Tom Waits "Pasties Gstrin"

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Tom Waits - Paisties and a G-String

Smellin' like a brewery, lookin' like a tramp ain't got a quarter, got a postage stamp And a five o'clock shadow boxing all around the town talking with the old men sleeping on the ground

Bazanti bootin', al zootin al hoot and Al Cohn sharin' this apartment with a telephone pole And it's a fish net stockings, spike heel shoes strip tease, prick tease, car keys blues

And the porno floor show, live nude girls dreamy and cream and the brunette curls Chesty Morgan, and a Watermelon Rose raise my rent and take off all your clothes

With the trench coats, magazines, bottle full a' rum she's so good, it make a dead man come

With pasties and a g-string, beer and a shot Portland threw a shot glass and a Buffalo squeeze Wrinkles and Cherry and Twinky and Pinky and Fe-Fe live from Gay Paree Fanfares, rim shots backstage, who cares all this hot burlesque for me

Cleavage, cleavage, thighs and hips from the nape of her neck to the lip stick lips

Chopped and channeled and lowered and louvered and a cheater slicks and baby moons

She's hot and ready and creamy and sugared and the band is awful and so are the tunes

Crawlin' on her belly, shakin' like jelly and I'm gettin' harder than Chinese algebra

Ziers and cheers and the compendium here

Hey sweetheart, they're yellin' for more Squashin' out your cigarette butts on the floor

And I like Shelly, you like Jane, what was the girl with the snake skin's name It's an early bird matinee' come back any day

Getcha little somepin'
that cha can't get at home
Pasties and a g-string, beer and a shot
Portland threw a shot glass and a Buffalo squeeze

Popcorn, front row, higher than a kite and I'll be back tomorrow night and I'll be back tomorrow night

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