

Christmas Card From A Hooker In Minneapolis

Tom Waits

Hey charlie i'm pregnant
And living on the 9th street
Right above a dirty bookstore
Off euclid avenue
And i stopped takin dope
And i quit drinkin whiskey
And my old man plays the trombone
And works out at the track

And he says that he loves me
Even though it's not his baby
And he says that he'll raise him up
Like he would his own son
And he gave me a ring
That was worn by his mother
And he takes me out dancin
Every saturday night.

And hey charlie i think about you
Everytime i pass a fillin station
Om account of all the grease
You used to wear in your hair
And i still have that record
Of little anthony & the imperials
But someone stole my record player
Now how do you like that?

Hey charlie i almost went crazy
After mario got busted
So i went back to omaha to
Live with my folks
But everyone i used to know
Was either dead or in prison
So i came back to minneapolis
This time i think i'm gonna stay.

Hey charlie i think i'm happy
For the first time since my accident
And i wish i had all the money
That we used to spend on dope
I'd buy me a used car lot
And i wouldn't sell any of em
I'd just drive a different car
Every day, dependin on how
I feel

Hey charlie for chrissakes
Do you want to know the
Truth of it?
I don't have a husband
He don't play the trombone
And i need to borrow money
To pay this lawyer
And charlie, hey
I'll be eligible for parole
Come valentines day
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