Waits Tom
"Pasties And A G-String"

Visit "Pasties And A G-String" on MotoLyrics.com

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 Gay Paree
Fanfares, rim shots, back stage, who cares, all this hot
burlesque 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
tomorrow night,
And I'll be back tomorrow night
(scat)