

Suck 'N' Blow

Graham Parker

Well I can play the guitar just like I'm wringing a neck
I'm not dealing from a full deck
Well I can't just sit here
Baby, tripping you out
I've got the next town
The next town to think about I hear the air brakes hissing
I hear the driver call
The windscreen wipers swishing
The bags are in the hall I hear them call my name out
I hear them say let's go
You better get on board now
You better suck and blow
Suck and blow yeah alright
Well the bad motor scooter's candy apple green
She's known as a human trampoline
Somewhere around midnight
She must have got too stoned
Went around a red light
And woke up in a mental home I hear the air brakes hissing
I hear the driver call my name
The windscreen wipers swishing
We're gonna hit that slab again I can't hang around here
In the afterglow
You better take a deep breath honey
You better suck and blow
Suck and blow alright
Well nobody's leaving
Until the job gets done
When they break the gear down
Everything seemed to weigh a ton I hear the air brakes hissing
I hear the driver call, call, call
The windscreen wipers swishing
The bags are in the hall Well I can see the tunnel at the end of the light
Well I can make it through but that doesn't make it rhyme
This room looks familiar
Why, have I played here before?
I recognize the tear stains
On the back of the dressing room door I hear the air brakes hissing
I hear the driver call my name

The windscreen wipers swishing
We're gonna hit that road again
Somebody called out, somebody called out
Somebody said let's go
Somebody said you're not gonna make it now
Unless you suck and blow
Suck and blow uh huh
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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