

Spare Parts I (A Nocturnal Emission)

Tom Waits

Well the dawn cracked hard just like a bull whip
Cause it wasn't takin' no lip from the night before
As it shook out the street, the stew bums showed up
Just like bounced checks, rubbin' their necks
And the sky turned the color of Pepto-Bismol
And the parking lots growled
And my old sports coat full of promissory notes
And a receipt from a late night motel
And the hawk had his whole family out
There in the wind, and he's got a message
For you to beware cause he be kickin' your
Ass in, in a cold blooded fashion
Dishin' out more than a good man can bear
I got shoes untied, shirt tail's out, ain't got a
Ghost of a chance with this old romance
Just an apartment for rent down the block
Ivar Theater with live burlesque
And the manager's scowlin', feet on his desk
Boom boom against the curtain
You're still hurtin'
And then push came to shove, shove came to biff
Girls like that just lay you out stiff
Maybe I'll go to Cleveland or
Get me a tattoo or somethin', my brother
In law's there
Skid mark tattoo on the asphalt blue
Was that a Malibu
Liz Taylor and Montgomery Clift
Cumming on to the broads with the
Same ol' riff. Hey baby come up to
My place, we'll listen to some
Smooth music on the stereo, no thank you
Got any Stan Getz records
No I got Smothers Brothers
So I combed back my Detroit
Jack up my pegs, wiped my Stacy Adams
Jackknifed my legs, yea I got designs
On a moving violation
Hey baby, you put me on hold and I'm
Out in the wind and it's getting
Mighty cold
Colder than a gut shot bitch wolf dog
With nine sucking pups pullin' a four trap
Up a hill in the dead of winter
In the middle of a snowstorm
With a mouth full of porcupine quills
(scat) yea well I don't need you baby
It's a well known fact
I'm four sheets to the wind
I'm glad you're gone
I'm glad you're gone
I'm finally alone
Glad you're gone, but I
Wish you'd come home
And I struggled out of bed
Cause the dawn was crackin' hard like a bullwhip
Cause it wasn't takin' no lip from the night before

As it shook out the streets the stew bums
Showed up just like bounced checks
Rubbin' their necks, and the sky turned the
Color of Pepto-Bismol
And my old sports coat full of promissory notes
And the hawk had his whole family out there
In the wind, he got a message for you to beware
Kickin' your ass in, in a cold blooded fashion
He be dishin' out more than a good man can bear
Well hey baby let's take it to Bakersfield
Get a little apartment somewhere