

Icehouse

"Sam The Man"

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Hello! Hello!
Who's your lady friend?

He's got his finger on the trigger
A bad case of the shakes
A Hollywood apartment
And a car with no brakes
After close investigation
At the scene of the crime
He's getting down to business
While we're killing time
The deals and the alley
His hands in his his jacket
Bow tie and bracers
45 in his pocket
Sam is off the freeway
Heading down the boulevard
Double shots of burbon
Are lined up in the bar

We're all waiting for Sam the Man
Get him on the line, yeah
Play it again for Sam the Man
One of a kind, yeah
Sam the Man

Meanwhile back at Jake's
The blonde is smoking at the bar
She's got a certain rendez-vous
She's not going anywhere
Expensive perfume
And six-inch stilletos
Like a killer dynamite
And a box full of matches
The crowd is thinning out now
It's getting kind of late
She glances at the door
Lights another cigarette
She's slipping out the back door
And he pulls into the lane
Sam is picking up the pieces

And she's the one that got away

We're all waiting for Sam the Man
Get him on the line, yeah
Play it again for Sam the Man
One of a kind, yeah
We're all waiting for Sam the Man
Get him on the line
Have another drink on Sam the Man
One of a kind, yeah
Sam the Man

Sam the Man
Sam the Man

He's got a whistle for Sam the Man
Get him on the line, yeah
Play it again for Sam the Man
One of a kind, yeah
We're all waiting for Sam the Man
Play it again for Sam the Man
Get him on the line
We're all waiting for Sam the Man

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