

Spare Parts I (A Nocturnal Emission)

Tom Waits

Well, the dawn cracked hard just like a bull-whip
'Cause it wasn't takin' no lip from the night before
And it shook out the streets
As the stew bums showed up like bounced checks
Rubbin' their necks And the sky turned the color of Pepto-Bismol
Yeah, and the parking lots growled
My old sport coat full of promissory notes
And a receipt from a late night motel The hawk had his whole family out there, in the wind
And he got a message for you to beware
Kickin' your ass in, in a cold-blooded fashion
Dishin' out more than a good man can bear And I got shoes untied, my shirt-tail's out
Ain't got a ghost of a chance with this old romance
Just an apartment for rent, down the block
And Ivar Theater with live burlesque
Man, the manager's scowlin' with his feet on the desk
Boom, boom, against the curtain, you're still hurtin', ay, ay And then push came to shove and shove came to biff
Girls like that just lay you out stiff
Maybe I'll go to Cleveland
And you know, get me a tattoo or somethin'
My brother-in-law lives there And it's a skid mark tattoo on the asphalt blue
Was that a Malibu? Yeah, it's Liz Taylor and Montgomery Cliff
Coming on to the broads with the same ol' riff, yeah
"Hey baby, why don't you come up to my place?
We'll listen to some smooth music on the stereo"
"No, thank you", she said
"You got any Stan Getz records?"
'No man, I got Smothers Brothers "So I combed back my Detroit, jacked up my pegs
I wiped my Stacy Adams and I jackknifed my legs
Yeah, I got designs on a movin' violation Yeah baby, you put me on hold and I'm out in the wind
And it's gettin' mighty cold
It's colder than a gut-shot bitch, wolf dog with nine suckin' pups
Pullin' a number 4 trap up a hill in the dead of winter
In the middle of a snowstorm with a mouth full of porcupine quills Well, I don't need you, baby
You see, it's a well known fact, you know
I'm four sheets to the wind, I'm glad you're gone
I'm glad you're gone 'cause I'm finally alone
Glad you're gone but I wish you'd come home
Yeah, and I struggled out of bed 'Cause the dawn was crackin' hard, just like a bull-whip
And it wasn't takin' no lip from the night before

Yeah, as it shook out the streets
And the stew bums showed up just like bounced checks
Rubbin' their necks And the sky turned the color of Pepto-Bismol
And my old sport coat full of promissory notes
And the hawk had his whole family out there, in the wind
He got a message for you to beware Kickin' your ass in, in a cold blooded fashion
He'll be dishin' out more than a good man can bear
Well, let's take it to Bakersfield
Get a little apartment somewhere

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>