The French Inhaler

Warren Zevon

How're you going to make your way in the world
When you weren't cut out for working?
When your fingers are slender and frail
How're you going to get around in this sleazy bedroom town
If you don't put yourself up for sale?
Where will you go with your scarves and your miracles?
Who's gonna know who you are?
Drugs and wine and flattering light
You must try it again till you get it right
Maybe you'll end up with someone different every night
All these people with no home to go home to
They'd all like to spend the night with you maybe I would, too
But tell me how're you going to make your way in the world, woman
When you weren't cut out for working?
And you just can't concentrate and you always show up late

You said you were an actress
Yes, I believe you are I thought you'd be a star
So I drank up all the money, yes I drank up all the money
With these phonies in this Hollywood bar
These friends of mine in this Hollywood bar
Loneliness and frustration
We both came down with an acute case
When the lights came up at two I caught a glimpse of you
And your face looked like something
Death brought with him in his suitcase
Your pretty face it looked so wasted
Another pretty face devastated
The French inhaler he stamped and mailed her
So long, Norman she said, so long, Norman

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