

Tim Buckley

"Nighthawkin'"

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I was nighthawkin' in my taxi
on a cool ___ down by the breadline.
My fare was a shaky old lush
So I kicked it over and took off.
He whipped out this switchblade straight out of
nowhere
and held it to my throat.
He said, "You ever been over to the war, boy?"
I said, "I was a combat paratrooper, daddy."
Well, at that he slump back cool and he pocket that
steel.
He say, "Take me down to Fourth and Main."
Oh, that paratroop bluff always cools those red-eyed
demons.
But in the last block that cat was singin',
He was in the back seat singin' to me this song:
"I got my VA eye, boy,
I got Miami water on my hip.
You better go down and re-enlist again.
Oh, boy, don't you miss the Vietnam War?
I want to do, I want to do it,
I want to do the bloody boogaloo.
I'm just a red-necked son of a gun
I want to kill me a gook before dawn."
Oh, I was nighthawkin' in my taxi.
I was nighthawkin', for my change.
I was nighthawkin'.

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