

Adrian Belew

"Stop It"

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Well I wrestle with my toothbrush each morning at noon
I stumble into the bathroom and have my shampoo
I'm livin' in a suitcase; lookin' for a call
leerin' at the telephone and laughin' to the wall
Now I got me a sweet thing she keeps me insane
she lays on my chest in the morning if it rains
I'm livin' in a suitcase; lookin' for a call
leerin' at the telephone and laughin' to the wall
I'm a road dog at the Motel Holiday
I often wonder what I wanna say
give me stage lights on a hot night

and the bottom line is a real good time
While the waitress is waiting for the waiter to wink
she checks on her checks and she drinks on her drink
I'm livin' in a suitcase; lookin' for a call
leerin' at the telephone and laughin' to the wall
Now the nights go quickly when you're asleep
but I'm out shufflin' for someplace to eat
like a breakfast at the Egg House, a waffle on the
griddle
I'm burnt around the edges but I'm tender in the
middle

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