

## Pasties and a G-String

Tom Waits

Smelling like a brewery, looking like a tramp,  
I ain't got a quarter, got a postage stamp  
Been five o'clock shadow boxing all around the town,  
Talking with the old man, sleeping on the ground  
Bazanti bootin al zootin al hoot and Al Cohn  
Sharing this apartment with a telephone pole  
And a fish-net stocking, spike-heel shoes,  
Strip tease, prick tease, car keys blues  
And the porno floor show, live nude girls,  
Dreamy and creamy and brunette curls  
Chesty Morgan and Watermelon Rose  
Raise my rent and take off all your clothes  
With trench coats, magazines, a bottle full of rum,  
She's so good, make a dead man come  
Pasties and a G-string, beer and a shot  
Portland through a shot glass and a Buffalo squeeze  
Wrinkles and Cherry and Twinkie and Pinkie and Fifi live from G  
ay Paree  
Fanfares, rim shots, back stage, who cares, all this hot burles  
que for me  
(scat)

Cleavage, cleavage, thighs and hips  
From the nape of her neck to the lipstick lips  
Chopped and channeled and lowered and lewd  
And the cheater slicks and baby moons  
She's a-hot and ready, creamy and sugared  
And the band is awful and so are the tunes  
(scat)

Crawling on her belly, and shaking like jelly,  
And I'm getting harder than Chinese algebrassieres  
And cheers from the (hmm) compendium here  
"Hey sweetheart" they're yelling for more  
You're squashing out your cigarette butts on the floor  
And I like Shelly, and you like Jane  
And what was the girl with the snakeskin's name?  
And it's an early-bird matinee, come back any day,  
Get you a little something that you can't get at home  
Get you a little something that you can't get at home  
It's pasties and a G-string, beer and a shot  
Portland through a shot glass and a Buffalo squeeze  
Popcorn, front row, higher than a kite, and I'll be back tomorr  
ow night,  
And I'll be back tomorrow night  
(scat)