

Christmas Card From a Hooker in Minneapolis

Tom Waits

Hey Charlie I'm pregnant and living on the 9th street
Right above a dirty bookstore off Euclid Avenue
And I stopped takin' dope and I quit drinkin' whiskey
And my old man plays the trombone works out at the track
He says that he loves me, though it's 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
He takes me out dancin' every Saturday night
Hey Charlie I think about you every time I pass a fillin' station
Account of all the grease you used to wear in your hair
Still have that record, little Anthony and The Imperials
Someone stole my record player now how do you like that?
Hey Charlie 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 came back to Minneapolis this time I think I'm gonna stay
Hey Charlie 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
Buy me a used car lot wouldn't sell any of 'em
I'd just drive a different car every day, dependin' on how I feel
Hey Charlie for Chris sakes if you want to know
the truth of it?
I don't have a husband he don't play the trombone
And I need to borrow money to pay this lawyer
And Charlie, hey I'll be eligible for parole come Valentines day

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