Pasties and a G-String

Tom Waits

Smelling like a brewery and looking like a tramp
I ain't got a quarter, got a postage stamp
Been five o'clock shadow boxing all around the town
Talking with the old man, sleeping on the groundBazanti bootin' Al zoo tin Al hoot and Al Cohn
Sharing this apartment with a telephone pole
And a fish-net stocking, spike-heel shoes
Strip tease, prick tease, car keys bluesAnd the porno floor showing live nude girls
Dreamy and creamy and brunette curls
Chesty Morgan and a watermelon rose
Raise my rent and take off all your clothesWith trench coats, magazines, a bottle full of rum
She's so good, make a dead man come
Pasties and a g-string, beer and a shot
Portland through a shot glass and a buffalo squeezeWrinkles and cherry and Twinkie and Pinkie
And Fifi live from gay paree
Fanfares, rim shots, back stage, who cares
All this is a hot burlesque for meCleavage, cleavage, thighs and the hips
From the nape of her neck to the lipstick lips
Chopped and channeled and lowered and lewd
And the cheater slicks and baby moonsShe's a-hot and ready
Creamy and sugared
And the band is awful
And so are the tunesCrawling on her belly, and shaking like jelly
And I'm getting harder than Chinese Algebrassieres
Cheers from the compendium here
Hey sweetheart they're yelling for moreYou're squashing out your cigarette butts on the floor
And I like Shelly and you like Jane
What was the girl with the snake skin's name?
And it's an early-bird matinee, come back any day
Get you a little something that you can't get at home
And get you a little something that you can't get at homeIt's pasties and a g-string, beer and a shot
Portland through a shot glass and a buffalo squeeze
Popcorn, front row, are higher than a kite
And I'll be back tomorrow night, and I'll be back tomorrow night

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/