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 youShe wakes in the cold gray dawn
Football games they make me yawn
Cellophane and stomach aches
Pillow talk and perfume breaksA 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 byWith 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 homeThe 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 byWith 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 goldHe's gonna get a pension
Eleven years go to
The world's oldest profession
Ain't never gonna fold
With fortunes being toldWith 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

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/