

Ataris

"Christmas Card From A Hooker In Minneapolis"

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Charlie, I'm pregnant
And living on 9th Street
Right above a dirty bookstore
Off Euclid Avenue

Stopped taking dope
Quit drinking whiskey
My old man plays the trombone
Works out at the track

Says that he loves me
Even though it's not his baby
Says that he'll raise him up
Like he would his own son
Gave me a ring that was worn by his mother
Takes me out dancing every Saturday night

Charlie, I think about you
Every time I pass the filling station
On account of all the grease
You used to wear in your hair

Still have that record
Little Anthony and The Imperials
Someone stole my record player
How do you like that?

Charlie, I almost went crazy
After Mario got busted
Went back to Omaha to live with my folks

But everyone I used to know
Is either dead or in prison
Came back to Minneapolis
This time I think I'm gonna stay

Charlie, I think I'm happy
For the first time since my accident
Wish I had all the money
We used to spend on dope

I'd buy me a used car lot

And I wouldn't sell any of them
Just drive a different car everyday
Depending on how I feel

Charlie, for Christ sakes
If you wanna know the truth of it
I don't have a husband
He don't play the trombone

I need to borrow money
To pay this lawyer
And Charlie, hey
I'll be eligible for parole
Come Valentines day

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