

Tom Waits

"Christmas Cards From A Hooker In Minneapolis"

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Hey Charley I'm pregnant
And living on 9th Street
Right above a dirty bookstore
Off Euclid Avenue
And I stopped takin' dope
And I quit drinkin whiskey
And my old man plays the trombone
And works out at the track

And he says that he loves me
Even though it's not his baby
And he says that he'll raise him up
Like he was his own son
And he gave me a ring
That was worn by his mother
And he takes me out dancin'
Every Saturday night

And hey Charley I think about you
Everytime I pass a fillin' station
On account of all the grease
You used to wear in your hair
And I still have that record
Of Little Anthony & the Imperials
But someone stole my record player
Now how do you like that?

Hey Charley I almost went crazy
After Mario got busted
So I went back to Omaha to
Live with my folks
But everyone I used to know
Was either dead or in prison
So I came back to Minneapolis
This time I think I'm gonna stay

Hey Charley I think I'm happy
For the first time since my accident
And I wish I had all the money
That we used to spend on dope

I'd buy me a used car lot

And I wouldn't sell any of em
I'd just drive a different car
Every day, dependin on how
I feel

Hey Charley
for Chrissakes
Do you wanna know the
Truth of it?

I don't have a husband
He don't play the trombone
And I need to borrow money
To pay this lawyer
And Charley, hey
I'll be eligible for parole
Come Valentine's Day

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