

## 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  
In the eyes of my Santa Ana Woman  
In the eyes of my Santa Ana Woman