

The One That Got Away

Tom Waits

The jigolo's jumpin salty
Ain't no trade out on the streets
Half past the unlucky
And the hawk's a front-row seat
Dressed in full orquestration
Stage door johnnys got to pay
And sent him home
Talking bout the one that got away

Could a been on easy street
Could a been a wheel
With irons in the fire
And all them business deals
But the last of the big-time losers
Shouted before he drove away
I'll be right back as soon as I crack
The one that got away

The ambulance drivers don't give a shit
They just want to get off work
And the short stop and the victim
Have already gone berserk
And the shroud-tailor measures him
For a deep-six holiday
The stiff is froze, the case is closed
On the one that got away

Jim Crow's directing traffic
With them cemetery blues
With them peculiar looking trousers
Them old Italian shoes
The wooden kimona was all ready
To drop in San Francisco Bay
But now he's mumbling something
All about the one that got away

Costello was the champion
At the St. Moritz Hotel
And the best this side of Fairfax,
Reliable sources tell
But his reputation is at large
And he's at Ben Frank's every day
Waiting for the one that got away

He's got a snake skin sportshirt,
And he looks like Vincent Price
With a little piece of chicken
And he's carving off a slice
But someone tipped her off
She'll be doing a Houdini now any day
She shook his hustle
And a Greyhound bus'll
Take the one that got away

Andre is at the piano
Behind the Ivar in the sewers
With a buck a shot for pop tunes,

And a fin for guided tours
He could of been in Casablanca
He stood in line out there all day
But now he's spilling whiskey
And learning songs about a one that got away

Well I've lost my equilibrium
My car keys and my pride
Tattoo parlor's warm
And so I huddle there inside
The grinding of the buzz saw
Whatchuwanthathingtosay
Just don't misspell her name
Buddy she's the one that got away