

## Tom Waits "Spare Parts I"

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Well, the dawn cracked hard just like a bull-whip  
'Cause it wasn't takin' no lip from the night before  
And it shook out the streets  
As the stew bums showed up like bounced checks  
Rubbin' their necks

And the sky turned the color of Pepto-Bismol  
Yeah, and the parking lots growled  
My old sport coat full of promissory notes  
And a receipt from a late night motel

The hawk had his whole family out there, in the wind  
And he got a message for you to beware  
Kickin' your ass in, in a cold-blooded fashion  
Dishin' out more than a good man can bear

And I got shoes untied, my shirt-tail's out  
Ain't got a ghost of a chance with this old romance  
Just an apartment for rent, down the block  
And Ivar Theater with live burlesque  
Man, the manager's scowlin' with his feet on the desk  
Boom, boom, against the curtain, you're still hurtin', ay,  
ay

And then push came to shove and shove came to biff  
Girls like that just lay you out stiff  
Maybe I'll go to Cleveland  
And you know, get me a tattoo or somethin'  
My brother-in-law lives there

And it's a skid mark tattoo on the asphalt blue  
Was that a Malibu?

Yeah, it's Liz Taylor and Montgomery Cliff  
Coming on to the broads with the same ol' riff, yeah  
"Hey baby, why don't you come up to my place?  
We'll listen to some smooth music on the stereo"  
"No, thank you", she said  
"You got any Stan Getz records?"  
'No man, I got Smothers Brothers"

So I combed back my Detroit, jacked up my pegs

I wiped my Stacy Adams and I jackknifed my legs  
Yeah, I got designs on a movin' violation

Yeah baby, you put me on hold and I'm out in the wind  
And it's gettin' mighty cold  
It's colder than a gut-shot bitch, wolf dog with nine  
suckin' pups  
Pullin' a number 4 trap up a hill in the dead of winter  
In the middle of a snowstorm with a mouth full of  
porcupine quills

Well, I don't need you, baby  
You see, it's a well known fact, you know  
I'm four sheets to the wind, I'm glad you're gone  
I'm glad you're gone 'cause I'm finally alone  
Glad you're gone but I wish you'd come home  
Yeah, and I struggled out of bed

'Cause the dawn was crackin' hard, just like a bull-whip  
And it wasn't takin' no lip from the night before  
Yeah, as it shook out the streets  
And the stew bums showed up just like bounced checks  
Rubbin' their necks

And the sky turned the color of Pepto-Bismol  
And my old sport coat full of promissory notes  
And the hawk had his whole family out there, in the  
wind  
He got a message for you to beware

Kickin' your ass in, in a cold blooded fashion  
He'll be dishin' out more than a good man can bear  
Well, let's take it to Bakersfield  
Get a little apartment somewhere

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