

Waits Tom

"Telephone Call From Istanbul"

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Written by Tom Waits

All night long on the broken glass
livin in a medicine chest
mediteromanian hotel back
sprawled across a roll top desk
the monkey rode the blade on an
overhead fan
they paint the donkey blue if you pay
I got a telephone call from Istanbul
my baby's coming home today
will you sell me one of those if I shave my head
get me out of town is what fireball said
never trust a man in a blue trench coat
never drive a car when you're dead
Saturday's a festival
Friday's a gem
dye your hair yellow
and raise your hem
follow me to beulah's on
dry creek road
I got to wear the hat that my baby done sewed
take me down to buy a tux
on red rose bear
got to cut a hole in the day
I got a telephone call from Istanbul
my baby's coming home today

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