

Michael John LaChiusa**"The Thief's Statement/She Looked At Me"**

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1951 will be remembered
As the year Jimmy Maco terrorized New York City!

So what you want me to say?
You got me... yeah, I killed him
So what you want me to do?
I'll lie now... why bother?
I'll get the chair anyway, that's how it goes...
Boo-hoo!

Wasn't the first time I killed someone...
Won't be the last time for you...
Except you do it different-- you do it legally!
makes electric fizzling noise *Laughs*

Ain't such a big deal, it's easy work
Murder is what I do best
Where I grew up, it's something you learn
Like passing your Driver's Test
So what you waiting to hear?
The details? You got it!
Like all the screams and the fear
I know you, you like it
Ain't America a hell of a town
Funky-dunky things go down...
The truth then, and nothing but...
What you been itching to hear
What you been dying to know
What you want me to say

I wasn't looking for it
It was about 10 pm Saturday, I'm just out on the street
Waiting for nothing-- or SOMETHING-- to happen
Hanging out by the movie house, Jap pic
Then SHE comes out of the movies!

Walking, shifting
Shaking, oozing by
Never seen her before
Tasty thing
Two long legs and a couple of granite eyes

Plenty goin' on there, and plenty wise

Then she looked at me
I was minding my own business
She looked at me
And I was taken by surprise
I was scrounging around for a cigarette
When I smelled perfume, and I'll never forget
The glance she threw, like a knowing bet
That said, "Baby wants to dance tonight!"
Plain as plain could be
"Baby wants to rock and roll
And do the do with me, with me, with me"
I was sober enough, enough to know
When she looked at me
She was raring to go!

And what did she do?
She walked on by
The property of one of those
Greased-down pinstripe guys...
Oh, she's good at teasing and telling lies!
But she looked at me
Like she was minding no one else
Said, she looked at me!
And I'm the devil in disguise
I stole her soul when she threw her glance
I said, she had no right to setting fire to my pants
My head was all a-buzzing, full of army ants
Screaming, "Baby's gonna dance all right!"
Right across the tappin' G
"Gonna make her cry and beg
And do the do with me, with me, with me"
It was her own damn fault
For leading me on...
When she looked at me...
She was as good as... GONE!

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