

# The French Inhaler (Take 1 - 1/13/76)

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

Songwriters

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