

# 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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