

# Arrested

Jesse Malin

Calls him daddy, calls him man  
Another girl that they call Britney  
Johnny sits and mans the phones  
From the corner, he'll come get you  
She wakes in the cold gray dawn  
Football games they make me yawn  
Cellophane and stomach aches  
Pillow talk and perfume breaks  
A married man with an estate  
A hairdresser that swears he's straight  
Her alimony is once a month  
She beats the kid, he plays the drums  
And oh, oh, oh, life goes by  
With your Mardi Gras high  
And your tenderloin low  
Second hand blues and money to blow  
When you get tired and arrested  
There's something you should know  
At least he's going home  
The undercover makes the bust  
But not before he gets a touch  
Good ones copy, great ones steal  
The rest of us we almost feel  
And oh, oh, oh, life goes by  
With your Mardi Gras high  
And your tenderloin low  
Second hand blues and money to blow  
When you get tired and arrested  
There's somewhere you can go  
Between the blue and gold  
He's gonna get a pension  
Eleven years go to  
The world's oldest profession  
Ain't never gonna fold  
With fortunes being told  
With your Mardi Gras high  
And your tenderloin low  
Second hand blues and money to blow  
When you get tired and arrested  
There's something you should know  
You're always in my soul

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