baby."

So I went to her apartment at eight
To get a down payment of clams
I knocked on her door
There was no answer
I knocked again, hard this time
The door swung ajar..it wasn't a pretty sight
It looked like a moonscape
The plants were all brown and shriveled and the leaves
Were falling off her banana fern
The Pup and Taco I'd had for lunch
Was doing lesson three from Arthur Murray
I ran to the bathroom, but she was there...
Out cold
Indiscreet
In the flesh
In the tub
Surrounded by countless empty bottles and jars
Of skin care lotion
She was so slippery I couldn't pick her up
I had to slap her around to bring her to
Her eyelids fluttered, she looked at me
And I saw
In the eyes of my Santa Ana Woman
In the eyes of my Santa Ana Woman
In the eyes of my Santa Ana Woman
We spent the next three days
Raising the humidity in her apartment
And then she got a call from the Amazon
It was her uncle
She didn't even bother to pack the chapstick
The next thing I knew she was gone and the smog was back
And I can't help but wonder:
What made her think I was a detective?
In the eyes of my Santa Ana Woman
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In the eyes of my Santa Ana Woman