

Christmas Card from a Hooker in Minneapolis

Tom Waits

Hey Charley I'm pregnant
Living on 9th Street
Right above a dirty bookstore
Off Euclid Avenue
I stopped taking dope
And I quit drinking whiskey
And my old man plays the trombone
And works out at the track He says that he loves me
Even though its not his baby
He says that he'll raise him up
Like he would his own son
He gave me a ring
That was worn by his mother
And he takes me out dancin'
Every Saturday night Hey Charley I think about you
Every time I pass a fillin' station
On account of all the grease
You used to wear in your hair
I still have that record
Of Little Anthony and The Imperials
But someone stole my record player
How do ya like that? Hey Charley I almost went crazy
After Mario got busted
I went back to Omaha
To live with my folks
Everyone I used to know
Was either dead or in prison
So I came back to Minneapolis
This time I think I'm gonna stay Hey Charley I think I'm happy
For the first time since my accident
I wish I had all the money
That we used to spend on dope
I'd buy me a used car lot
And I wouldn't sell any of 'em
I'd just drive a different car every day
Dependin' on how I feel Hey Charley, for chrissakes
Do you want to know the truth of it?
I don't have a husband
He don't play the trombone

I need to borrow money
To pay this lawyer
And Charley, hey
I'll be eligible for parole
Come Valentine's Day

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