

Friday the 13Th

Royal Crown Revue

It was a fine left coast morning
And I found myself planted outside
The Cap 'N' Cork
Tipping back the hops
In order to calm my dancing hands
You see I usually don't play
The tied-up watchdog routine
Looking up and down the street
But this is the corner
Joey A., my car and I
Were supposed to meet You see Joey The Amateur and I
Were out clinkin' glasses last night
When I got three sheets to an ill wind
Myself being in possession
Of a fine Double 5 Lincoln convert
Joey offered to skip me back to the crib
I awoke to a barren driveway
And a neighbor started to chide
"Joey dumped you off,
And he's got your ride!" Black cats, they don't bother me
I smile in bad company
And I'm cool as the day is long
But takin' my car, daddy
That's dead wrong It was now 11:22
And up scuffles Benny The Shoe
A real hot air merchant from way back
I inquired about Joey A.
And my superfine Lincoln
Then Mr. B.S. beat his gums
And testified to me,
"Joe's washing the short,
Changing da oil
He'll be here by three." So the little hand hits three
And who should appear
But a Cuban cat named Geronimo
An upstanding cat
In the textile business He said, "Joey knocked over a racketman
And is laying low for a few,
But in your trunk he left you some treasure

A pint of rye and a case of Slim Jim's
For your masticating pleasure Now ten p.m. finds me
Hot as a hophead's zippo
When Rosie appears
On her financially motivated
Nightly exercise routine
I asked the whereabouts
Of the horsepower thief in question
And she shot me that amphetamine stare
And said, "Joey A.?
I just got out of his Lincoln
On Hollywood Way." "I thought
"Kill Joey A.!" when the bar keep came out
To simmer my slow boil
He said, "Joey A. just called on the blower,
He said you better skip town,
'Cause the cops got your ride.
You're wanted for solicitation,
Possession -- you owe him one,
And here's the scather." He said,
"And another thing cat,
Don't ask me for
Goddamn favors!"

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