

# The Hooker

Tom Paxton

Where do you go at night  
Where do you go at night  
Wrapped in your cheap cologne  
Where do you go at night  
Down to the pit with the stinking air  
And the smell of the sweat and the death is there  
I dance for a dollar and I dance for a dime  
Till their eyes are begging and their pockets are mine  
I pick a body and I name my fee  
I take their money and they take me  
That's where I go at night  
That's where I go at night  
Don't point your finger  
Say your prayers at me  
The truth is hard but I'm gonna tell it  
Ah, there's a whole lot of ways to sell it  
How do you spend your days  
How do you spend your days  
When you can sleep no more  
How do you spend your days  
I rise at four in the afternoon  
I take a match and the kitchen spoon  
I wrap my arm in an old necktie  
And I find religion on the very first try  
I wash my face and I comb my hair  
My looks are going but I just don't care  
And that's how I spend my days  
That's how I spend my days  
Don't point your finger  
Say your prayers at me  
The truth is hard but I'm gonna tell it  
Ah, there's a whole lot of ways to sell it  
Where do you find your love  
Where do you find your love  
Where do you run to him  
Where do you find your love  
I find my love in an old hotel  
He's mean and wicked and he knows me well  
He takes my body; he takes my mind  
Takes my money and he beats me blind  
Says he'll help me but he won't say when  
Sends me walking on the streets again  
And that's where I find my love  
That's where I find my love  
Don't point your finger  
Say your prayers at me  
The truth is hard but I'm gonna tell it  
Ah, there's a whole lot of ways to sell it  
How will you spend your life  
How will you spend your life  
While ladies play at cards  
How will you spend your life  
Lying in a circle of velvet rooms  
Dying in six inch carpet of tombs  
Hiding in the gutter with the aching pains  
Trading the years for the aching veins  
Dying at last when the tricks are few

And I can't get action from a john like you  
Ah, that's how I spend my life  
That's how I spend my life  
Don't point your finger  
Say your prayers at me  
The truth is hard but I'm gonna tell it  
Ah, there's a whole lot of ways to sell it