

Tom Waits "Picking up After You"

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Here comes the bride and there goes the groom
Looks like a hurricane went through this room
Smells like a pool hall, where's my other shoe?
And I'm sick and tired of pickin' up after you

Looks like you spent the night in a trench
And tell me, how long have you been combing
Your hair with a wrench?
Blue roses are dead and the violets are too
And I'm sick and tired of pickin' up after you

Well, I've told you before, I won't tell you again
You don't defrost the icebox with a ball point pen
This railroad apartment is held together with glue
And I'm sick and tired of pickin' up after you
Because I know, I'm being swindled, I never bargained
for this
Once more, you never cared about me
Why don't you get your own place, so you can live like
you do?
And I'm sick and tired of pickin' up after you

Take all your relatives and all of your shoes
Believe me, I'll really swing when you're gone
I'll be living on chicken and wine after we're through
With someone, I pick up after you

With someone, I'll pick up after you
With someone, I pick up after you
With someone, I'll pick up after you

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