

Waits Tom

"Pasties Gstrin"

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Tom Waits - Paisties and a G-String

Smellin' like a brewery, lookin' like a tramp
ain't got a quarter, got a postage stamp
And a five o'clock shadow boxing all around the town
talking with the old men sleeping on the ground

Bazanti bootin', al zootin al hoot and Al Cohn
sharin' this apartment with a telephone pole
And it's a fish net stockings, spike heel shoes
strip tease, prick tease, car keys blues

And the porno floor show, live nude girls
dreamy and cream and the brunette curls
Chesty Morgan, and a Watermelon Rose
raise my rent and take off all your clothes

With the trench coats, magazines, bottle full a' rum
she's so good, it make a dead man come

With pasties and a g-string, beer and a shot
Portland threw a shot glass and a Buffalo squeeze
Wrinkles and Cherry and Twinky and Pinky
and Fe-Fe live from Gay Paree
Fanfares, rim shots backstage, who cares
all this hot burlesque for me

Cleavage, cleavage, thighs and hips
from the nape of her neck to the lip stick lips

Chopped and channeled and lowered and louvered
and a cheater slicks and baby moons
She's hot and ready and creamy and sugared
and the band is awful and so are the tunes

Crawlin' on her belly, shakin' like jelly
and I'm gettin' harder than Chinese algebra

Ziers and cheers
and the compendium here

Hey sweetheart, they're yellin' for more
Squashin' out your cigarette butts on the floor

And I like Shelly, you like Jane,
what was the girl with the snake skin's name
It's an early bird matinee'
come back any day

Getcha little somepin'
that cha can't get at home
Pasties and a g-string, beer and a shot
Portland threw 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

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