

Medley: Jack & Neal/California, Here I Come

Tom Waits

California, Here I Come

Written by Joseph Meyer, Al Jolson and Buddy G. De Sylva

Jack was sittin poker faced with bullets backed with bitches

Neal hunched at the wheel puttin everyone in stiches

Braggin bout this nurse he screwed while drivin through nebrask
a

And when she came she honked the horn and neal just barely miss
ed a

Truck and then he asked her if she'd like to come like that to
californy

See a red head in a uniform will always get you horny

With her hairnet and those white shoes and a name tag and a hat

She drove like andy granatelli and knew how to fix a flat

And jack was almost at the bottom of his md 2020 neal was yellin
n

Out the window tryin to buy some bennies from a lincoln

Full of mexicans whose left rear tire blowed and the sonsobitch
es

Prit near almost ran off the road

well the nurse had spilled the manoshevitz all up and down her
dress

Then she lit the map on fire neal just had to guess

Should we try and find a bootleg route or a fillin station open

The nurse was dumpin out her purse lookin for an envelope and

Jack was out of cigarettes we crossed the yellow line

The gas pumps looked like tombstones from here

Felt lonelier than a parking lot when the last car pulls away

And the moonlight dressed the double breasted foothills

In the mirror weaving outa negligee and a black brassiere

The mercury was runnin hot and almost out of gas

Just then florence nightingale dropped her drawers and

Stuck her fat ass half way out of the window with a

Wilson pickett tune

And shouted get a load of this and gave the finger to the moon

countin one eyed jacks and whistling dixie in the car

Neal was doin least a hundred when we saw a fallin star

Florence wished that neal would hold her stead of chewin

His cigar jack was noddin out and dreamin he was in a bar

With charlie parker on the bandstand not a worry in the world

And a glass of beer in one hand and his arm around a girl

And neal was singin to the nurse

Underneath a harlem moon

And somehow you could just tell we'd be in california soon